INTERNATIONAL

club

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CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume 16: Number 4: Price £1.50

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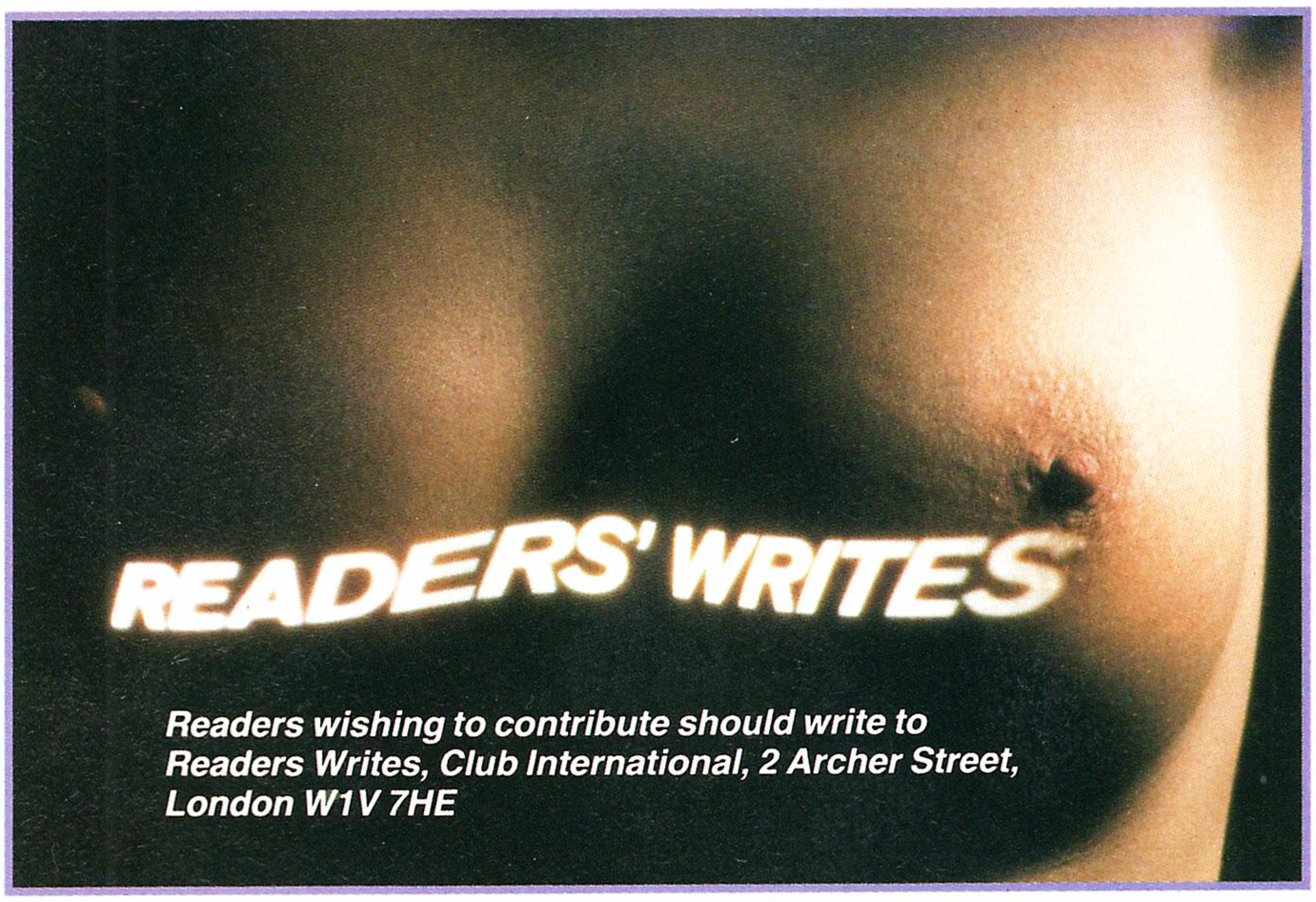


READERS' WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Non-event?

I don't know why you've decided to drop *Club Event* from the magazine: maybe you're testing the market? For me, this feature has been the reason why I have bought Club for the last year or so, and not *Meat Oily*.

I don't know why *Event* should prove more interesting than "ordinary" posed photo sets. Maybe it's the spontaneous fun of it, as opposed to calculated voyeurism. Anyway, I hope you reconsider. If not, you will lose a regular customer.

"Hopeful"

"Hopeful"? More like "Hopeless", if you ask me. Club Event *has been running every month, without a break, for three years. It's on page 35 this month – Ed.*

Top Guns

I know we're well into the New Year now, but after many hours of studying my favourite magazine I've come up with my Club Awards for last year (Vol 15):

Centrespread of the Year: Lucy (No 4)
Turn-on of the Year: Cheryl (No 13)
Club Chance of the Year: Denise (No 2)
Special Merit Award: Linzi (throughout)
Best Letter of the Year: Tracey, Lincoln (No 7)
Overall 1986 Girl of the Year: Jeri (No 10)

If Jeri would like to collect her award personally, I have no objections (between 5pm and midnight, please, Jeri). Alternatively, how about arranging a *Club Event* award ceremony – with my good self presenting the prizes . . .?

Mark, Warrington

Leather Grip

I enjoyed reading the letter from Janine in *Readers' Writes*, Vol 15 No 14, as I'm also very much into all kinds of slinky, sophisticated gear.

I followed her recipe for pleasing my man by tossing him off while wearing long (although not actually elbow-length), black leather gloves, and we can vouch for the incredibly sexy sensations aroused by doing so. My man goes absolutely wild at the feel of soft leather caressing his hard cock and his balls, as I milk every last drop out of him with my gloved hand.

Janine is also right about the stunning visual contrast between the small, feminine, soft, leather-clad hand and the huge, upstanding male chopper. To make the most of this effect, we've made a super video recording with the help of a male friend. We have more than once given in to the temptation to watch the swollen, purplish knob spurting its warm, milky fluid on to the black leather – another visual turn-on, I assure you.

It's very difficult to avoid spillage on to the gloves, no matter how carefully I position myself to lap it all up. As a result, I now have a pair of rather badly spunk-stained gloves, which are of too good quality just to throw away. So how do I clean them? I can't face having to explain to my local dry cleaners what the stains are, and how they got there! Also, the main appeal of the leather is its look and its feel, so protective coverings are out. But can anyone suggest a solution for preventing staining of the leather that won't spoil the enjoyment of wanking my man with soft, black leather? Maybe Janine already has the answer!

Jenny, High Wycombe

Wankers be Warned

Masturbation is often termed as "harmless". But how many times is applicable before this act deserves that label? Once or twice a week seems advisable at any age, as any more than that could lead to detrimental physical and mental effects – even impotency.

Primarily, wanking affects one's nerves. Other side-effects are weakened eyesight (those mysterious dark rings), premature greyness, dulled memory and tooth decay (yes, it's all true!). Physical co-ordination is also hampered. In moderation, it *can* slow the heartbeat and reduce high blood pressure, to a certain extent.

An observation from the Middle Ages claims: "Masturbation makes the calves of the legs thin . . ." True, but how?

Wilhelm Reich, a scientist in modern America, medically induced masturbation to cure back troubles and cancer. He was ridiculed and placed in prison, where he died. Curing with pain, and not pleasure, seems to be the in thing. Paradoxically, complete sexual abstinence enhances personal magnetism; but a sexual outlet is ultimately necessary.

Male semen has a fishy smell. Ninety per cent of the human body is composed of salt and water – a reflection of aquatic ancestors (Atlantis and all that)? Fish oils, in particular, replace lost physical energy after sexual pursuits. It's also good for the cardiac system.

Sexual acts also conjure up "spirit" manifestations, who seem to try to get in on the act. This is probably one reason why telepathic reception is increased in both sexes during bouts of sex. "Wet" dreams are closely interwoven with conscious, physical aspects of sex.

Women, however, experience no ill effects from *any* aspect of sex. As their climaxes consist of muscular contractions and multiple orgasms, their sexual capacity is consequently limitless.

To sum up – sex without a female *is* harmful. Most females *are* the supernatural! Most female species seem to be a kind of "cloning" to maintain a continuous supply of earthly suffering. The Earth will *never* be destroyed, as something is feeding on collective and individual suffering.

CW, Middlesex

We'd be interested to hear what seasoned wankers have to say about Mr W's views on masturbation – Ed.

Toe-ing the Line

A most magnificent thing happened to me on the 4.10 train out of Cambridge last week.

I was feeling a bit pissed off after work that day, so I chose to find a first class

continued on page 6

***Top Guns:** Lucy gets the centrespread nod*

G

Micky

A lucky girl, is raven-hai
Micky. She only works when
feels like it – and when she fe
like it, it has to be someth
"amusing". Not for this wig
20-year-old the drudge of a ni
to-five, nor even the need. Sh
never admit it, but Micky's "co
fortable". Her lifestyle, in no
ostentatious or the slightest
flash, nonetheless points to a
vate income (nose, nose!).
Victorian seafront home n
Lymington is frankly tatty. But
still a Victorian seafront ho
near Lymington. Her D-reg G
GTI has a badly-dented door
a cracked rear window. But
still a D-reg GTI. Her scuf
leather jacket, says Club's styl
is by Claude Montana (the Fre
cowboy?) and cost a packet.
spoilt little girl who doesn't l
after her things? Micky would
doubt hotly deny such accusatio
arguing simply that she's "ab
all that". However, Micky certa
ly wasn't above enjoying her
with photographer Char
Haydn, whom she gleefully cla
her cavortings left "red-eared
flustered". Fortunately, it doe
show in the photos! **Which are**
worth looking at on page 55.

rl Talk

This is the page where we try and put words to the pictures – sketch in the background, so to speak. It isn't always easy – what's in the foreground often seems to monopolize our readers' attention. Still, if you are interested in the mind as well as the body, read on . . .

Gabby

Is a very naughty girl. She knows full well she could never model clothes or look chic and cocktail-settish in a BMW promotion. But she knows damn well that when it comes to "sexhibitionism", she's in a class of her own – her bosomy, bottomy physique making grown men drool. No matter if Gabby's wearing a two-piece suit and a ¾-length coat, the predators sense she's got treats in store. She's every inch a man's woman: emphasis, Mae West style, on the "every inch"! And Gabby's never been slow to exploit her man-appeal. Her slight Geordie brogue belies a toughness uncommon in Southern girls (toughness, not to be confused with hardness), and it comes as no surprise to hear that Gabby learned the ropes as a stripper in that toughest of tough environments, the Northern working men's clubs. Indeed, for a 25-year-old, Gabby's been around. Her first agent was "a right bad lot", getting her involved in all manner of tackiness in the notorious niteries of Hamburg – an experience from which Gabby emerged unscathed, and infinitely wiser. And despite all that, here she is as fresh and sparkling as an 18-year-old. Definitely a girl on top! **Go see Gabby on page 28.**

Judy

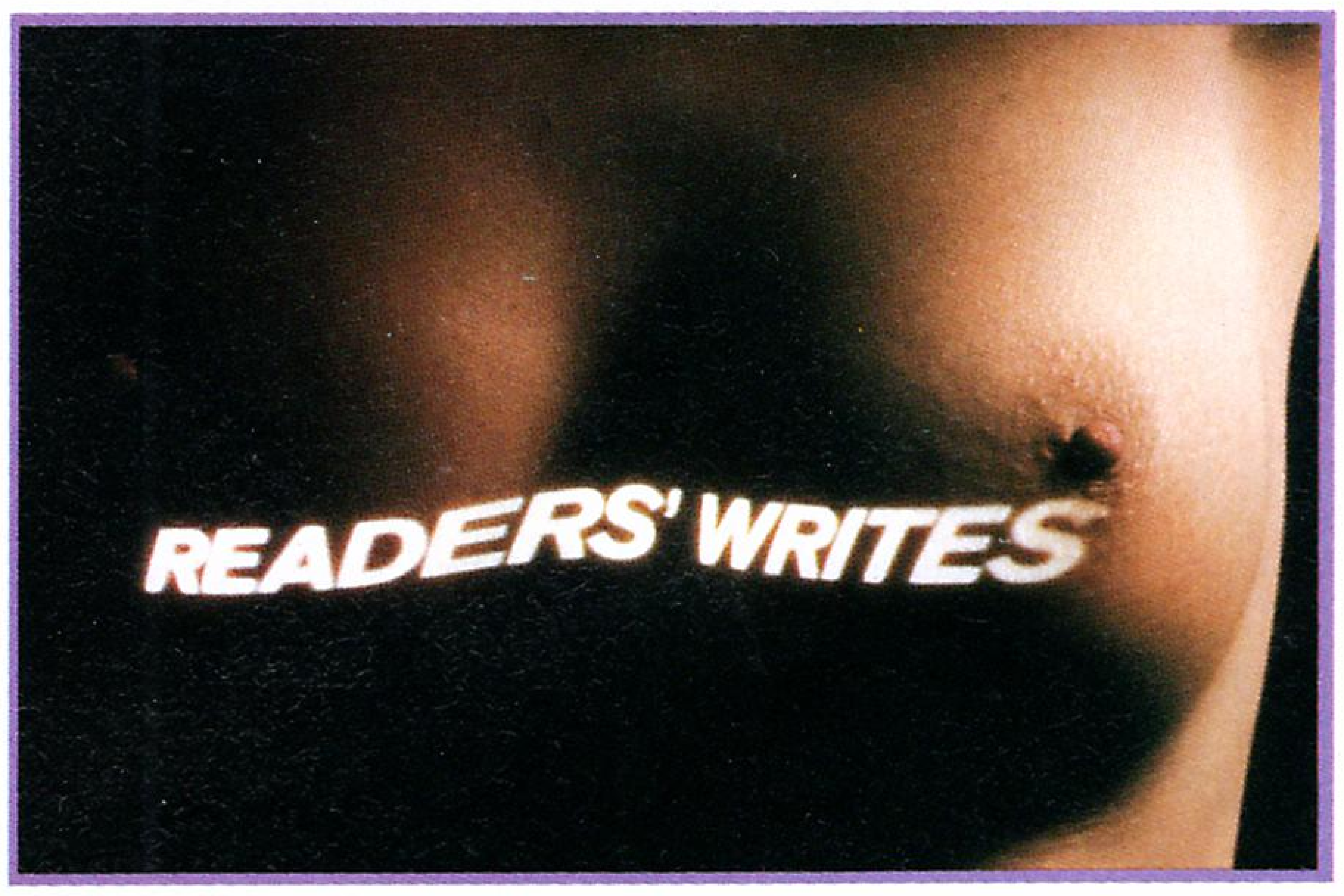
When 24-year-old Judy last appeared in Club, she professed to ordinariness. A nice, sensible South Londoner, cosily ensconced with her minicab driver boyfriend, turning her nose up at the advances of American movie stars in favour of blissful anonymity. The only trouble is, when, like Judy, you're five-ten tall and your legs extend as far as your armpits, ordinariness is a very difficult pursuit. Boys tend to stare and nudge one another should you walk into the local. They pester you for dates, furthermore, and ask awkward questions like: "Well, if you don't model for *Honey* or *Harper's* or *Vogue*, who DO you model for?" Success is changing Judy, after all. "I'm in the process of being 'groomed'," she confesses. "I've gone over to one of those new, high-pressure agencies. It's not enough just to look right. You've got to dress well, drive the right car, and be seen at the right clubs and restaurants. It may sound silly, but it's getting me the work. And, unlike any other profession, all my entertainments expenses are tax deductible." If, as seems to be the case, Judy's agent is treating her as an investment, she could soon start to pay dividends. **You'll see on page 74 just why Judy's so much in demand.**

Teresa

This pretty 19-year-old former convent girl from County Limerick used to work as a cosmetics sales lady at Harrods, one of that sweet-smelling batallion of immaculately-coiffured and manicured Misses one secretly lusts for when taking a short cut to the Food Halls! However, unlike many of her former colleagues, Teresa looks prettier without make-up, a fact which didn't altogether escape the attention of her second, and present, employer, "a leading cosmetician". Teresa explains: "What the doctor wanted was a clinic receptionist who could double as a PA secretary. While my typing isn't really up to much, what swung the job was my excellent skin. I'm a sort of living PR for my employer's skills. The middle-aged ladies booking in for their £3000 facelifts peer at me over the tops of their *Country Life* magazines and think: '*That's* how I want to look'." Well, of course, every 50-year-old lady wants to look 19. Did Teresa ever see the tables turning? That one day she, too, would consider a facelift? She was appalled by the suggestion! "I'm a real-life Doreen Gray," she insisted. Much head-scratching by Club interviewer. Doreen Gray? "You know, the Oscar Wilde movie." Say what you like, cynical hoardes. They're a smashing bunch, are models! **Page 44 proves that Teresa certainly fits that description.**

Karen

There's two types of country folk nowadays: them as belong, and them as hanker. Twenty-one-year-old Karen has a bad case of the hankerings. "I'm from a Glasgow family," she explains. "But we've always had vaguely country-ish aspirations. I can't see myself on a combine harvester, but I definitely see myself in the winner's enclosure at Lingfield. But right now, I have to make do with the occasional win at Walthamstow!" Yes, since we first met Karen back in Vol 15 No 8, she and her boyfriend have gone to the dogs. As Karen – a PA in an ad agency – explained, greyhound training and breeding is hard work. The action takes place at her boyfriend's smallholding in the Lee Valley, where the Irish-bred pup, which the couple bought cheaply at a sales trial in Cork, recently clocked 28.88 seconds over 475 metres. Much faster, one gathers, and the animal would be in danger of going into orbit – which is why Karen is over the moon! Would she ever consider trading her suddenly-valuable mutt for a racehorse, we wondered? "Greyhound people aren't renowned for their sentimentality, and I'm no exception," says our would-be country squire-ess. "We're lining the dog up for a big gamble, then we'll think about it." Meanwhile, if readers want to be driven round the bend quicker than the Walthamstow hare . . . **check out Karen's electrifying performance on page 8!**



continued from page 4

compartment to myself. I'd just settled down when I heard the door begin to open. I couldn't see who was there because the blinds were down, and I decided to stick my nose in the newspaper and keep myself to myself. That was until I just happened to catch a glimpse of who had come in – she was gorgeous. She had the prettiest little face, surrounded by long, wavy, jet-black hair. I think she must have had some Oriental blood in her, because she had a dark complexion that really emphasized her lovely green eyes.

But it was as I looked down at her feet that my pulse really began to race, being the foot fanatic that I am (*God, not another one – Ed*). She had on the most delicate, strappy white sandals and white lace ankle socks with frills around the tops.

When our eyes met she said: "Good afternoon," before bending down to take a book from her bag; but before she sat up, she unfastened the straps of her sandals. When she did sit up she crossed one foot over the other, allowing the sandal to swing from her foot.

I must have sat there ogling her feet for all of ten minutes. The socks she wore hugged the contours of her sexy high arches and well-rounded heels, and every few minutes I'd notice her toes wiggle. As they did so, a hint of sensuous foot odour would be wafted up to my nostrils. Suddenly, her foot dropped and the sandal fell to the floor. I rather guiltily looked up, and we caught each other's glance again.

She said: "I hope you don't mind – only, I've had a hectic day and my feet are killing me."

All too eagerly, I replied: "Not at all." She then took hold of her foot and began to massage it, the sight of which made my prick ache as it strained against my fly. This made an all-too-obvious bulge in my trousers.

I was so overcome by lust for this beautiful girl's feet, I blurted out: "Here, allow me." I opened my hands in readiness and immediately felt embarrassed and just plain stupid at my outburst – needlessly, I'm happy to say.

She lifted her leg, placing her warm foot in my hands. I took hold of her ankle in one hand, and began to explore the contours of her foot with the other. I discovered their well-rounded heels and high arches before probing each individual toe with my fingers. Then I edged one finger under the lace at the top of her sock and gently eased it down past her ankle, peeling it from her moist little foot.

At this point I just had to sniff hard as I brought the hot, sweaty sock up to my nose. Any inhibitions I had were gone now. Taking hold of her other foot and removing first her sandal then her sock, I clasped both ankles and kneeled so her feet were level with my face. I was now staring at the soles of those gorgeous feet. And before I had time to think, my face was buried in the hollow of their beautiful, high insteps.

I breathed deeply on their hot, sweaty odours; I could feel their moistness against my face and now wanted to explore every other contour with my tongue. As I pushed my tongue in between each of her toes, she gently wriggled them against my face and placed her other foot on my bulging crotch.

I was brought sharply back to reality when the train began to pull up, at which she pulled her feet away from my clasp. This was her stop; but before she left, she said it had been one of the most beautiful experiences she'd ever had.

I was still a little bewildered, as I could never imagine such a situation ever occurring. It now seems like a dream, but I know it wasn't; as she went to leave, she placed her arms around me and kissed me full on the lips. It must have been then that she placed the socks she had been wearing in my jacket pocket.

I haven't seen her again as yet, but I've had many a good wank over her socks.

TU, Bury St Edmunds

Brought to Heel: *Well-shod Karen's a winner*

Brought to Heel

As a regular reader of your magazine, I feel I must put pen to paper concerning a subject which has already had some mileage in your letters pages. However, I feel you are ignoring the wishes of a decent-sized part of your readership – female feet are a very erotic part of their anatomy, particularly when they wear *very* high stiletto-heeled shoes (which help to accentuate further the girl's shapely legs, arse and breast). In recent months, I can only conclude there has been a falling-away towards average-sized heels, or even low heels.

The only girl in recent times to wear "proper" stiletto heels has been Karen in Vol 15 No 11. Sticking with that issue to further illustrate my point, the excellent Anna wears what appear to be promising stiletto heels, but we never get to see he shoes and ankles in their ful glory. A great pity!

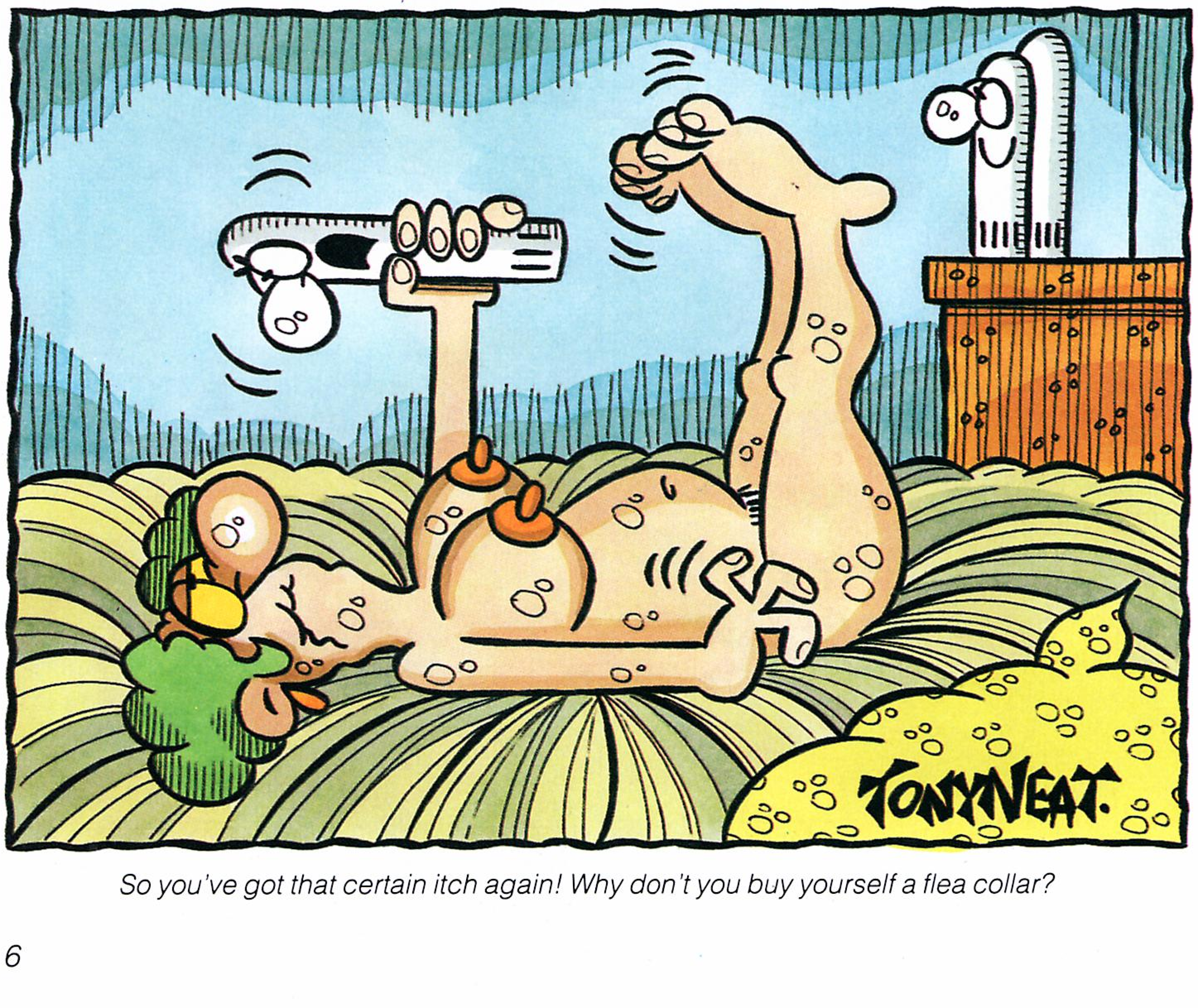
The also-excellent set or Anita is marred by mediocre shoes (three-inch heels?). The *French Connection* se on page 67 looked very promising, but what followed? Zilch! The same could be said of Tracey, who deserved better.

I think I've made my point by now – your readership wants to see your girls in footwear becoming of their beautiful bodies, ie five- or six-inch stiletto heels which help to show off their best assets to the full. Could plead with you to print this letter, in the hope that, upon being seen by your readership, you will receive much written confirmation of what have requested.

Phil, Liverpoo

Let's try and call a halt to this foot debate once and for all. Of course we try to cater for foot/shoe lovers, because they obviously form a sizeable minority of our readership. We also have to take into account the wishes of tit men, bum men, leather men, uniform men, mud and jelly men, stockings and sussies men, pussy men – and those who simply want to see stunning pictures of sexy girls, which must always remain our priority. Right, next one, please . . . – Ed.

VIBES by Tony Neat



So you've got that certain itch again! Why don't you buy yourself a flea collar?

Top Ten Corner

1 Tracie Young (singer)
2 Evelyn Rillé (Miss Austria)
3 Dee Hepburn (actress)
4 Sarah Greene (TV presenter)
5 Olivia Newton-John (singer)
6 Joan Collins (oldie but goldie)
7 Whitney Houston (singer)
8 Stevie Nicks (singer)
9 Debbie Tarrant (model)
10 Lesley-Ann Down (actress)

JR, London

Oat Cuisine

inzi's contribution to Vol 15 lo 14 was absolutely sensa-onal. I had wondered when he might become involved n a *Club Event*, and at last wasn't disappointed *Hooray! Someone actually oticed it! – Ed.*).

I've seen some very bux-m women mud-wrestling on V and found it quite erotic. ut porridge-wrestling – that s really something else! And inzi's description of the appenings really had me in ts of laughter.

As a reasonably hairy cotsman, I should first of all ay I hate eating porridge – makes me want to puke – ut if I was invited to watch inzi and her friends Ruth, larie and Sheree (whose ictures I really enjoyed in ol 15 No 13) wrestle in the tuff, I would accept without esitation. Provided I was llowed to clean them all fterwards, of course!

Alister, Perth

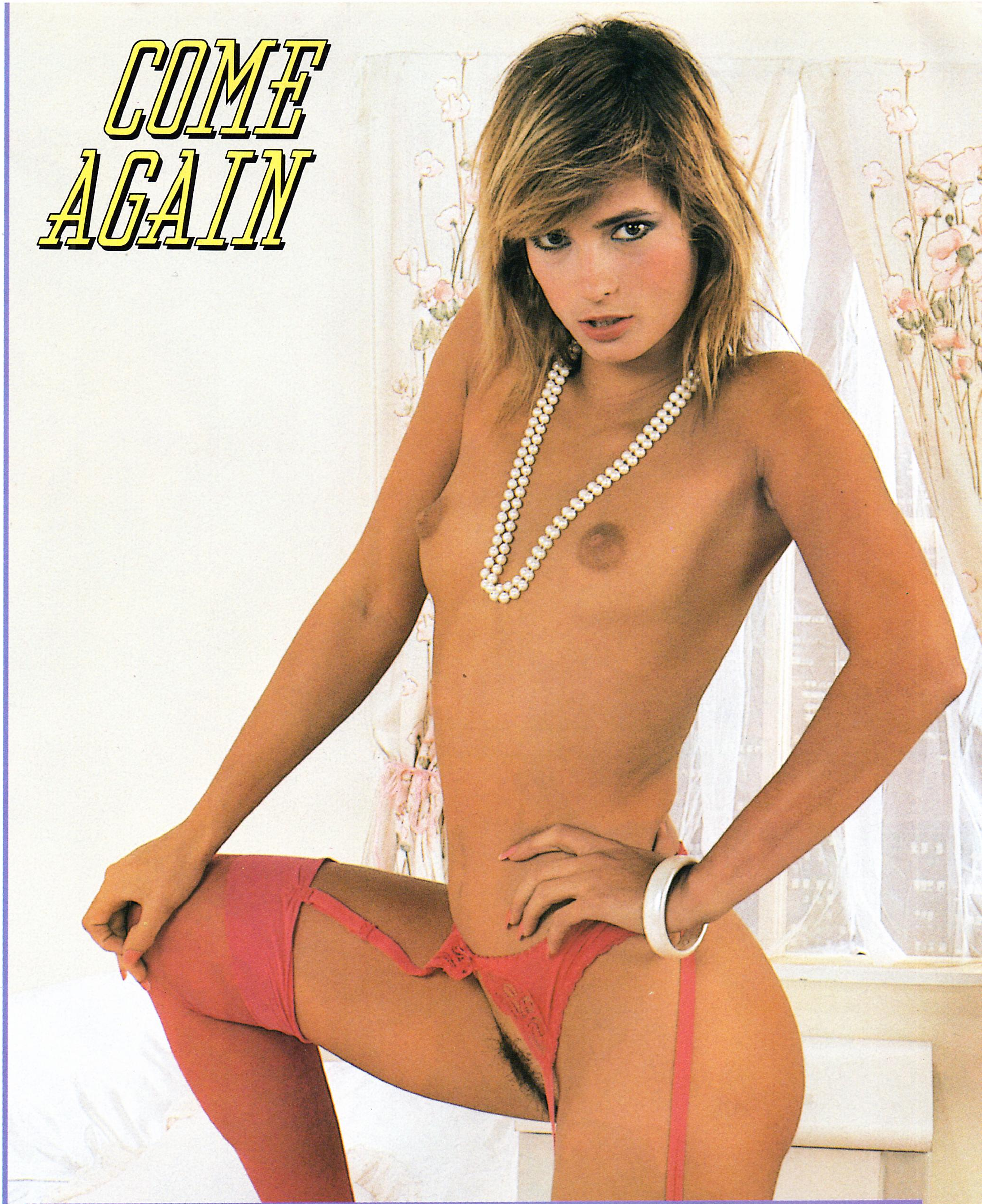
Oat Cuisine: *Yum, yum!*

Miranda Memories

just had to write and thank ou for the pleasure you ave me by publishing the ictures of Miranda in Vol 15

continued on page 95

COME AGAIN



We never cease to be amazed by the reasons you give for nominating a girl as your favourite in any particular issue. One girl from Vol 16 No 1 was put forward for a repeat showing because one reader reckoned her nipples were slightly off-centre. Even our trained eyes, with the help of a magnifying glass, couldn't spot any discrepancy, so we'll have to put that one down to slightly off-centre eyeballs on the part of the reader in question.

More conventional eyeballs did plenty of popping at the sight of Vicky in the same issue, however: "A teenage tease," as Allan from Stratford-on-Avon called her. "She's just crying out for a good fucking." Nice to see that Stratford is still producing some great wordsmiths.

Also lavish in his praise was Alf from Leicester, who admits to being nearly three times Vicky's 19 years. "She's the sort of girl I'd hate one of my sons to bring home," admits Alf, "because I'd probably get the wife's rolling pin over my head for leching. It's girls like Vicky who turn ordinary blokes like me into dirty old men." You could always hide the rolling pin, Alf.

Our featured letter this month comes from someone who calls himself Griff. We're not sure whether that's actually his name, or the noise he made when he first saw Vicky's pictures:

I'm 19, the same age as Vicky. I get out and about quite a lot, usually mixing with people of about my own age. Why is it, then, that none of the girls I know or meet look anything like Vicky? Greasy hair, BO, pus-filled zits, thighs like sides of beef, moustaches, midgets, emaciated skeletons . . . that just about describes the nice ones. My girlfriend, by the way, is more or less exempt from all the above, with the exception of a massive (but temporary) zit on her chin.

But on to Vicky (Christ, if only I could!). You can tell that here we have a girl who doesn't have to try too hard, if at all, to be sexy. With big, brown eyes like hers, it's not at all surprising – if she'd been on the *Titanic*, one look would have melted the iceberg. Hang on, though; maybe that's just as well. After all, if she'd been on board the *Titanic*, she'd now be a graceful old lady (or pushing up the daisies) instead of the nubile young thing I'm looking at right now, and getting so much enjoyment I can't believe it. Besides, *Raise The Titanic* was a good film.

Please do us all a favour by showing more of Vicky. If you can't quite run to another full set just yet, at least let justice be done by giving her the *Come Again* slot. And by giving me her phone number. *Griff, Cardiff*

Well, one out of two ain't bad – Ed.

Photographs by Charles Haydn

Karen

NEW;
MODELS AVAILABLE
FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC
WORK. WRITE FOR DETAILS.

ADULT GLAMOUR

NEW
MODELS REQUIRED
FOR BOTH STILL &
VIDEO WORK. SEND RECENT
SNAPSHOT TO ADDRESS BELOW

Penny
Chloe
Chrissy
Michelle

Glamour videos and photosets for your delight including uniforms, nurse, french maid, army, stockings and suspenders, big boobs, long legs, sexy undies, shower scenes, outdoor scenes etc, etc. Seventeen striptease videos and over 90 photosets for your pleasure.

SAMPLE 1-HOUR VIDEO: Featuring several pretty girls peeling off just for you – includes those seen here!
Just £15 for the full hour!

SAMPLE 2-HOUR VIDEO: as above but features several more pretty girls: £28

SAMPLE 3-HOUR VIDEO: features LOTS more pretty girls: £40

SAMPLE PHOTOSET: Big full colour prints of all of our girls. Only £6.

SPECIAL OFFER: Five different one-hour videos (normally £75) for the special price of £60 or TEN one-hour videos (normally £150) for just £120.

1-HOUR VIDEOS OF THE ABOVE GIRLS: Each of the girls above appears in her own one-hour video – various striptease routines, uniforms, etc. Our lists and samples are fully comprehensive and include photos of all our girls plus full details of our videos and photosets. Send *NOW* for your copy!

Cut out order form: ————————————————————————————

To order: simply fill in your name and address, tick the items you want and send this slip along with cheque/postal order for the full amount to: Fiona Cooper, PO Box 16, Halifax, W. Yorks HX1 1EU.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Please print clearly.

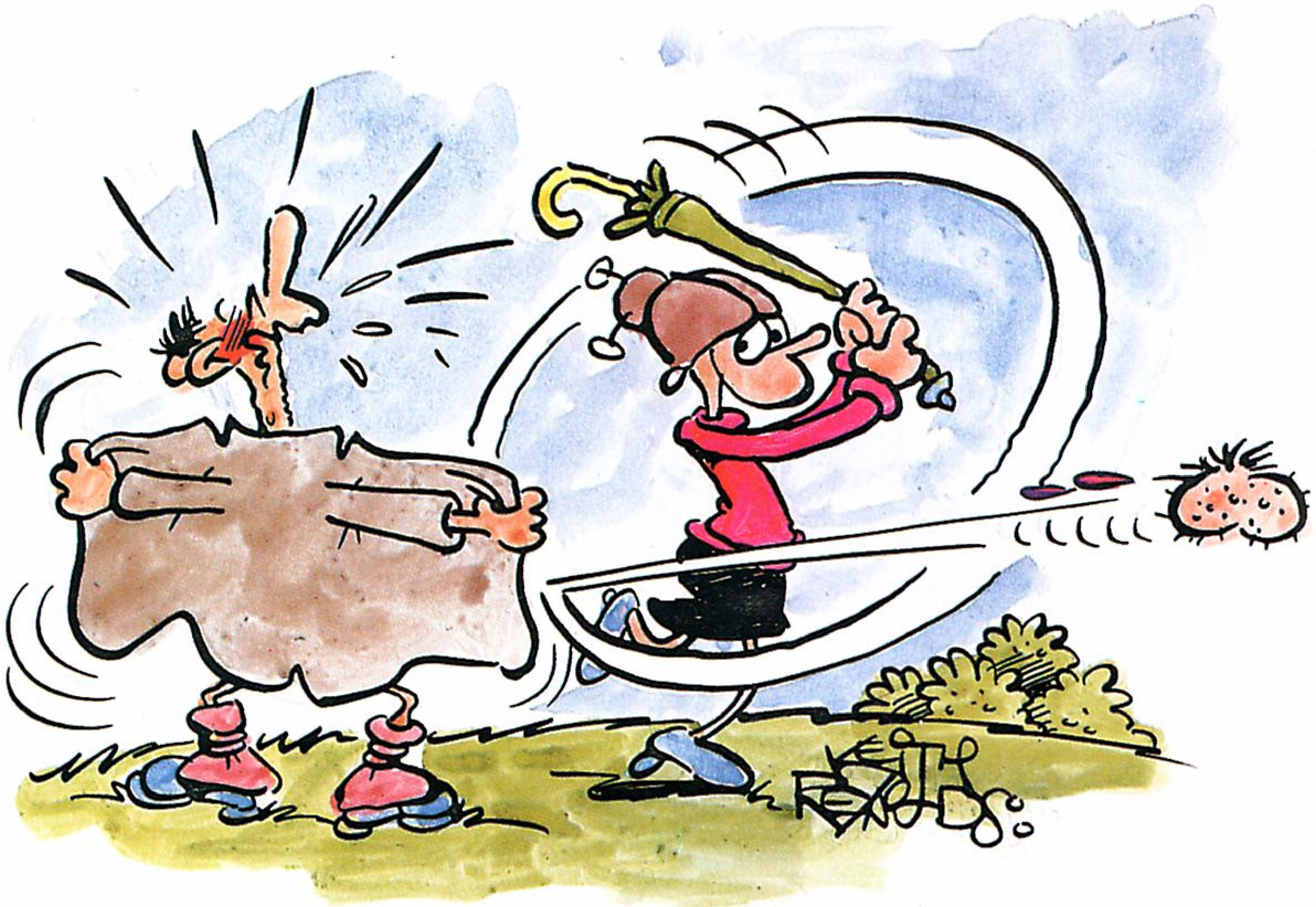
Dear Fiona, please send me the items below under plain cover. I am over 18.

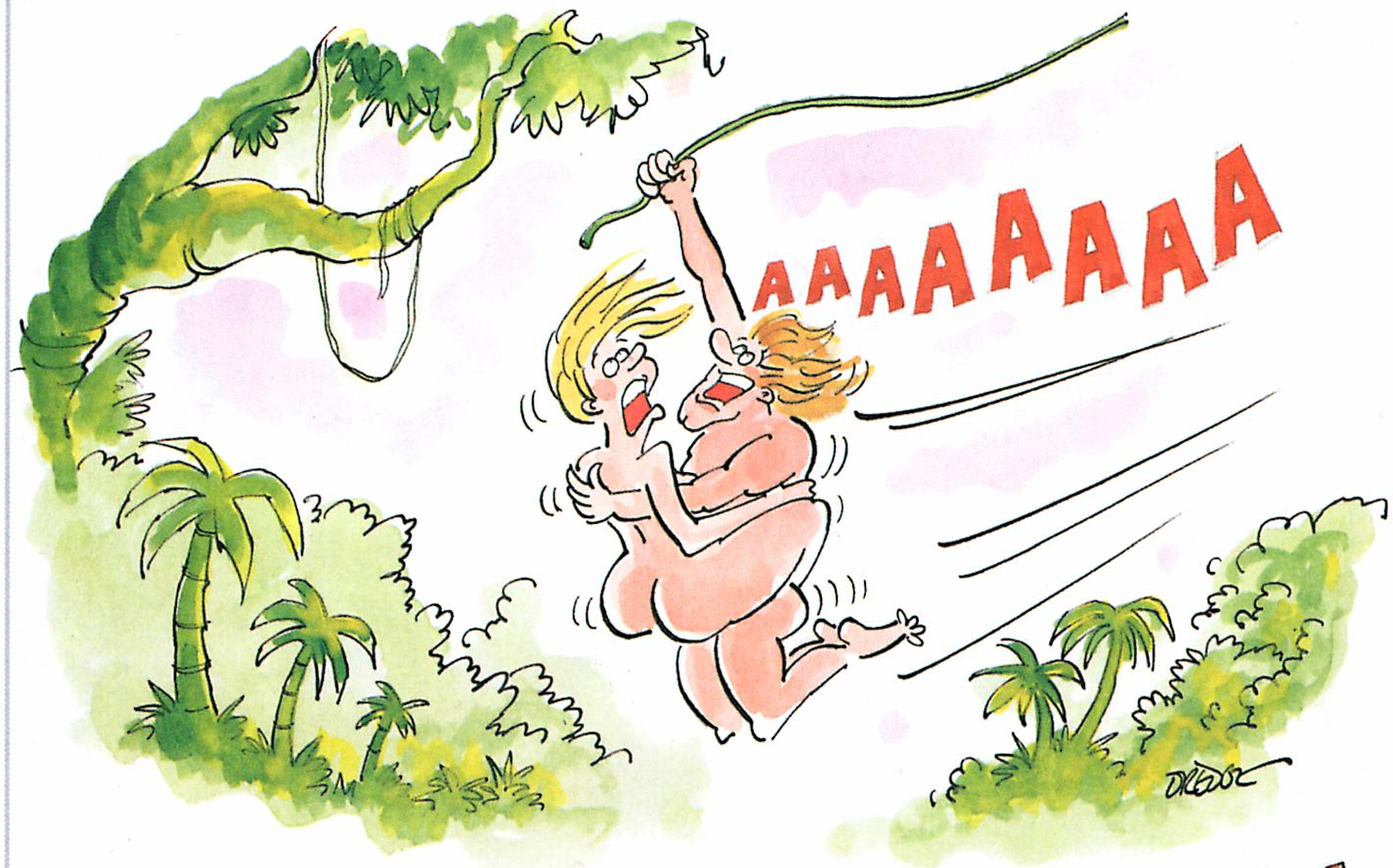
☐ 1 hour sample video featuring several girls £15 VHS/BETA
☐ 2 hour sample video featuring more girls £28 VHS/BETA
☐ 3 hour sample video featuring lots of girls £40 VHS/BETA
☐ Lists & samples £2
☐ Sample Photoset £6
☐ 1 hour video of **Penny** £15 VHS/BETA

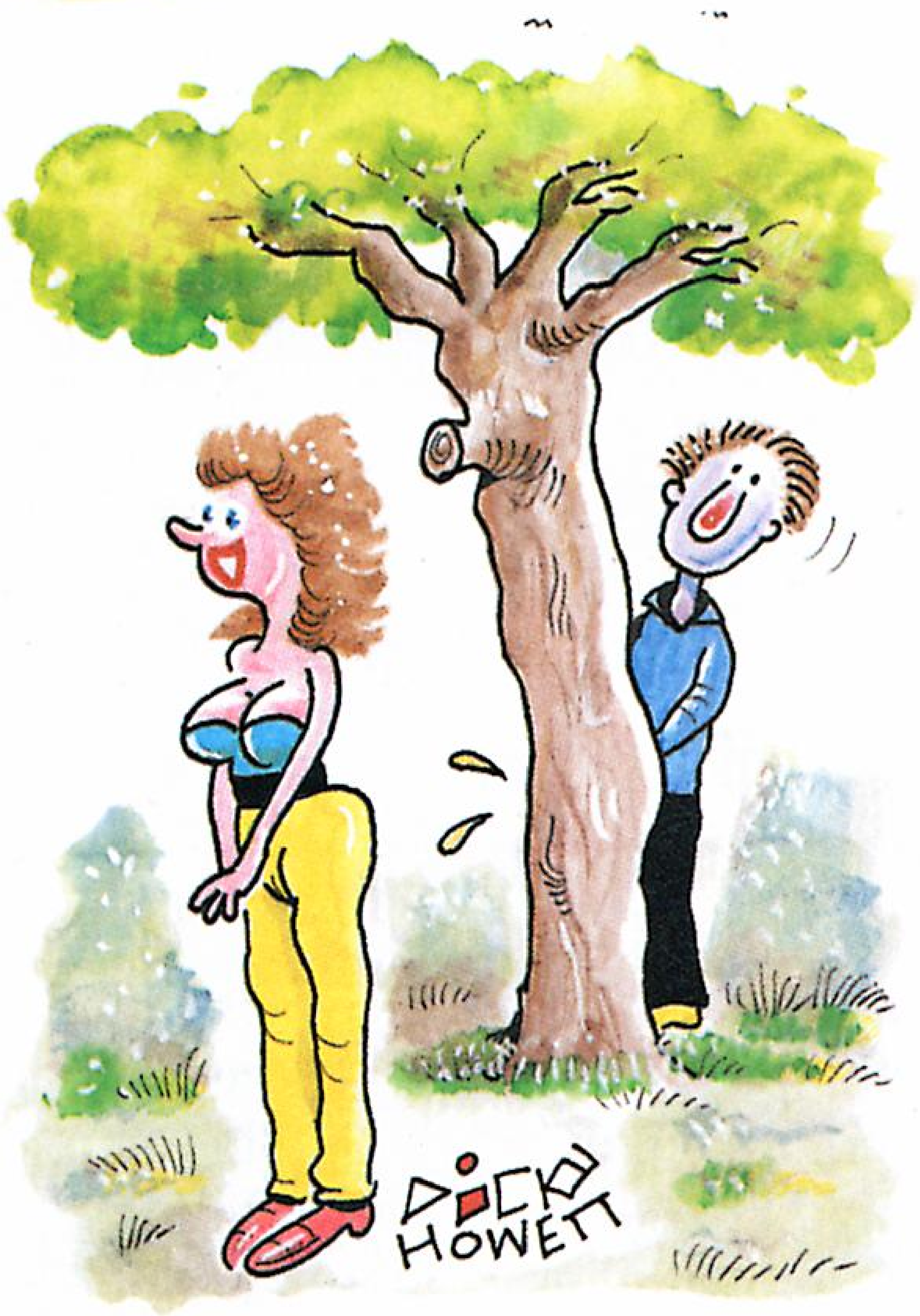
☐ I hour video of **Chloe** £15 VHS/BETA
☐ 1 hour video of **Chrissy** £15 VHS/BETA
☐ 1 hour video of **Michelle** £15 VHS/BETA
☐ 5 different 1 hour videos £60 VHS/BETA
☐ 10 different 1 hour videos £120 VHS/BETA
all prices include p&p

MAG CODE CI

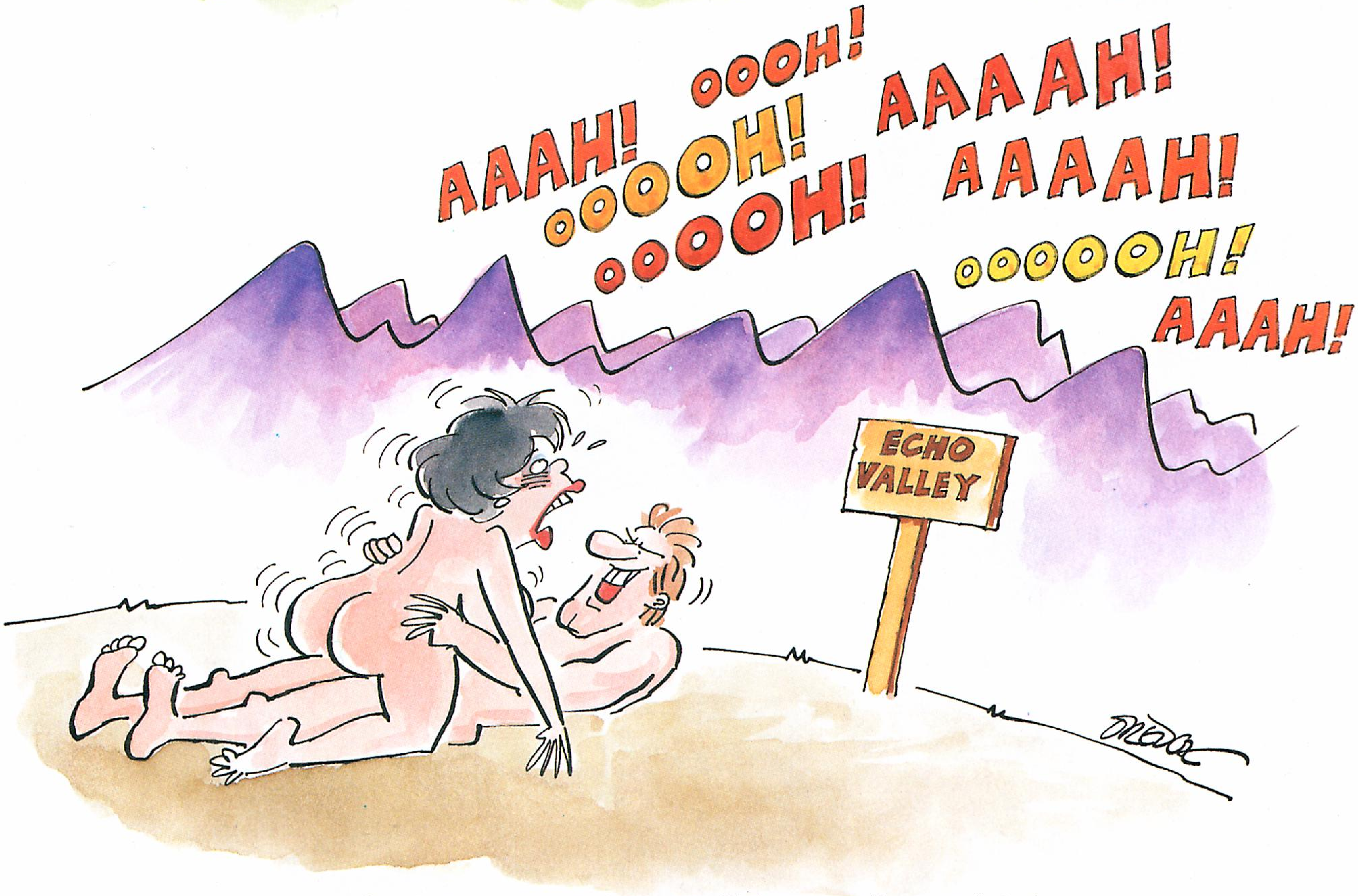
SKETCH CLUB


KEITH REYNOLDS




DICKY HOWETT

Just listen to that beautiful babbling brook, Simon . . .


OOOH!
AAAAH!
AAAH!
OOOOH!
AAAAH!
OOOOH!
OOOOOH!
AAAH!
ECHO VALLEY

See, honey – you can have a multiple orgasm if you really try!

LIFE WITH Linz

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in Britain, writes exclusively in *Club International* . . .

I like to think that the pictures of me in Club every month are raunchy enough for you to get your rocks off over – after all, that's exactly why I do them. But it's been absolutely *ages* since I last was able to lie back and do a really steamy, sexy girl set: you know – without chocolate porridge, window cleaners, rugby players and the like! So, this month, I've put that to rights.

Mind you, the Ed never let up for a moment. Even when I was getting ready and looking like Hilda Ogden in my curlers or scoffing away at my lunch he kept the photographer on his toes, snapping away like crazy. I'm not usually that messy with my mouth – honest, fellas!

Apart from the unfortunate "extra" snaps this month, I'm portraying a rather randy, sophisticated lady; so I thought it might be nice to be really smutty and have Linzi's own Kama Sutra. Not that I know any more positions than you lot, but I just love to waffle on about my favourite fucks and locations.

The other evening I had a few girlfriends around for a drink and a chat. As per usual the conversation soon came around to sex (I'm absolutely convinced we girls are far worse gossips on screwing than fellas are. My mates and I are, anyway!). Some of our natterings were so naughty, I know you'll love to hear about them.

Flabbergasted

One of my friends, Angel (we shared a tandem in Vol 15 No 13, remember), was telling me how she was officially initiated into the "Mile High Club". She was coming back on a flight from Finland with another mate, Debbie. They both got slightly inebriated and fancied a screw. They collared one of the young stewards and very politely asked him if he fancied a fuck. You know, as you do. He was totally flabbergasted and stood there grinning, not quite sure if this was a wind-up or not. It wasn't. Angel and Debbie tossed to see who should get first thrust of the penis and, one at a time, they discreetly dragged him off to the loo!

Funnily enough, Angel said the *idea* of fucking an air steward on an aeroplane was much more of a turn-on than the actual fuck, as it ain't half cramped in these airliner toilets. And that's doubly the case with both legs wrapped round a steward's waist!

Still, she has her officially-signed membership now. There I was thinking they were all gay, too! I'm going off on my hols soon, so maybe I'll get lucky, too.

Mind you, I've had a few nice fucks in unusual places myself. One of my all-time favourite fucks was when I went to a rather swish party in the West End. It was being held in a large ballroom, full of elegant pillars and sumptuous Chesterfields. The place was buzzing with people, and I was feeling really good, especially as I was there with a guy I had been having a very hot sexual scene with for some time. We sat down close together on a sofa. I was wearing a very over-the-top, blue ballgown made of chiffon and diamante and was also sporting my hairy panties (that, by the way, is my affectionate name for being knickerless).

Hot Throbbing

Anyway, we lay back on the arm of the sofa, rubbing ourselves slowly together as I was sitting on his lap by now. I could feel a hot throbbing next to my bare puss. Suddenly, I realized it was his bare cock moving between my thighs. It was oh-so sensuous as his thick knob slid into my wet slit. I was in seventh heaven, glancing around and smiling at people with this lovely cock deep inside me, cleverly concealed by my huge frock. I was just a little scared that someone might stroll over and start making party small-talk. I'm sure I wouldn't have been able to cope if anyone asked if I was enjoying myself. An orgasmic scream might just have given the game away, as I'm not generally the quietest fuck around. This time, though, discretion got the better of me and I was as quiet as a mouse. I just sat there moving ever so slightly, grinning like a Cheshire cat who'd just got the cream. Little did any of the party-goers know that I just *had!*

Another of my big turn-ons is being touched-up under the table at a restaurant, café, or wherever. I love being dressed in a loose skirt or frock, high-heeled shoes, silky stockings and suspenders with no knickers and a wet, willing pussy just longing to be fingered.

If I go out to a restaurant with a guy who's quite shy and doesn't realize what I'm thinking or how I'm sitting with my legs spread, it doesn't really matter; I get myself really horny just fantasizing. We always seem to have a good time afterwards when I tell my date what I was thinking about earlier. Make no mistake – he knows what to do next time we go out to eat . . .

Talking of eating, I love eating cock when I'm out for a drive. One word of warning to any cock-hungry females reading this, though. In the interests of road safety, you must make sure that the cock you are sucking on belongs to a bloody good driver – not one of these types who is likely to swerve all over the place when he's coming! And never attempt to have a gobble when *you're* doing the driving, girls. It just ain't possible. I tried it, but I didn't get out of first gear.

I sampled a very different variety of blow-job last week at a photographic club. They had this wonderful party to which *Razzle's* Marie Harper and I were asked along to hot it up a little. In addition to our services, they had hired a band and a blow-up magic castle – you know, one of those huge, bouncy things you can't stand up on and as soon as you fall down it's impossible to get back up again. Even if you *do* make it, there's always some other bouncing twit ready to pull you back down again!

Anyway, Marie and I were asked to do this double act – a sort of nipple-licking affair. I'm sure all you men of the world out there know exactly what I mean.

For starters, though, Marie and I decided we wanted to have some fun with the band and tease them a little. They were happily grooving away, expecting us to start groping each other on the now completely empty blow-up castle.

Well, they had another think coming. As they played their first number, we mingled with them on stage and began to strip each other off. Once we were down to our hairy panties, we began rubbing our naked bodies up and down their legs. It was pretty difficult with the drummer, but we managed it.

We soon became tired of that little game, and decided we'd go all way and take their clothes off as well. I tell you – there can't be a much funnier sight than five guys all trying to sing and play *Honky Tonk Woman* with their underpants down around their ankles!

On to the magic castle. As soon as we jumped on it, we tried to be all sexy, but as we just fell over I could do nothing but giggle. I was desperately trying to grab hold of Marie's delicious boobs, and they kept bouncing right out of my hands. Once we took the baby lotion out, it became even worse. Now we had no sense of balance whatsoever. And when we *did* eventually manage to grab hold of each other we were both so greasy, we just slithered around on top of each other, giggling like a couple of schoolgirls. The fellas seemed to love it, and I must say we had a great time, too.

I was supposed to be telling you all about my favourite sex acts and positions. I know some of you are very interested in this, as I'm forever being sent questionnaires to answer! So I'm going to finish off this month by spilling a few beans.

I love screwing doggy-fashion and being on top. I simply adore sixty-niners and cock-sucking and, of course, having my pussy licked for hours. I do also have an affection for my trusty vibrator and find threesomes great fun. I love snogging and having my nipples sucked. In fact I could go on and on, but I'd run out of space!

So I'd better say my fond farewells for another month. I'm off next week on my holidays to the marvellous Maldives and stunning Singapore. Perhaps, if I'm lucky, I'll have my pussy played with on a deserted beach or have an under-the-table grope at an exclusive hotel. Rest assured you'll be the first to know if I do . . .

Linzi

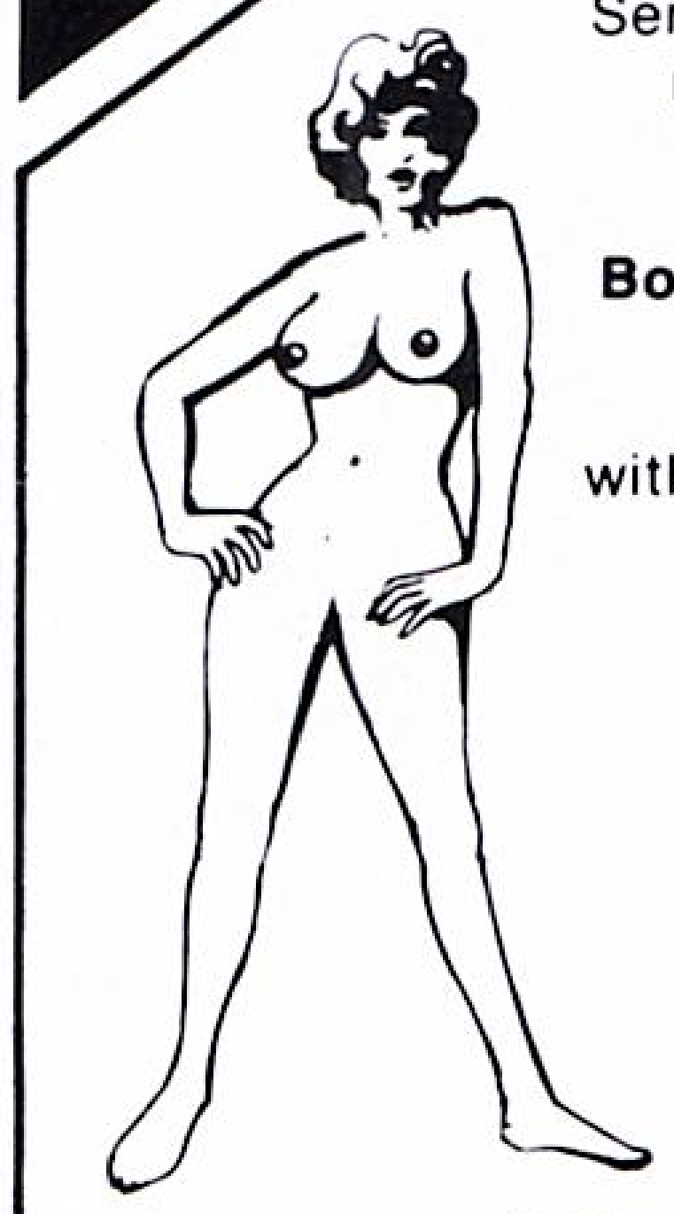
Photographs by Ian Potter

WE AIM TO PLEASE

SUPERIA

SUPER SAVERS

SEX DOLL



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221 Standard only **£22.75**
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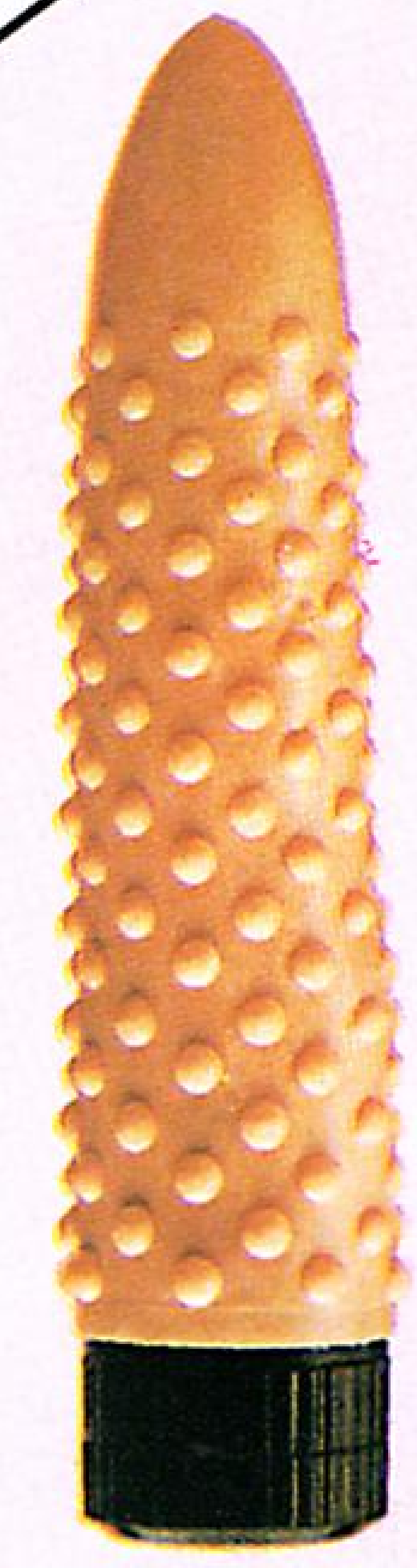
107 BENDER



The firm yet flexible spongy rubber Bender is the perfect answer for those who want a more 'natural' vibrator. It produces powerful and exhilarating sensations with its variable speed control and provides extra thrills with its delicately profiled sides. **£7.50**

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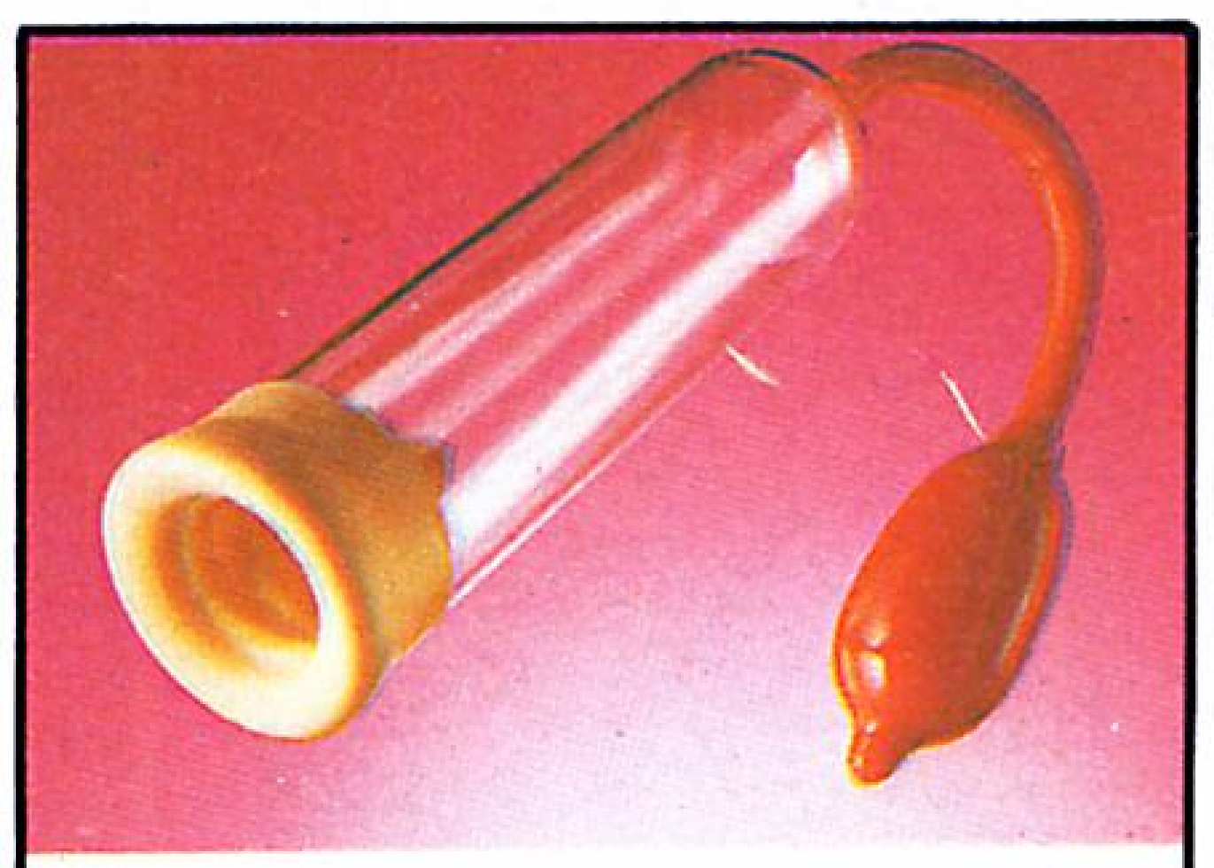

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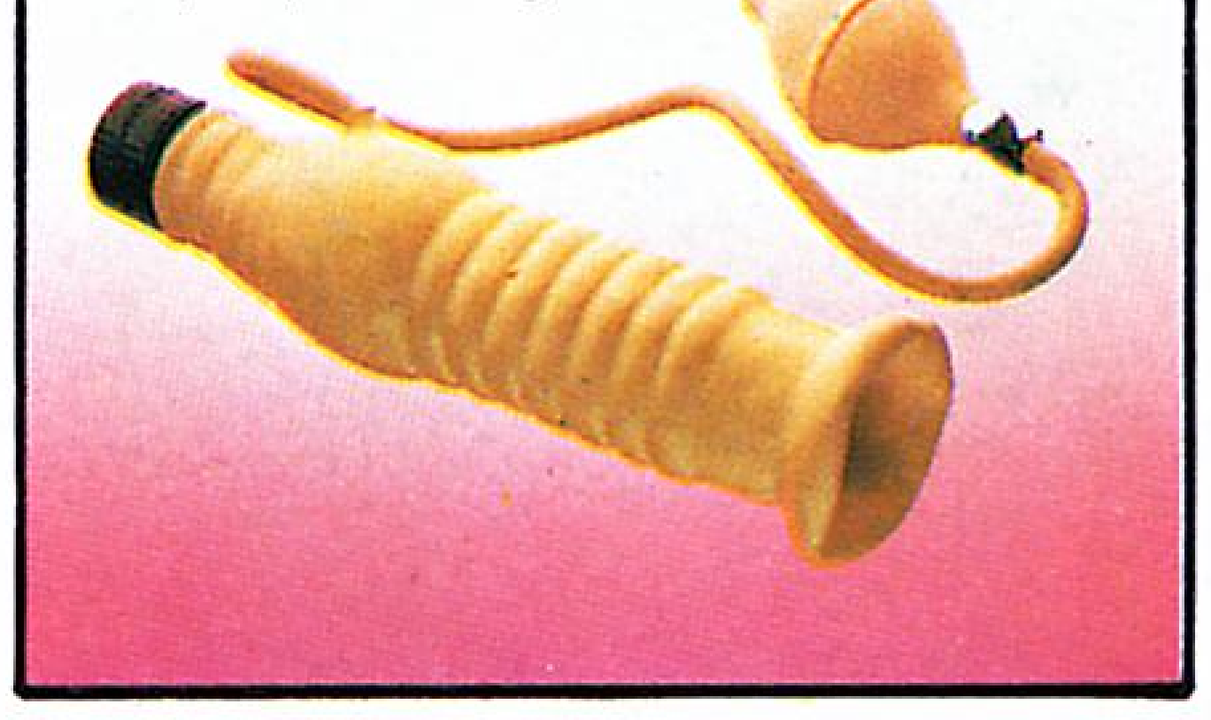

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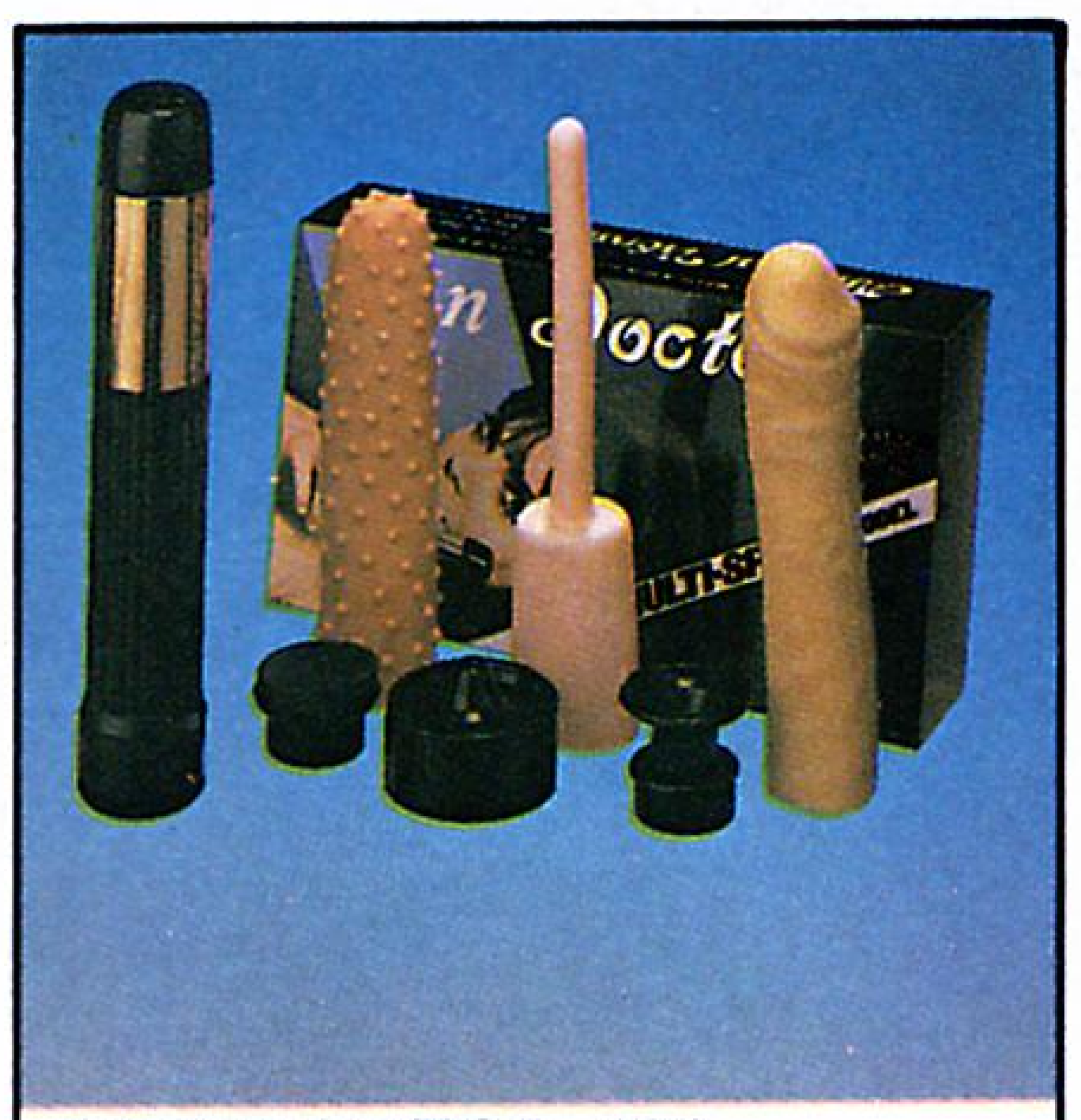

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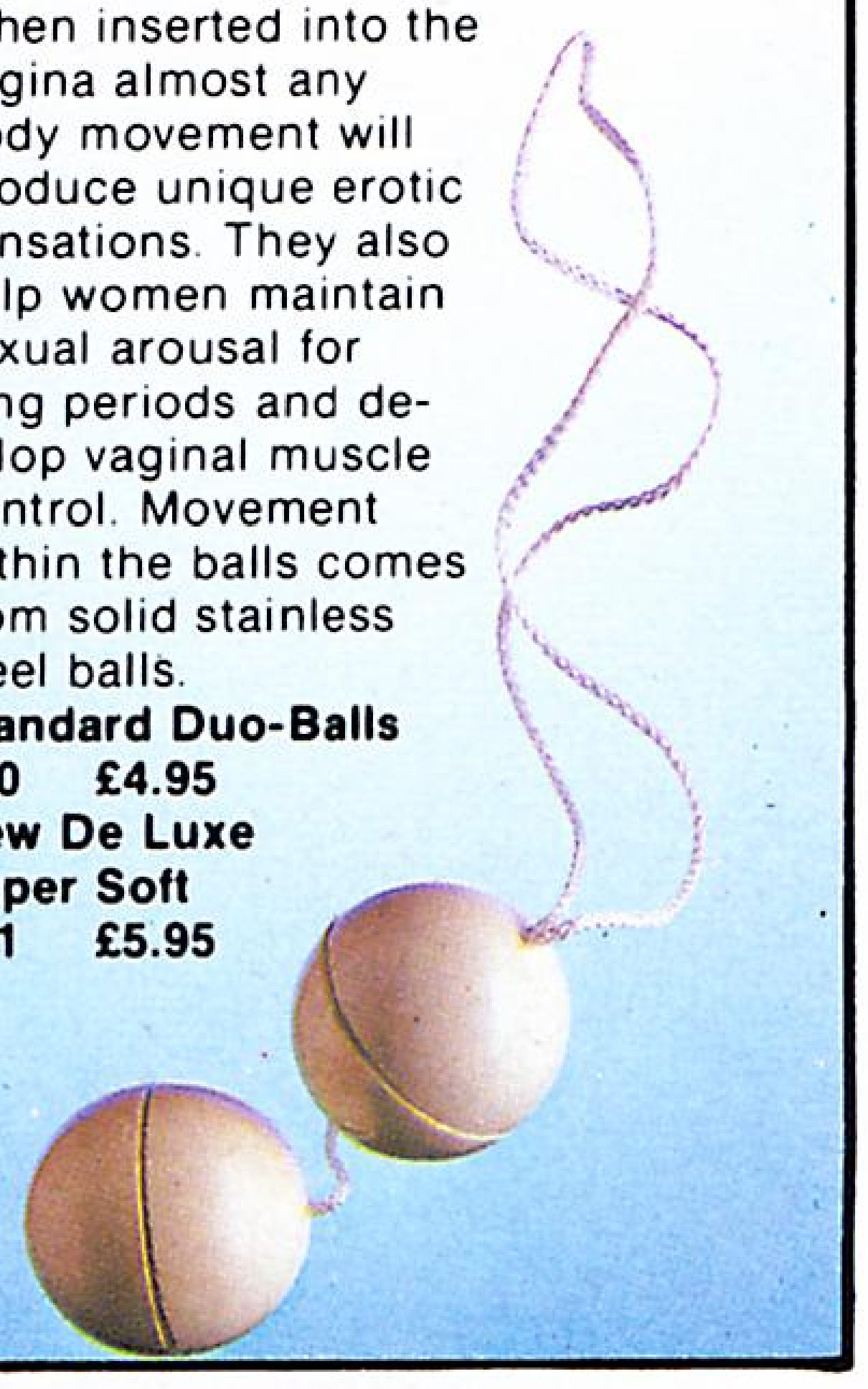

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Standard Duo-Balls 730 £4.95
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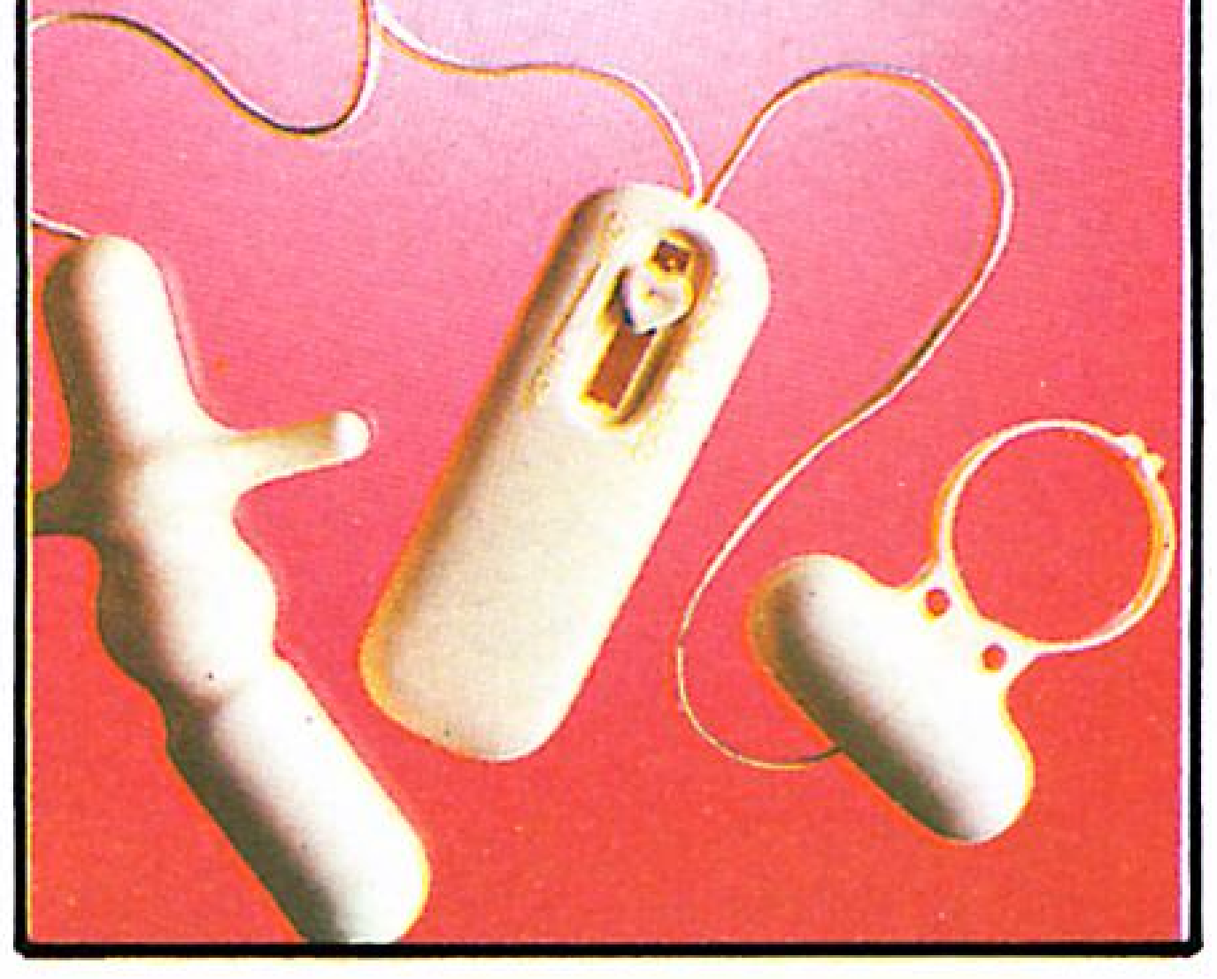
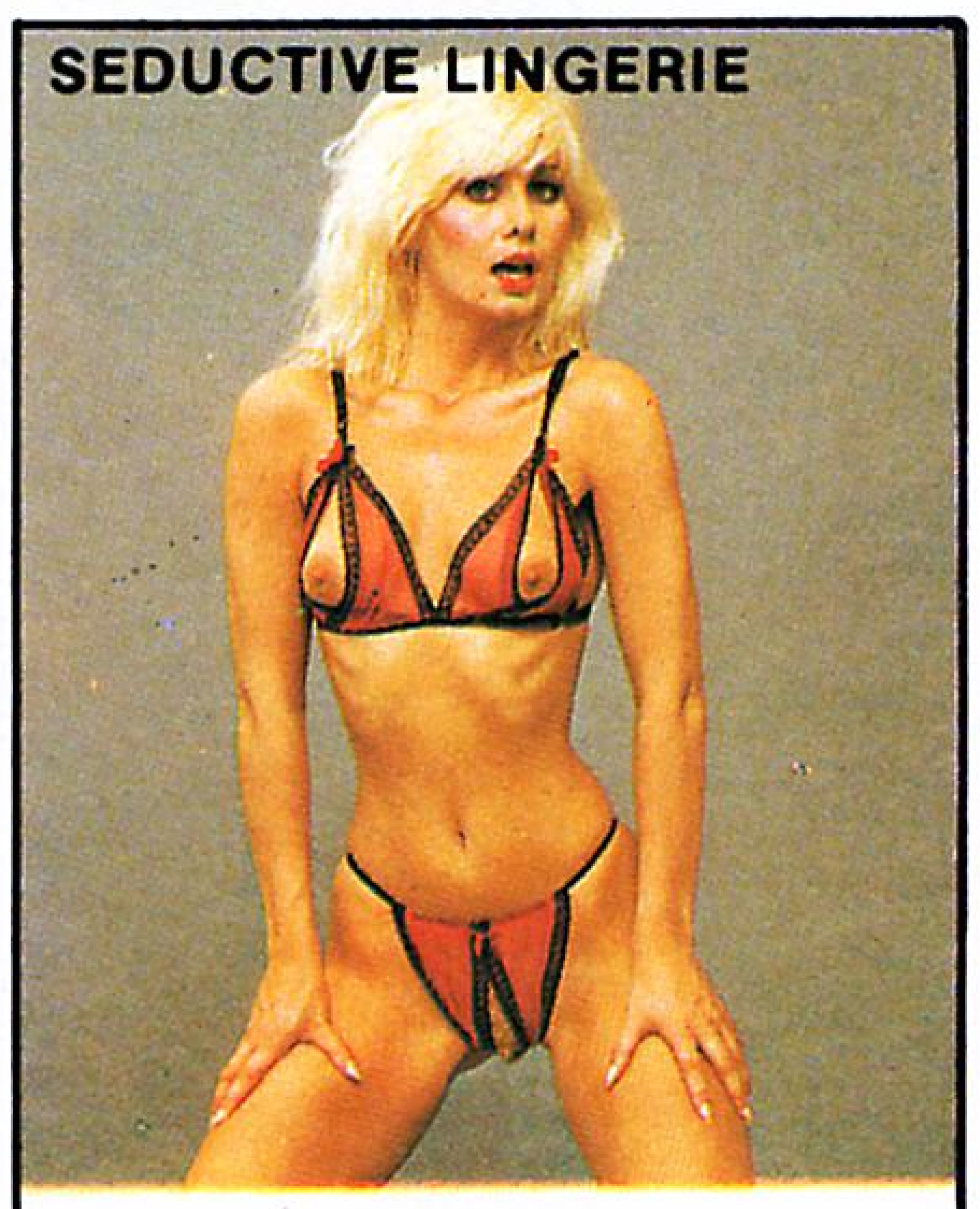


SEDUCTIVE LINGERIE



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LOTS MORE SEXY LINGERIE IN OUR BROCHURE!

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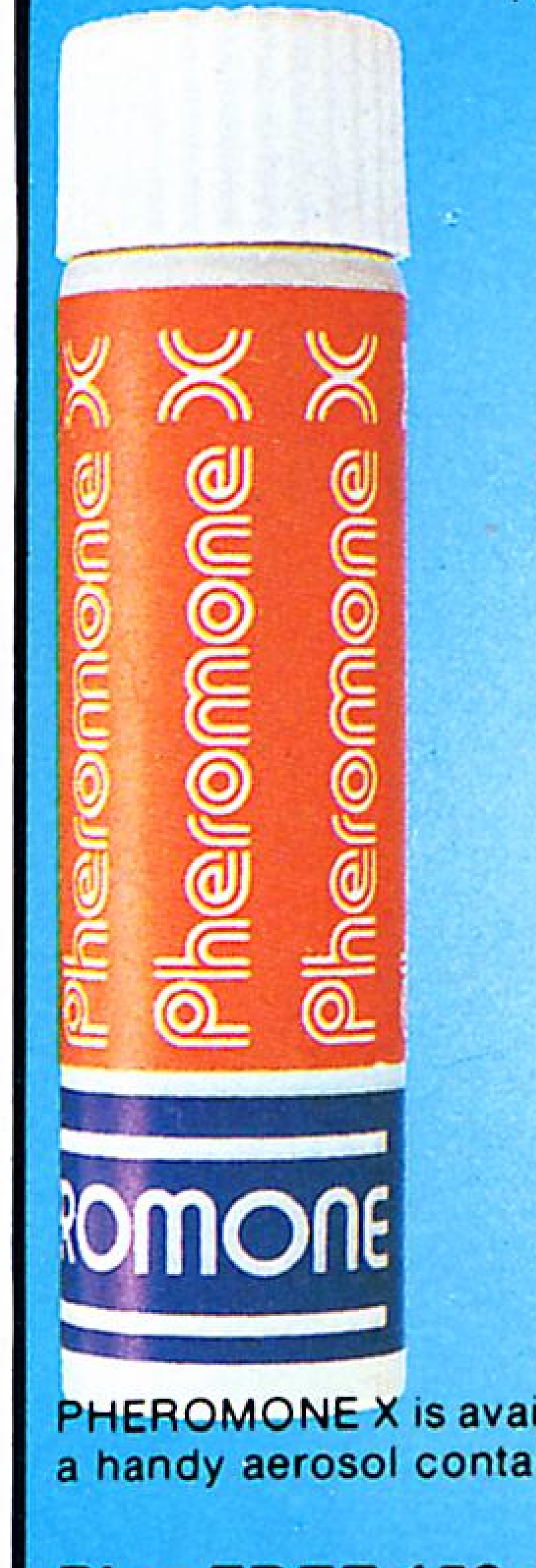

Attracts women without them being aware of it. Get to first base every time with the undetectable female attractant PHEROMONE X – the scent that sexually attracts women without them even being aware of it. Less than 10% of men have a high natural pheromone level. For the rest the mating game has always been hard work until now.
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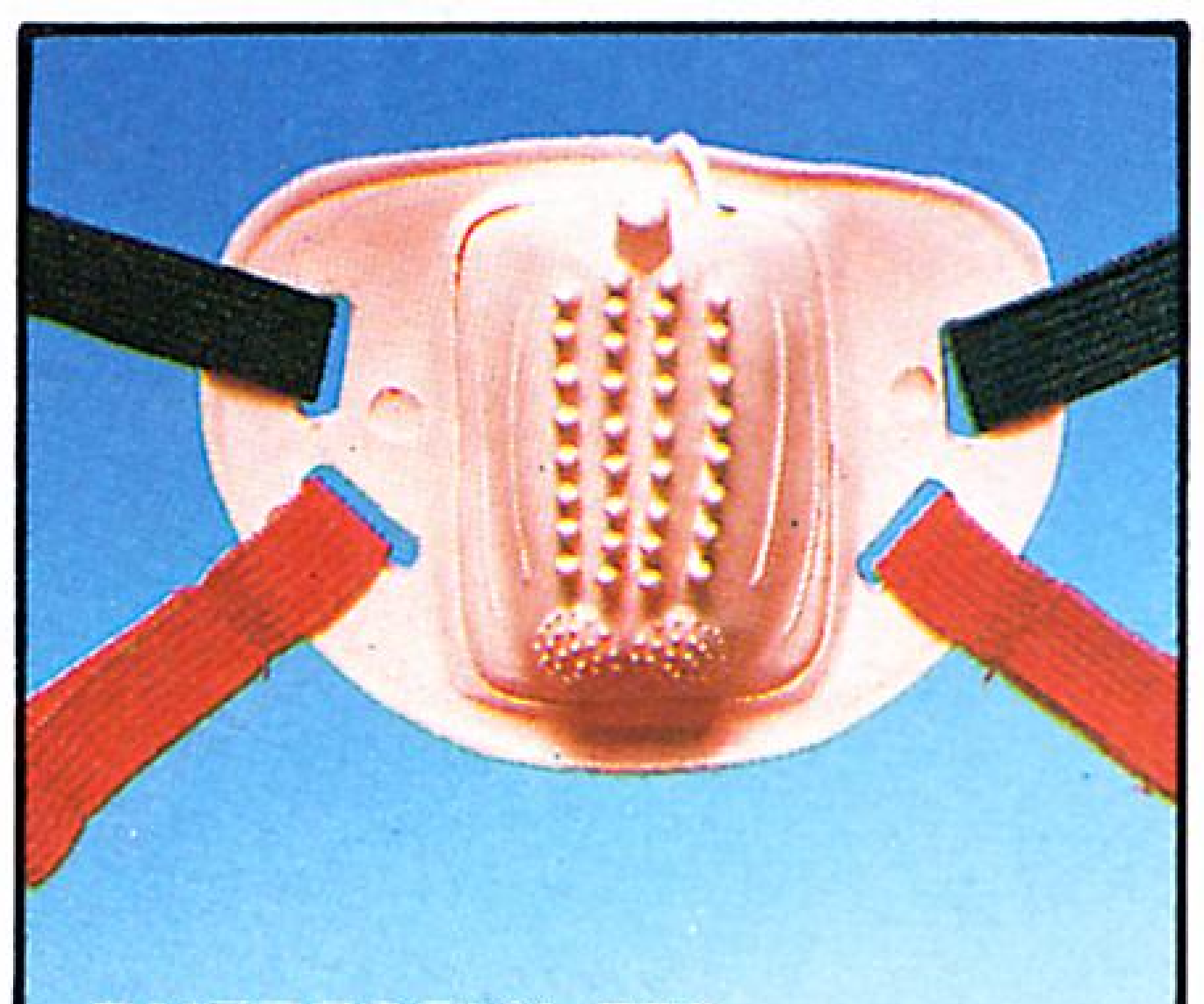

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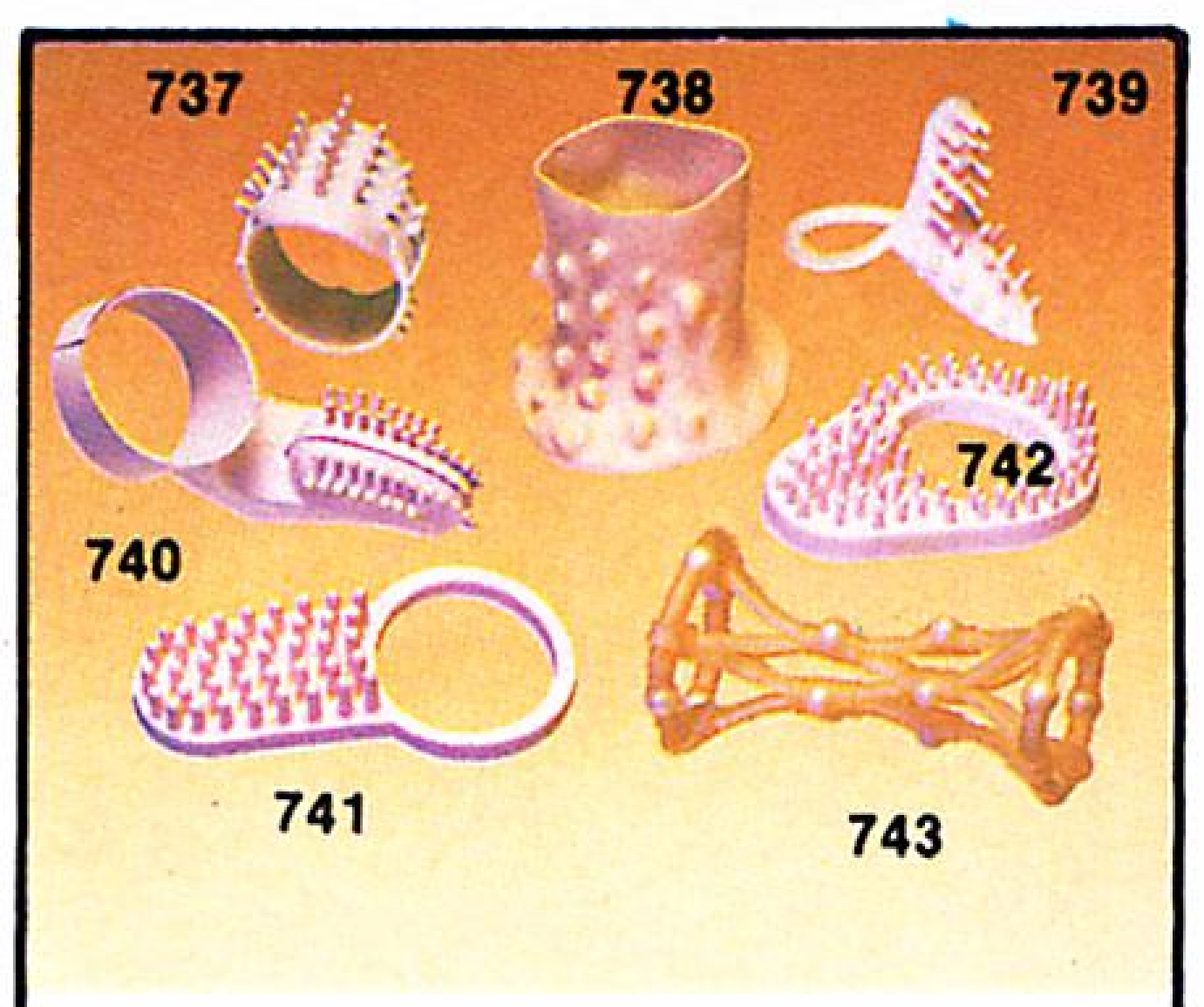

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Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
I must tell you about the amazing day I lost my virginity. I was 18 at the time, and my girlfriend had gone to London for the day with her dad – leaving poor old mum at home.

Her mother, feeling lonely, asked if I would like to come to tea, and I accepted. Very beautiful for her age, she has a great figure, the most cuddly pair of tits and a positively red-hot, randy nature. When I arrived for tea, I was pleasantly shocked to find her in a white see-through playsuit with an open crotch.

"Don't be embarrassed," she said. "I'm sure if you just relax and enjoy yourself, I'll make this a day to remember." She grabbed hold of me, pushing her tongue deep into my mouth. Her hands started to grope me, her fingers rubbing and squeezing the rapidly-growing bulge in my trousers. She slipped her fingers inside my pants, and began rhythmically squeezing my cock.

She said she had to take me in her mouth and suck me. I closed my eyes and gasped as I felt her hot breath on my pubis. Suddenly, my cock felt warm and wet as she slipped it in between her rosy lips, moving her head back and forward and lightly scraping my cock with her teeth.

She obviously wanted me to come in her mouth, but I was more keen to enter her sex lips which I'd been gently rubbing, slipping two fingers through the slippery, moist folds of her vagina.

We lay on the floor, and I lifted her breasts out of their flimsy confines. She raised her legs instinctively and spread them wide, offering her wet cunt to me. I gently pushed my cock up inside her, making her gasp with the slow contact. For ten minutes our wet genitals caressed each other until her moans had reached a crescendo, and her fingernails dug deeply into the cheeks of my arse.

Our hot tongues thrashed around in our mouths as my spunk squirted up her pussy. We then collapsed in an exhausted heap. As I lay there, she crawled down my body to once again take my cock into her mouth and give it one last long, lingering suck.

As she rightly said, it was a day I'll always remember. Do you remember the first time you were laid, Linzi? If so, I'd love to hear about it. *BL, Devon*

Actually, BL, I remember my first sexual encounter very well. To be honest, yours sounded much more fun than mine. I remember groping and gyrating around in the back of a Transit van with some guy from Cheshire. I was bruised like hell afterwards, although I soon recovered. Thankfully, my second time was much better!

Dear Linzi,
I'm surprised, and somewhat put-out, by the fact you've never been out with a Welshman (at least, I believe that to be the case). Contrary to popular belief, the Welsh are not a nation of sheep-shaggers; we're a very horny, randy group, as you would no doubt find out if you came to visit us.

Richard, Aberystwyth

I don't doubt what you say for one minute, Richard. Let it be known that Linzi Drew doesn't discriminate on the grounds of nationality when it comes to getting a bonk-up, and I'd be more than happy to screw a randy Welshman if I fancied him enough, believe me!

Dear Linzi,
I'd like to have my say on a much-debated subject – big cocks (it's not what you've got it's the way that you use it, and all that jazz).

I'm blessed with a ten-inch member, which has definitely served me well. I know women can't get it all in and so some of it is therefore wasted, but it has granted me many opportunities I just wouldn't have had with the average six- or seven-incher. When my mates and I started getting into sex when I was about 18, I found I was receiving more than my share of invites to parties and requests to go babysitting with the best girls. I suppose I was having a fairly good time. But, of course, the young girls were fairly inexperienced and – when it got right down to it – a bit overawed.

This all changed when – to cut a long story short – I found myself in the house of a girl with whom I'd been having it off for a couple of weeks. She had to go off somewhere, leaving me there with her mum. This 40-year-old disappeared to make some tea and came back dressed to kill. Her lovely tits were hanging out, and a split in her skirt flashed her stocking tops. She wasn't wearing any panties, either.

I got a hard-on like the Eiffel Tower, which she couldn't fail to miss. Wasting no time, she put my hand up her skirt and then tried to take my old man out from my flies. Of course, she had to undo my belt and trousers before it sprang out. She squealed with delight, pulled me to the floor and impaled herself on it. She rode me, slowly getting more and more of me up her until she came. She slid off and rubbed it around her minge until I spunked in her thatch. She then fell upon it with her greedy mouth; licking, sucking and nibbling it back to full erection. She sucked like crazy until I creamed in her face.

After that episode, I realized just how much ladies love a big cock – even if they don't want fucking with it. I replied to a number of adverts requesting "W/E" men. I had a big response, and the times I had were unbelievable.

No end of women wanted to screw their hubbies while sucking off my huge member. Many of them had their picture taken with my dick in their face, smiling at the camera and waving it at the lens. One couple had me round to screw the wife, with a call-girl to gobble the husband while he filmed us.

His wife was really dirty. In one film he took, she stripped in front of three of his mates and me, then gobbled us all off. At one of their parties, she'd brought along three extra women, and all the male guests had a fuck or a suck as they came in (I was playing with the wives while all this was going on!).

Anyway, I must be off now: tonight, I'm at the service of a dominatrix who gets me to toss off over her high heels and stockings. What a lovely, kinky bitch! *Tony, Derby*

It's definitely a case of "Mum's the word" this month, anyway! Mind you, when a man is as well-endowed (W/E, as you call it) as you, I can see the attraction to your girlfriend's old dear – and anybody else, for that matter. While a really big cock does make a superb plaything for a girl, I stand by what I've always said – that size ISN'T the most important thing. So don't go getting a complex, shorties!

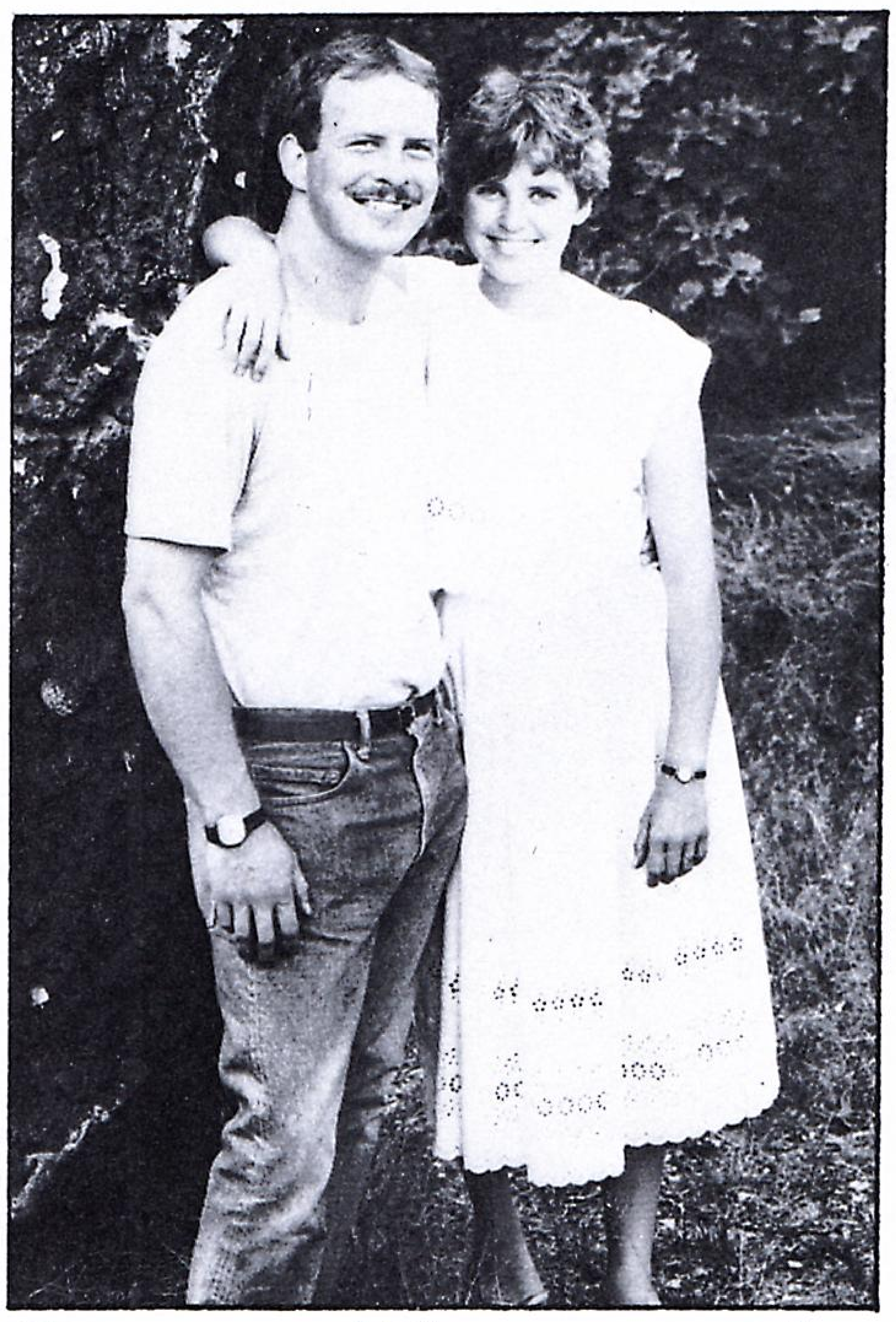
Dear Linzi,
Having kept a record of every wank since my first one just over six years ago, I can report I had my 2000th orgasm while wanking over some of the 837 pictures of you in my collection. Any idea how many orgasms *you've* had? *Peter, Wirral*

I've never actually counted, Peter, but I think I can safely say you're not even in the running . . .

Listen, lads; I love sending you signed piccies of Yours Truly, but demand, as they say, is proving to be overwhelming. So, from now on, any requests for pictures *must* be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (at least 10″×8″). This means I'll be able to send them off much quicker, so it's good news for everybody!

WOULD YOU HAVE THE COURAGE TO JOIN Dateline

-for friends, love or marriage?



Suzanne and Tim — engaged
'I thought Suzanne was too attractive to be a member of Dateline. I thought the only people who used dating agencies were the real lonely-hearts types, but not at all!'

Sue and Martin — married
Sue says: 'I met genuine men who honestly and truly wanted to meet new people as much as I did; who wanted to make friends, and have a good time — and I met Martin!'

Margaret and Louis — married
'When you meet other members of Dateline you know they have gone into it with the same attitude as yourself — they want to meet people. Some people think Dateline is cold but you are meeting men who have something in common with you, and quite frankly how else do you meet them?'

WHO JOINS DATELINE?

People just like you! Currently 2,000 people a month join Dateline, so you probably already know people who have used the Dateline service, or met through Dateline.

People who join Dateline come from all over the country — from farms, villages, market towns and cities. The problems of meeting people are not confined to any particular locality. The backgrounds and occupations of Dateline members are equally varied — MP's, surveyors, solicitors, engineers, doctors, journalists, teachers, secretaries, stockbrokers, nurses, chemists, receptionists, bus drivers and even zoo keepers. Loneliness is classless. What all Dateline members have in common is an optimistic, positive attitude in tackling the problem practically. Meeting someone special is difficult, but after that the romance is easy.

WHY?

If the disco is not for you, your friends are all married, you don't meet anyone through work, you have just moved to a new area, or you are newly single again — just where do you begin? There really are very few ways you can meet the kind of people you want to meet. Dateline is simply the most honest and realistic way of being introduced to a wide choice of compatible partners. It also saves a lot of wasted time and expense!

HOW DOES DATELINE WORK?

When you join Dateline you will complete a very comprehensive questionnaire, information from which will be confidentially locked into the memory of our computer; the matching process, in which your data is compared with every Dateline member of the opposite sex, will then begin. Finally the computer will have found the most compatible matches for you, and their details will be forwarded to you. You will also be matched to other compatible people living in your area, and they will contact you. And so, with your year's membership, a whole new social life begins.

IS DATELINE SUCCESSFUL?

Yes, in many different ways! Some people simply have a wonderful time, meeting as many new people as possible, sharing new interests, going out, just enjoying themselves. Some are looking for the companionship, the love and romance of one or two relationships, and others are looking for a special love with marriage in mind.

Many thousands of couples have met and married through Dateline, as the Dateline questionnaire is designed to match couples through many facets of physical type, personality and life-style; not just matching those who want to meet people similar to themselves, but those who also want to meet someone different. With Dateline you meet the people you want to meet, who also want to meet you.

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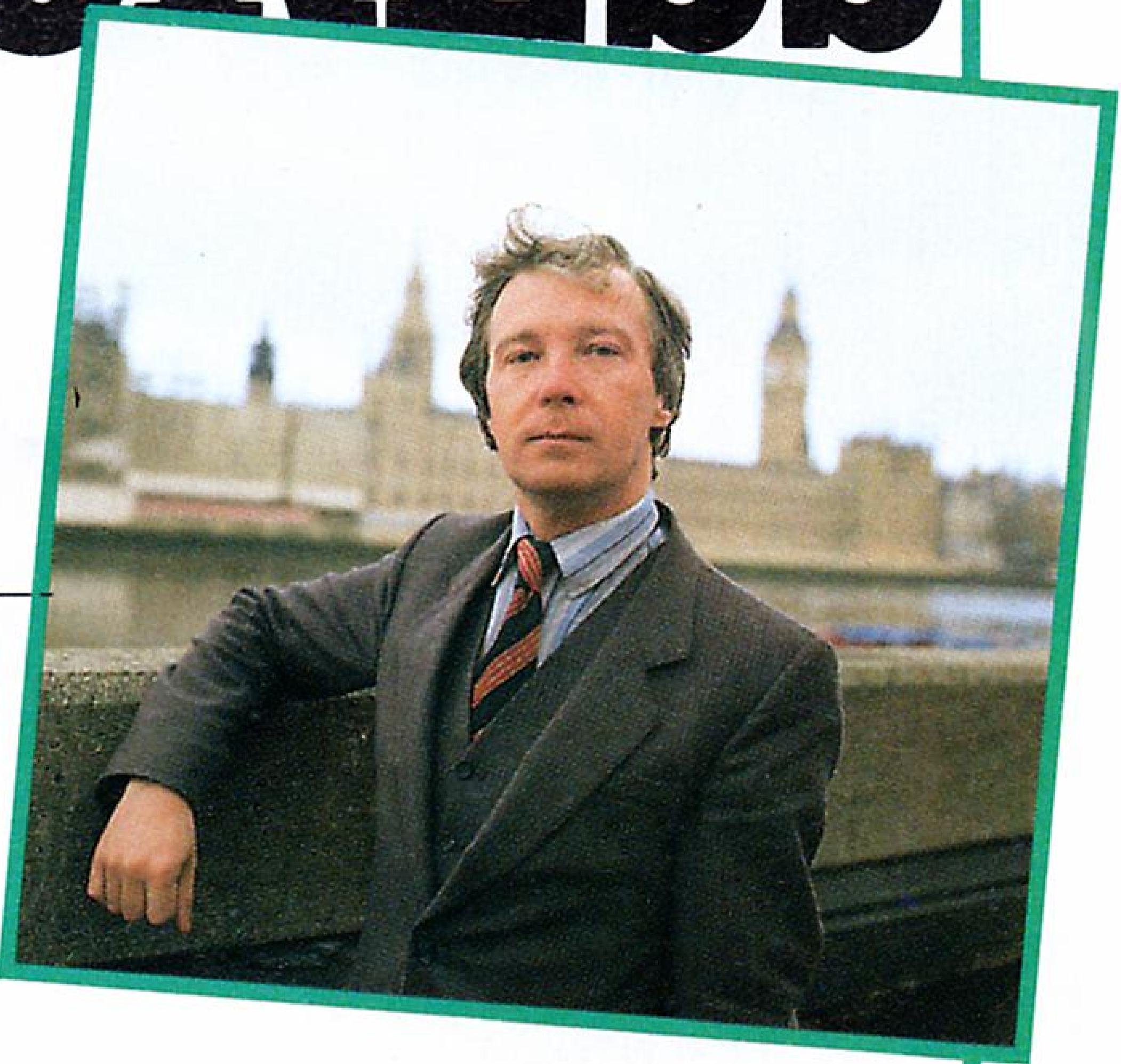
PILBEAM'S PROGRESS

A WEEK IN POLITICS – Part 10

Notes towards the autobiography of a working politician.
Dictated by ERNEST PILBEAM MP (left on a bus by Ms Cheryl Pagge and picked up by TYM MANLEY).



EDITOR'S NOTE: IN PREPARING THESE HISTORIC DOCUMENTS FOR THE PRESS, WE HAVE TAKEN GREAT CARE TO ADHERE CLOSELY TO THE ORIGINAL. THE EXPRESSION "(EXDEL)" INDICATES WHERE AN EXPLETIVE HAS BEEN DELETED. "TITSYPOOH" IS PILBEAM'S PET NAME FOR MS PAGGE (HIS SECRETARY AND PRIVATE ASSISTANT). "PIGGY" IS HER PET NAME FOR HIM. YEUCH!

Monday:

Well I got the budget bang to rights, didn't I, Titsypoohs? You should have made a nice little packet on those British Retail PLC shares. But *do* sell now, before the euphoria wears off. Any moment now, someone will twig that Spiel Kinnock has a fair chance of winning on June 18 and the market will deflate like a hard-on in a freezer.

Wonderful budget, wasn't it? And I'm not just saying that because Lawson has started doing what I've been telling him all these years. It was the marvellous way it made Boy Fattersley swell up and burst that pleased me. Roy is, if not the most attractive man in the House, certainly one of the prettier porkers and he's *lovely* when he's angry!

Well, he asked for it. Spluttering around with that (exdel) Jap calculator, telling everyone he'd give them lots more without taking anything away in taxes (except from the rich, by which he means anyone not actually living below the poverty line). And now having to stand up in the House and admit that a Labour Government (perish the thought) would certainly steal back that three billion of our hard-earned that nice Nigel had just given back to us.

Laugh. I nearly (exdelled) myself! And it's a good thing, because everyone knows that Labour Governments delight in pushing taxes up to the limit. Socialists are professional arse-wipers really, they just feel it's *right* that they should take our money and spend it on things that are good for us, instead of letting us waste it on things we want. Planned economy, they call it.

I'm sure there *are* people who like to live like that. To have a big nanny tell them how much they should earn, take it all away and look after them with it. Lots of people love that sort of nursery life. But, unluckily for Spiel Kinnock and his Boy, I'm afraid they mostly live in Russia.

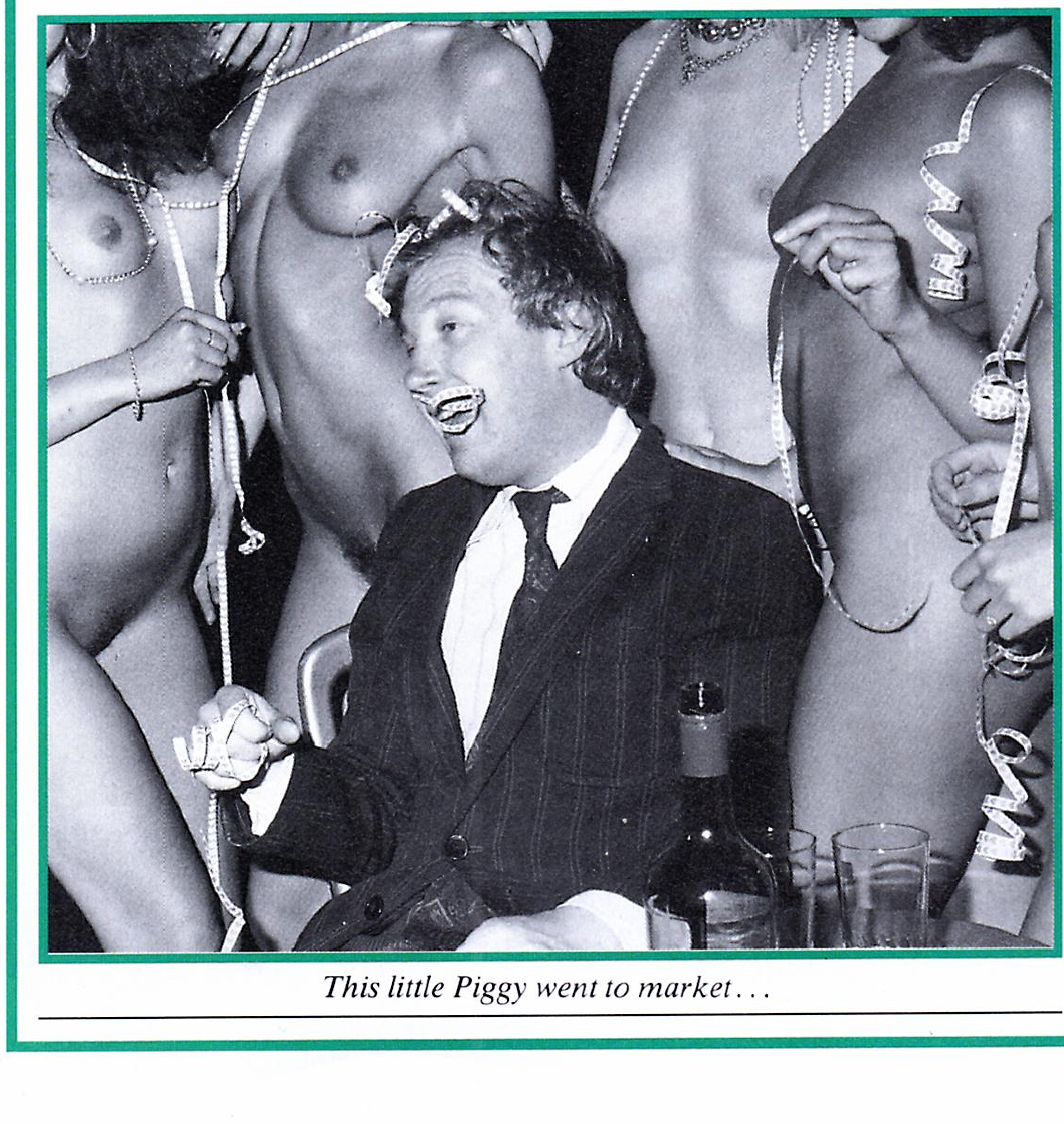
By the way, that's the last time I let you tie me to the bed, TP! Practically bust my wrist when you decided to sit on my face – and missed. Can't even hold a pen so sign all my letters pp – short for... you know – Piggy.

Tuesday:

To the Palace. No, not to get knighted – to get bollocked. Apparently, *Sunday Truth* reporters have been intrusive lately and Her Maj has got it up the nose for us.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE SUNDAY TRUTH IS THE LEADING TITLE OF THE PILBEAM PRESS PLC.

In fact, we provide a service to the public and to the Royal Family, which is what I'm going to tell the Media Secretary. Although I do agree that trying to fiddle a mini camera up Princess Diana's bath waste pipe was a bit strong. £50,000 worth of gear for one fuzzy print of Prince Edward's big toe! It's totally unjustifiable!!



This little Piggy went to market...

Wednesday:

Such an exciting day yesterday, I didn't have time to dictate the (exdel) Diary! I was waiting in the ante room for this Media Secretary fellow when who should put his head in but Prince Philip.

It's a funny thing, but we always get on well. Met playing polo and we have a few things in common. Like putting our feet in our mouths in public most of the time.

I got up to shake hands when I realized I couldn't (*wrist actually in plaster now. What a heavy bum you have, TP*). We stood there like two idiots, hands outstretched. Then he laughed. I explained. And he said thank goodness we couldn't shake hands, he having such an (exdel) dose of arthritis in his flesh-pressing paw. We talked of this and that, and particularly that rugby match at Dartmouth where I punted one of his sons over the deadball line going for a crash try. That amused him. Ever since Edward resigned from the Marines he's been a bit sarcastic about Princes!

Well, the upshot was, he invited me to have tea with the family!

What a to-do. They were all sitting there watching *EastEnders* on the video when I came in and no one wanted to turn it off.

Philip said he was personally handling the photography affair. Someone said 'Vermin' through tight lips and there was an awkward silence.

I said that there wasn't much I could do. After all, I said, Royalty are the nearest we've got to *The Colbys* in this country and, let's face it, what is a Sunday newspaper if it's not for filling the punters in on the behind the scenes how's-your-father in soap operas?

Said: Once newspaper publishers decided their punters were too (exdel) stupid to understand politics or news, there wasn't much point having a newspaper at all, unless it was a porno version of the *TV Times*.

Actually, for some reason the room started to empty halfway through my speech. I expect they were all getting ready for some Royal do.

Philip was laughing a lot though, so I went on. Said the only other line *The Truth* could take would be that the Royals were an expensive luxury and an anachronistic hangover from the past that should be abolished.

Philip muttered that that wasn't such a bad idea.

But it didn't go down well with Her Maj who turned the TV off and legged it, telling a footman, rather loudly, I thought, to: "Let me know when that frightfully vulgar little man has gone."

A reference to the Duke of Cantaloupe, no doubt, who had also dropped in for a cuppa. Funny, His Grace seemed a charming well-behaved chap to me. Although he *did* keep calling her Ma'am instead of Your Most Royal Britannic Majesty, as I did.

Anyway, I got my bollocking! I must say I'd rather face anyone but Prince Philip on matters like this. I tried the public service bit, but he knew it was all bollocks. If we stopped printing pics of the Royals no one would miss 'em. Not after the first week.

He made threats in the nicest possible way, and seemed to know rather too much about me (and you, Titsypoohs) for comfort.

He also hinted at the possibility of a knighthood or even a peerage in the Dissolution Honours List.

Sir Ernest Pilbeam! I rather like that!

Soon as he heard THAT the Duke of Cantaloupe gave a sort of groan and fled for the door, without saying goodbye.

I went to the door with him. Before he was quite out of ear shot I yelled up the stairs, to where I know Her Maj's study is (well, Philip calls Her 'her upstairs' all the time).

"Your Britannic Majesty will be glad to hear that the frightfully vulgar little man has left," I shouted.

Actually, I think that was a mistake. The Prince ordered me out without even the courtesy of having me shown the door. As a result I got rather lost in the corridors, which led to an amazing bit of luck. I was halfway down one corridor when a lady of the Royal House (No, I am not even telling YOU who, TP, so don't ask), came rushing towards me, soaking wet and bollock naked, except for a bath towel.

It seems one of the youngsters had lobbed a couple of stink bombs into the bathroom while she was relaxing amongst the suds.

She turned back as soon as she saw me. But not before I got a couple of nice front and backside shots with the little spy camera I have built into my briefcase. You know, the one I used to win the bet about the colour of Edwina Currie's whatnots that time?

I have just been to the paper. I developed the film myself and there is one *cracker*. What a gem for the private collection (one slightly bigger than the other, as I've always suspected!).

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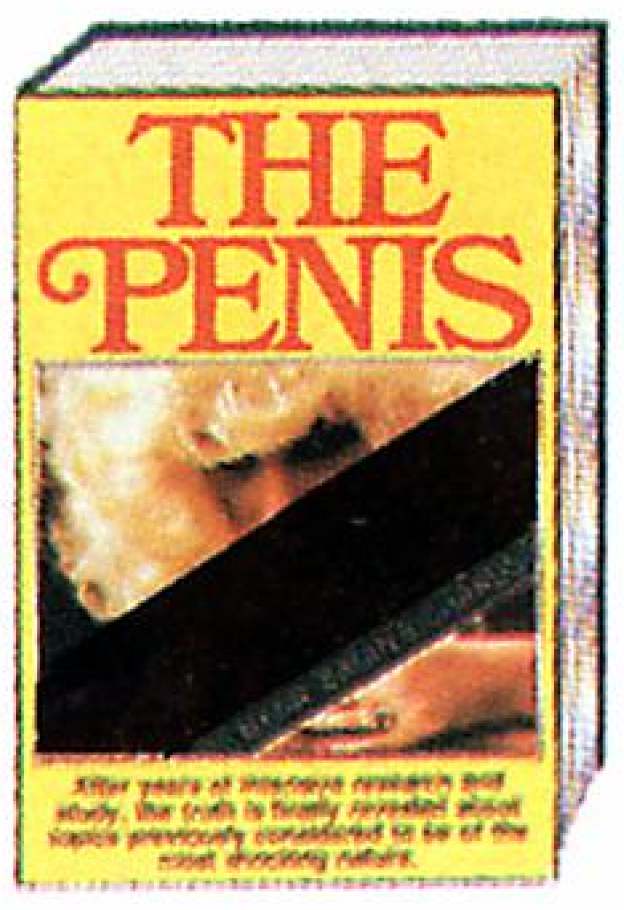

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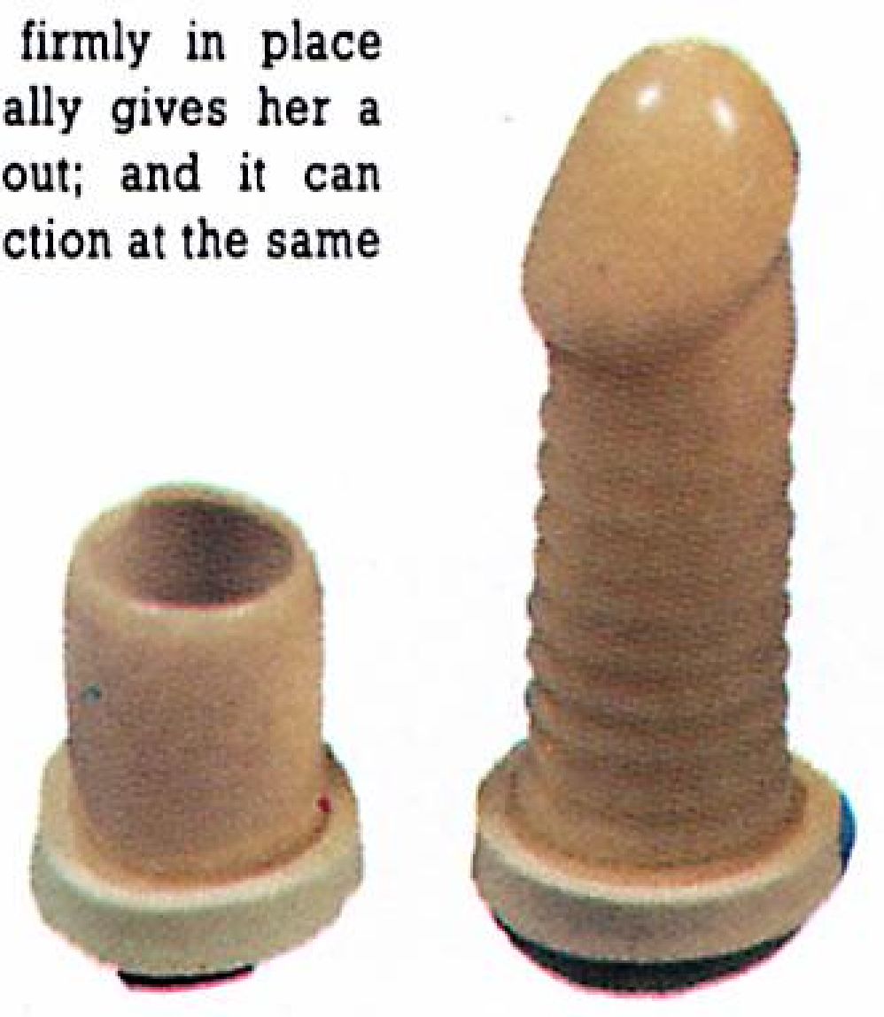

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MPBB2CSH

I forgot to mention that I was interviewed by some hack from *Sunday Sport* who saw me leave the Palace. Hadn't a clue why I was there. I said I'd been asked to form an administration and they'll probably print it!

Funny paper. They make up all the news. An interesting idea. Cheap and not much less accurate than the *News of the Screws*, I shouldn't wonder.

I suggested to Bates (Editor of the *Sunday Truth*) that we cut staff and did the same. He laughed. Said you need just as big a staff to make up the news anyway. And what did I think the people I employed now do with themselves all day?

Bates must go if he refuses to understand the great responsibility that our wonderful national Press has to the freedom of this glorious nation!

EDITOR'S NOTE: NOTE PILBEAM'S ABILITY TO CENSURE AN EMPLOYEE, IN POMPOUS SELF-RIGHTEOUS TERMS, FOR DARING TO SAY EXACTLY THE SAME THING THAT PILBEAM HIMSELF HAD JUST SUGGESTED. THIS IS A WELL-KNOWN TALENT OF ALL REALLY SUCCESSFUL POLITICIANS.

Actually, I rather like *Sunday Sport*. It's the only paper that really takes me seriously. They did a nice feature on me back in the winter, I remember. Infuriated my colleagues. That miniscule but energetic MP of ours, Peter Bruinvels, caught me in the corridor and laid into me for behaving as no real MP has the time or energy to do. Having an affair with my secretary, thus placing parliamentary secs – a fine upstanding breed of public servants (that's you, he's talking about, Titsypoohs) – in a bad light. And generally being more debauched than anyone since Norman Parkinson.

The Press Office at Number 10 were just as bad. When questioned by *Sunday Sport* they pretended I didn't actually exist! Maggie's sense of humour again, no doubt!

Thursday:

(Exdel) Titsy, I feel like the top half of me caught the 7.20 to Penzance while my legs got on the 7.19 to Glasgow. Talk about split personality!

I've only just realized what I've got! You see, like a fool, when I was developing those pictures last night, I left one badly underexposed print in the bin. Of course, the next man in was dead nosey to see what the boss had been doing so now the whole staff know what a scoop I've got.

The news conference was all excitement this morning. All talk about outselling the *Sun* and so on. It turned into a suicides convention, though, when I denied I had those pictures. And then, because they didn't believe me, said that even if I had, we wouldn't use them.

I read them a lecture on public duty, patriotism and the good of the nation. But I admit I'm in a terrible state. I mean, obviously I can't use these pictures. But the trouble is, we've got so used to treating any remotely pretty young woman connected to the Royal Family like a Page 3 model, it *seems* the scoop of the year.

And I would love to stuff it up Murdoch as much as anyone. Oh (exdel) and (exdel), how dare the Japs build such efficient peeping Tom cameras. It's a disgrace!

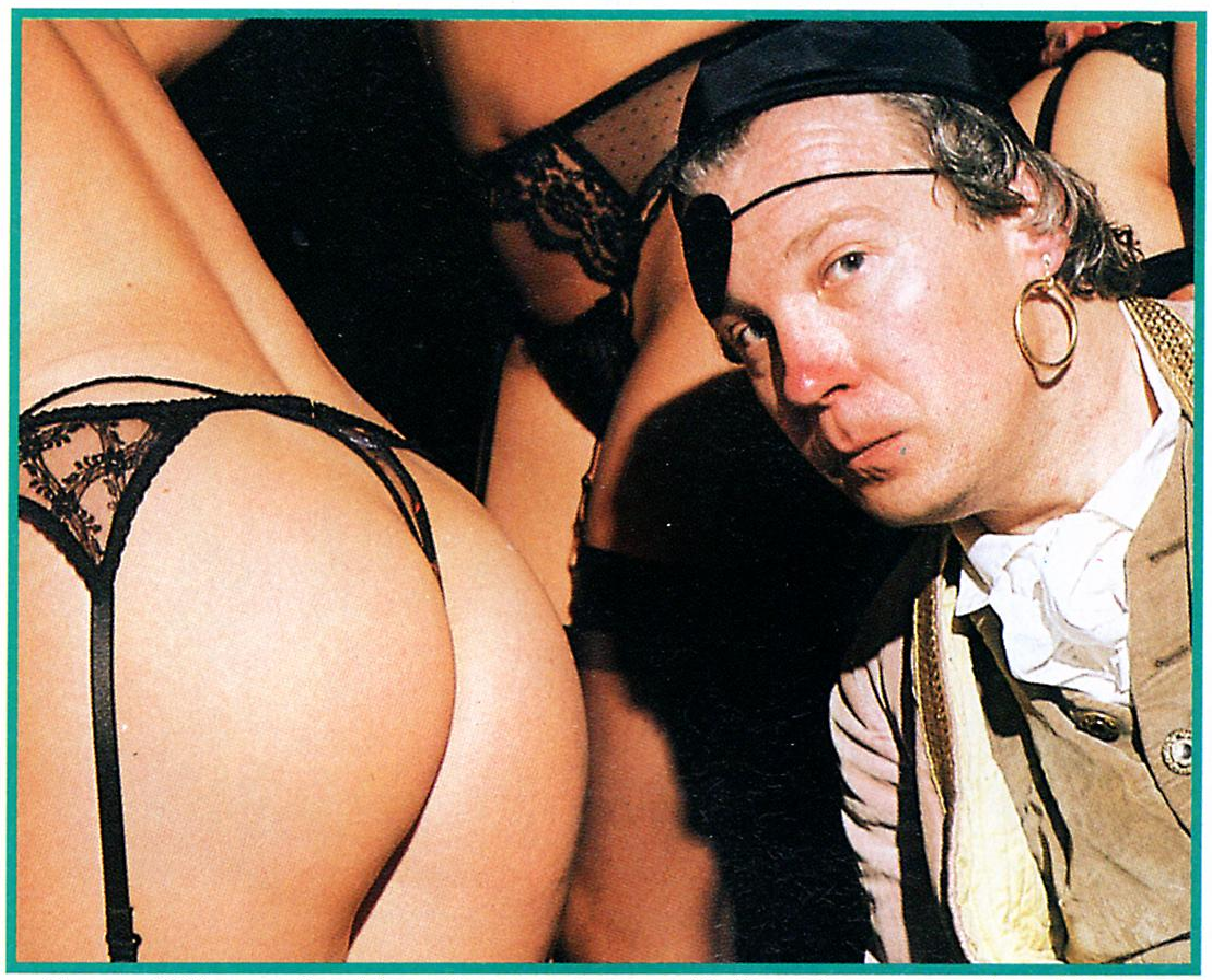
EDITOR'S NOTE: OBSERVE HOW PILBEAM SHIFTS THE BLAME. ANOTHER SURE SIGN OF A BORN POLITICIAN.

Of course, I can't use it. The whole country would turn against me, the *Sun* would rebuke me, the people would probably have a fit of moral revulsion and stop buying my papers (at least the ones without the pic in!). But on the other hand it *is* the scoop of the century! Oh (exdel)!

Piggy: there's about ten minutes of what sounds like groaning here. You said type everything, but this is silly. It would just go Oooooooooherrrrrrr (exdel) for pages! – TP

Friday:

TP: If I say Oooooooer (exdel), in future, you type Oooerr (exdel). I'm an important public figure, and what I say COUNTS! All of it!! – Ernest Pilbeam. M.P.



Ernest Pilbeam, backbencher, staring soulfully at his own political future

Don't let the briefcase fool you, this man's on a mission from God

Very well, MISTER PILBEAM! – Ms Pagge (Very cross).

Yesterday, after our historic meeting, Flavell – my Picture Editor – tried to shoot himself. He missed, of course. Very short sighted. And our office was in such a mess, we forgot to print the story. We were scooped by the *Globe . . . Ooooerrrr (exdel) Ooooer . . .*

EDITOR'S NOTE: PART OF THE MSS FOLLOWING HAS BEEN CUT BECAUSE, AS EDITOR, I SHARE CHERYL PAGGE'S FEELINGS ABOUT TYPED GROANING.

There's only one cure for a depression such as I was suffering from this morning: WORK! I went down to the House for the debate on social standards.

Actually, newspapers came in for a lot of criticism. From my own colleagues, mostly, which, seeing we do more to keep their seats safe for them than anyone else, seemed an (exdel) cheek.

That (exdel) Emtic, Minister at the Department of Social Standards, criticised my own newspaper for using "coarse and morally barren descriptions of sexual acts". That was too much for me, in the mood I was in. I made an intervention.

"At a time when Her Majesty's Government is spending millions to tell our fellow citizens to wear a condom before they bugger one another, complaints of crude and morally barren language come strangely from my Right Honourable Friend, who is responsible for publications which my paper would not see fit to quote," I said. Which brought a huge laugh. Emtic sat down, bemused.

The other (exdel) I had a go at was Boy Hattersley. I mean, this stuff he's giving out about the certainty of a balance of payments crisis. I know it's just a ruse to try and stop us going to the country in June – he hopes we'll have to prove him wrong and give his lot time to waffle their way out of their (exdel) disastrous defence policy. But it makes me (exdel) mad. I am actually old enough to remember Harold Wilson winning an election using just this same line. And that in Macmillan's time, when there was a healthy surplus overall and full employment.

Wilson got everyone worried about this damn balance of payments thing. And then, after a few years of his meddling, when there really was one, he said: "Told you so!"

But (exdel) it, this kind of talk can produce a Sterling crisis on its own. Ruins confidence, scares foreign investors. It seems little short of treachery to me. I said so. Was told to withdraw. Didn't. Was named and am suspended from the House. GOOD! I'm feeling much better!

Had a meeting with Maggie afterwards. Very angry with me for making a nonsense of Emtic's AIDS speech and all the rest. But I soon put a stop to her tongue by telling her about the pictures and asking what I should do with them (told her everything, except who took them, of course).

She was very helpful. On to the Palace, talking about the Dissolution Honours List, while we waited for an answer, and finally ushering me out actually *feeling* like a public-spirited servant of the community.

But (exdel) it still rankles. Ooooooer (exdel) Oooo . . .

Saturday:

EUREKA! I have solved the problem. I sold the (exdel) pictures to Carl via the *Globe*! Now *he's* worrying about it!

I hear three of his senior staff have jumped from the windows of Globe House already. I rang him, just being friendly, and was told the Managing Director was with his doctor!

Laugh!

I don't know why he's sweating on it, because he won't be able to publish. Every moment he delays, the prints are fading in his safe. I had them fixed especially!

By the time he decides that, as a public servant, it is his duty to tear them up, they'll just be yellow paper! And all that money he paid, too!

Of course, I still have the negatives which I can sell abroad, should my sense of public duty ever waver. Which, of course, will depend on the contents of the next honours list.

No, don't type that, Titsypoohs. Put: But, hard though it was for a born journalist to resist a scoop, I realized that; in its own interest, and indeed according to its own *wishes* were it fully cognizant of the facts; this was one occasion when the public had, hard though it is for me to write, NO right to know!

GABBY

Photographs by Serge Jacques

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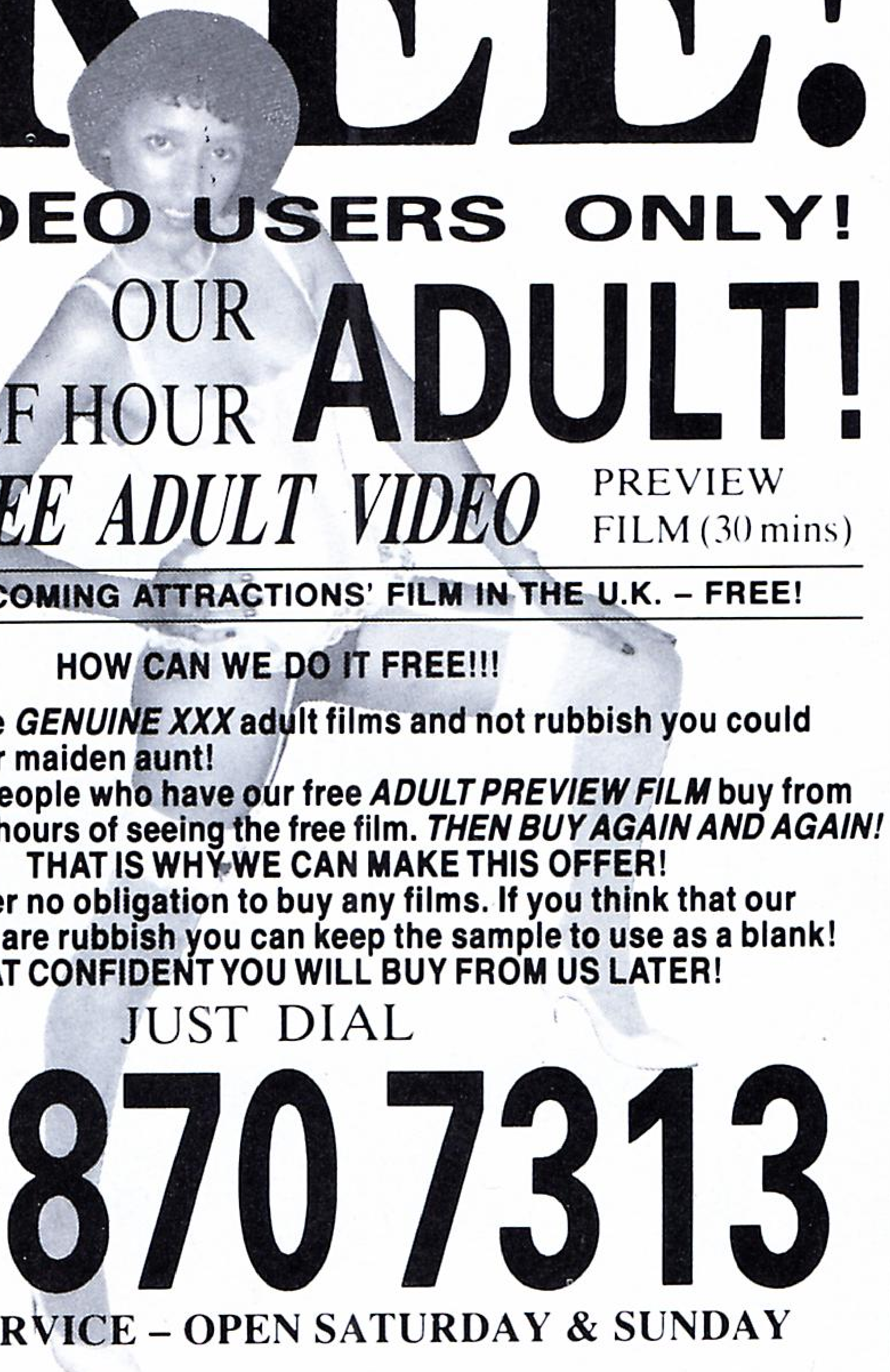

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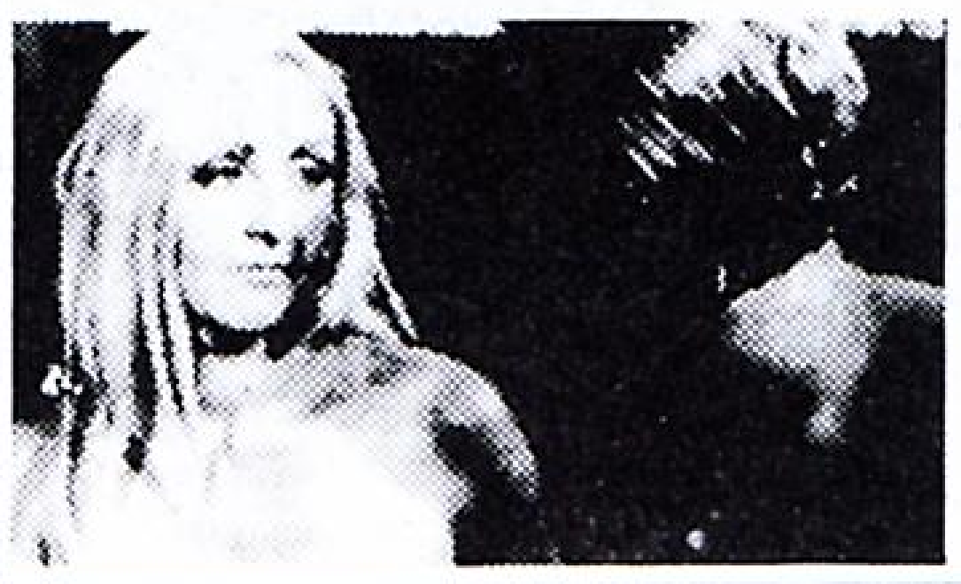

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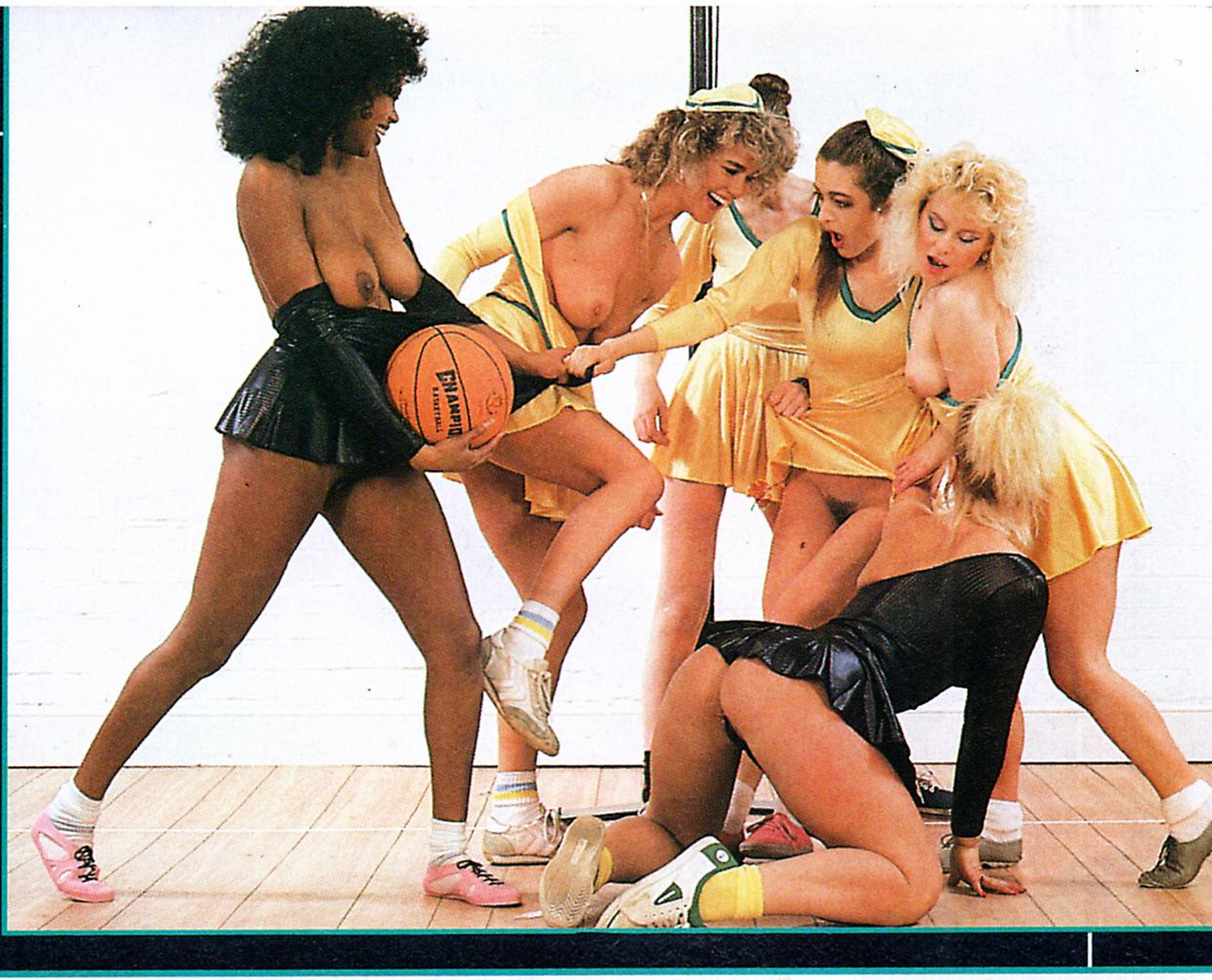


Photographs by Charles Haydn

There's probably no small number of Club readers who wouldn't object to having their balls handled by a bevy of beautiful, naked girls. Well, we were too polite to enquire if the girls had experience of that kind of ball-handling (we leave that for you to guess). One thing's for sure, though; our sexy sextet can certainly handle themselves on the netball court.

We have to explain, to those of you not familiar with netball rules, that it's not always played without any clothes – that's just our idea of spicing the action up even more. Yes, yes – we know we come up with the flimsiest excuses for a sizzling scenario, but can you blame us?

Still, once the girls had slipped out of their clothes and were revelling in their own nakedness – and with bodies like theirs who can blame them for showing off a bit? – the whistle blew and the game was in progress.

The ref – lucky bloke – had a good time, too. "Net" result – one hell of a hard-on for him and a ball-bouncing set of pics for our loyal readers. ♣

RIGHT MUSH! YOU'RE NICKED!
CH-HIC CH-HIC CHEERSH!
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END!
ARF! ARF! ARF!
NOT 'ARF!

HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

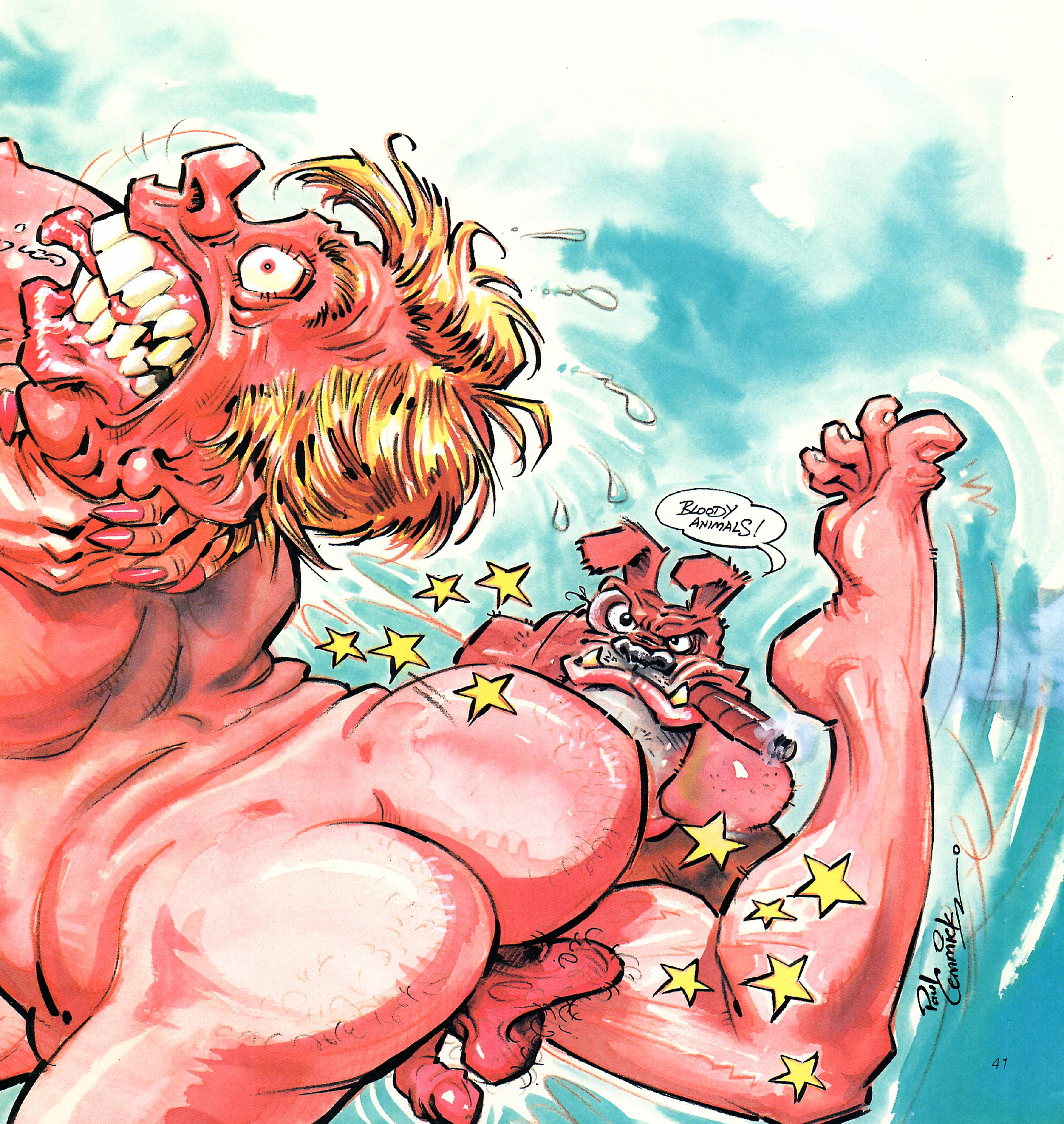
The Misadventures of a Sloane Ranger. Edited by Nigel Buxton. Illustrated by Paul Cemmick

"Dear Sophie,

By now, you will have no doubt heard of my separation from Charles, the settlement, the alimony, and how I've moved in with Benjamin, my jolly clever young lawyer. It was so astute, subpoenaing our old au pair from Oslo to come and testify as to Charles' penchant for wearing nappies while watching her sit on the loo, shaving her legs. The Polaroids, as you might imagine, were perfectly ghastly. A revelation, I might add, as well as a shattering blow to my pride. Frankly, even £800 per week for life couldn't possibly heal the pain I feel inside (£1000 would have been a different story, but the judge was such a bastard). Why don't we have lunch on Tuesday and swap smutty stories? Life here in Finchley wears one down so.

Love and kisses,
Henrietta née Edwards-Wallis."

Three months have passed since the Eaton-Squire household was torn asunder by divorce. Contracts have finally been exchanged on the Wandsworth des. res. (now the proud property of a Bangladeshi video shop proprietor); Little Jeremy has moved in with his Great Aunt Beatrice in Rustington, having invested £5000 of his school fees in a little glue retailer's in Brighton; while Charles has been implicated by



HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

Private Eye in an insider-dealing scandal in the City. He now shares a one-room service apartment in Chelsea Cloisters with his two loose-bowelled Labrador Retrievers (generously apportioned by his ex-wife during settlement of their estate), drives a W-reg Vauxhall, and wakes up in the early hours, sweating profusely. Chalkie Featherstonhaugh-Whyte swears blind he's seen him walking, glassy-eyed, around the Serpentine, swilling Special Brew and brushing up against Arab ladies as they bend over to feed the ducks:

Ladies' Bottoms

"Quite extraordinary conduct – and frightfully un-Sloane."

And Madame? Despite having collared the BMW 7-Series, the antiques, and a brilliant young lawyer with a thing about ladies' bottoms, Henrietta née Edwards-Wallis is far from being a happy lady. Not only has her connivingly-achieved divorce lost her many friends (her long-standing lover, Trigger Rogers, among them), but as she said to her char only this morning:

"Frankly, Finchley isn't Chelsea."

"This is it, beggin' yer leave, ma'am," says Doris, downing her mop. "And Kensal Rise ain't Acton Vale, neither. I ask you! Well I never did! Sauce!"

"Thank you, Doris, that will be all."

Henrietta retreats to her bedroom to escape the din of the Hoover, lights a Benson, sits at the window, and looks disconsolately into the street below. Fat Iranian ladies in purdah haggle pointlessly over scrag end in the Halal butchers. A short man in a blue silk suit and dark glasses emerges from the baker's opposite, clutching two bagels, and climbs into the back of a £45,000, customized Mercedes 560; while on the corner, a girl in a full-length silver fox coat, with a Gucci alligator shoulder bag, negotiates her first trick of the day with two minor potentates from Abu Dhabi.

FILEY HOME FOR THE ELDERLY EST 1903
DICK HOWETT

Care to harden my Arteries?

She has a firm grip of Charles Eaton-Squire's crotch, which she twists in the manner of a Boy Scout wringing sweat from his socks . . .

"I'll be down in two Sheikhs!" she cackles to her ponce, as she leads them upstairs. Finchley jolly well isn't Chelsea, and that's a fact.

Three sex-crammed months of high-living in north London, and already our Sloane super-slut is beginning to pine. Nobody gooses her at dinner parties any more, nor breaks her china, nor vomits on her antique Qum silk prayer rugs. Nobody hurls bread rolls, bares their bums, nor urinates into parked MGBs on the way home from the pub. No obscene rugger chants, no dirty jokes, no oick-baiting at restaurants, no pissing-up-the-wall contests to supervise at the Varsity match, no hurling traffic cones and *Moet* bottles at ignorant coppers at Henley, no shagging marathons in muddy Land-Rovers at the point-to-point. God, life's become so noovo and gutless! And as for Benjamin...

Affectionately

"Oh, my God! What do you call *that*?" shrieks Henrietta, absolutely appalled, as Perry Mason strides into the bedroom later that evening, reeking of Aramis, and throwing open his £400 silk robe (the one with the Formula 1 racing cars pattern).

"A Red Stripe," says weasel-faced Benjy, affectionately stroking his thickly rubberclad stalk, jutting sabre-like from his groin. "Morry gave it to me at squash tonight. He bought them in that trendy little place in the King's Road, where they do Filofaxes and Mont Blanc pens. They're the latest craze. Totally AIDS-proof."

"Well, frankly, I'd rather have a wank," says Henrietta, reaching under the pillow for her vibrator and disappearing under the sheets. "The guest bedroom for you tonight, my boy."

For the very first time in her sex-dominated life, Henrietta erstwhile Eaton-Squire has declined a stiff cock.

"So tell me what's new in SW3," says our culture-starved heroine over lunch at San Fred's the following day. Sophie Carter-Jones can't wait to spill the beans.

Revelations

"Dahling, you simply wouldn't believe it!" says eager-eyed Sophie, impatiently (and ill-manneredly) wiggling an empty bottle of Frascati at the waiter. "For starters, your former neighbour, Brigadier Fortescue, was caught in the Smith Street public lavs with the vicar from St Thomas's; Miranda Blashford-Smith's progressed to two bottles a day as a result of putting her daddy's bequest into Virgin shares, and I've been getting so much dickie, dahling, I've got permanent bottom-wobble!"

Henrietta puts her smoked salmon aside, untouched, and lights a cigarette. Far from entertained by Sophie's shocking revelations, she seems curiously troubled.

"Anyone heard anything about Charles?" she asks, with faltering nonchalance. "I hear he's been behaving somewhat erratically since the divorce."

"*Erratically*, dahling?" squawks Sophie. "He hasn't dared show his face in the Admiral Cod since your divorce proceedings were serialized in the *Sun*. Nappies, indeed! I gather every morning he goes to the office, he finds his chair dusted with Johnson's Baby Powder. It was only when Buffy Protheroe at the City Wine Vaults handed him his large G'n'T in a baby's bottle that he finally snapped. Sold everything. Started dealing in stocks, shares, futures, commodities – you name it. The money's sent him completely off his rocker, poor boy."

"Money?" Henrietta's nipples stiffen. "What money? Benjy and I cleaned him out!"

"Heavens, you *are* behind the times, poor dear!" says Sophie, gesturing for yet more plonk. "The money he made from Murkeigh Breweries shares. By all accounts he knew about the Rio Tinto Zinc bid weeks in advance. Used his £100,000 share of the house. Copped £2,000,000 at least, so they reckon. Of course, it'll mean his expulsion from the Stock Exchange..."

"Where?" snaps Henrietta, getting to her feet and knocking the ice bucket into her old school chum's lap. "Where is he? Sod all this 'née' nonsense! I want my husband!"

Henrietta takes a cab to Kensington Gore, walks to the Albert Memorial, and heads North, past GF Watts' equestrian statue, in the direction of Peter Pan. Her heart skips a beat when, in the distance, she spots Old Nobby, one of the Eaton-Squire Labradors, humping the living daylights out of a three-legged mongrel. A dog, if her vision serves her well.

Following the footpath to the famous Victorian bronze, Henrietta's attention is taken by the sounds of a furious altercation. Rounding a bend, she sees, in a flower bed beside the magical, metal outcrop, an enraged Japanese lady, encouraged by a retinue of five grey-suited, Nikon-draped Nips. She has a firm grip of Charles Eaton-Squire's crotch, which she twists in the manner of a hiking Boy Scout wringing sweat from his socks. As Charles screams, so his eyes bulge, most unappealingly.

"Unhand my husband, you sadistic little sumo!" screams Henrietta, taking the tourist by the seat of her kimono and the scruff of her neck, bundling her across the path to the water's edge and hurling her, oblivious to the hysterical outpourings of her relations, into the Serpentine, amidst a gaggle of uncomprehending Brent geese.

Massaging

Charles leans against a cluster of bronze elves, massaging his crotch.

"Really, Charles, interfering with tourists in the Royal Parks! How low can you get?" snaps Henrietta.

"Not much lower than a Jap's bum," groans the disgraced broker. "Rub them for me, will you, dahling? Damn woman almost tore 'em awf!"

As those readers cogniscent with the workings of the male genitalia will verify, it is impossible to reinstate bloodflow in the testes without invoking bloodflow in the member, and, involuntarily or not, Henrietta's ex-husband develops a considerable erection.

"Slurp," says Henrietta, fiddling with her clit beneath her skirt as she kneels to pay lip service to Charles' virility.

"Gawsh, I say, oooh-ah," says he, oblivious to the snapping Nikons; oblivious of everything but the sudden rush of pleasure which fills his loins.

"Just out of curiosity," says Charles, mopping himself dry and zipping himself up in response to the siren of the approaching Parks Police Rover 3500, "is Benjamin's bigger than mine?"

It is only when Charles is led away that Henrietta sees what all the fuss is about. A pair of panties, with the Rising Sun on them, hang from Peter Pan's flute.

> When Charles is led away, Henrietta sees what all the fuss is about. A pair of panties, with the Rising Sun on them, hang from Peter Pan's flute . . .

"Well, what do you think?" asks Henrietta, arriving at Cannon Row police station to stand bail for her temporarily deranged husband.

"About what, old gel?" he replies, as a burly police sergeant struggles to unlock his handcuffs.

"About getting together again. Undivorcing. A little six-bedroom number in Chester Square, a live-in French chef, a wine cellar, a do-your-own-thing sort of relationship, free of jealousy and –"

"I say, what a jolly super idea!" muses Charles, enthusiastically. "But what about Benjamin? I rather fancied you saw yourself as the smart barrister's wife, entertaining all those wealthy clients, all Bentleys and Bollinger . . ."

"*Him*?" sneers Henrietta. "Acrylic suits? Mazda motor cars? Gold Spot breath spray? He's just not, you know . . ."

"County?" interjects Charles.

"Precisely! Come on, dahling," says Henrietta, signing a £500 bail bond and leading Charles into a waiting cab. "I've taken the liberty of booking a suite at the Dorchester. We can talk things over. Make a new start. Regain our pride. Well? What say you?"

Charles' only response is to shove his hand between Henrietta's thighs, and 30 minutes later they are alone in their suite, overlooking Hyde Park. Henrietta lets Charles put his head up her skirt – and doesn't even wince.

"That's £876.52," says the receptionist, three idyllic (well, almost), sex-filled days later, as our newly-reunited Sloanes check out.

"Cheque book, dahling?" asks Charles.

Henrietta feels the hair on the back of her neck begin to bristle, the blood drain from her cheeks.

"Certainly, dahling," she replies, beginning to tremble. "But where's yours?"

"You mean you haven't heard?" asks Charles, nonplussed by his ex's response.

Kentucky Sales

"Heard *what*?" asks Henrietta.

"I put it all into a Northern Dancer colt at the Kentucky sales. Outbid Sheikh Mohammed, Bob Sangster, that awful little Ramsden character – the lot!"

"And?" squeaks Henrietta, so distraught as to be on the verge of losing her voice. "And?"

"Broke its leg on its first gallop. I'm absolutely broke, old gel." ♣

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LUST!
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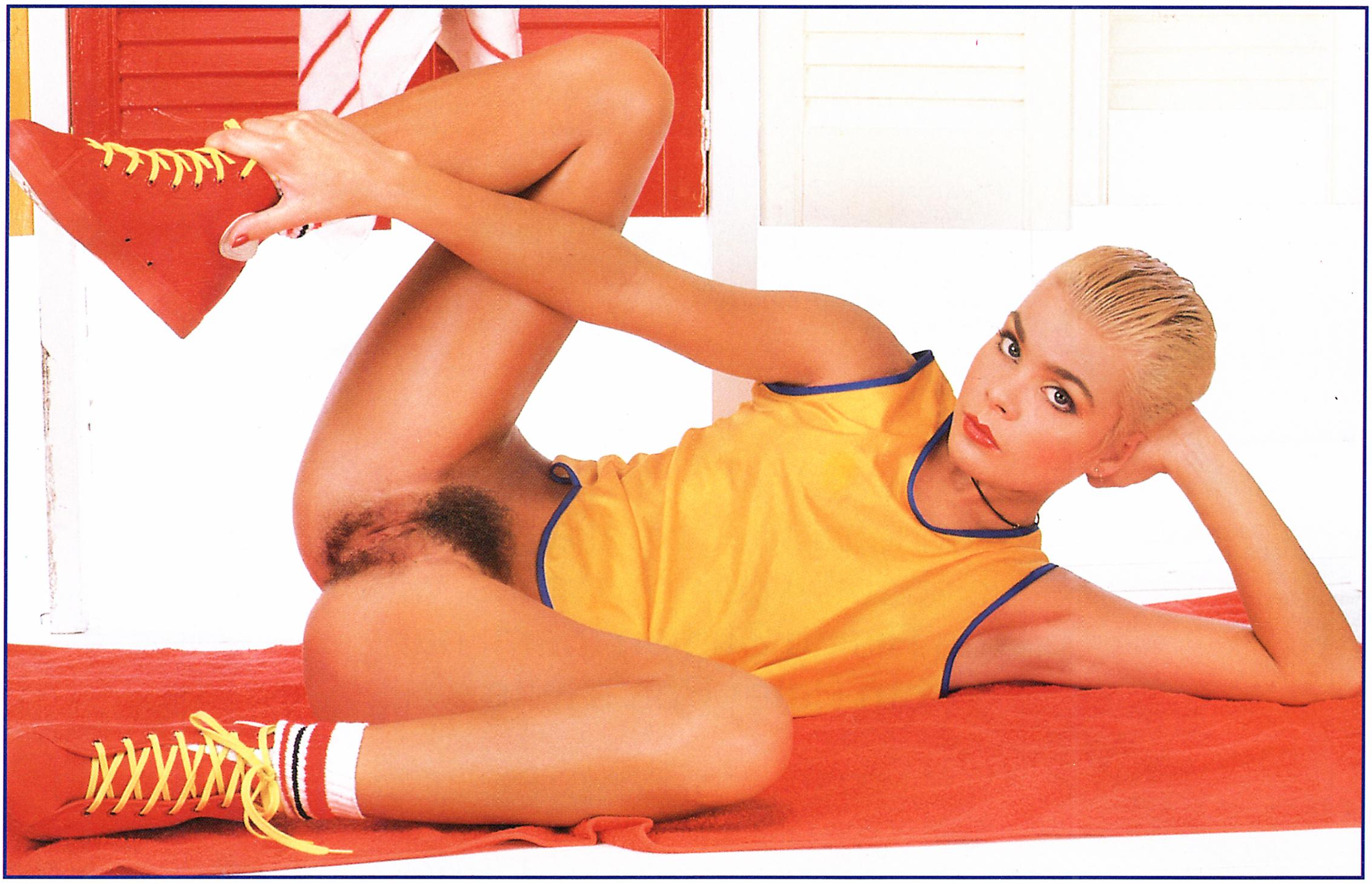
Photographs by Ian Potter



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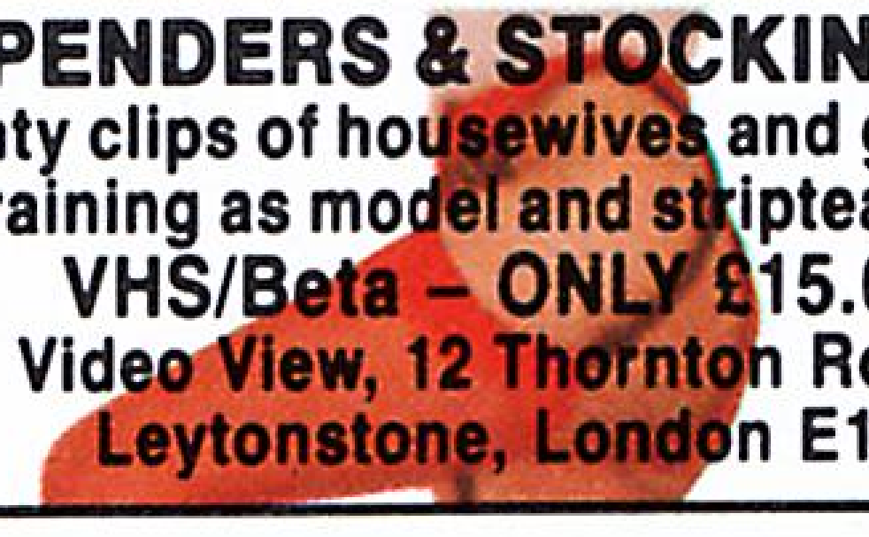

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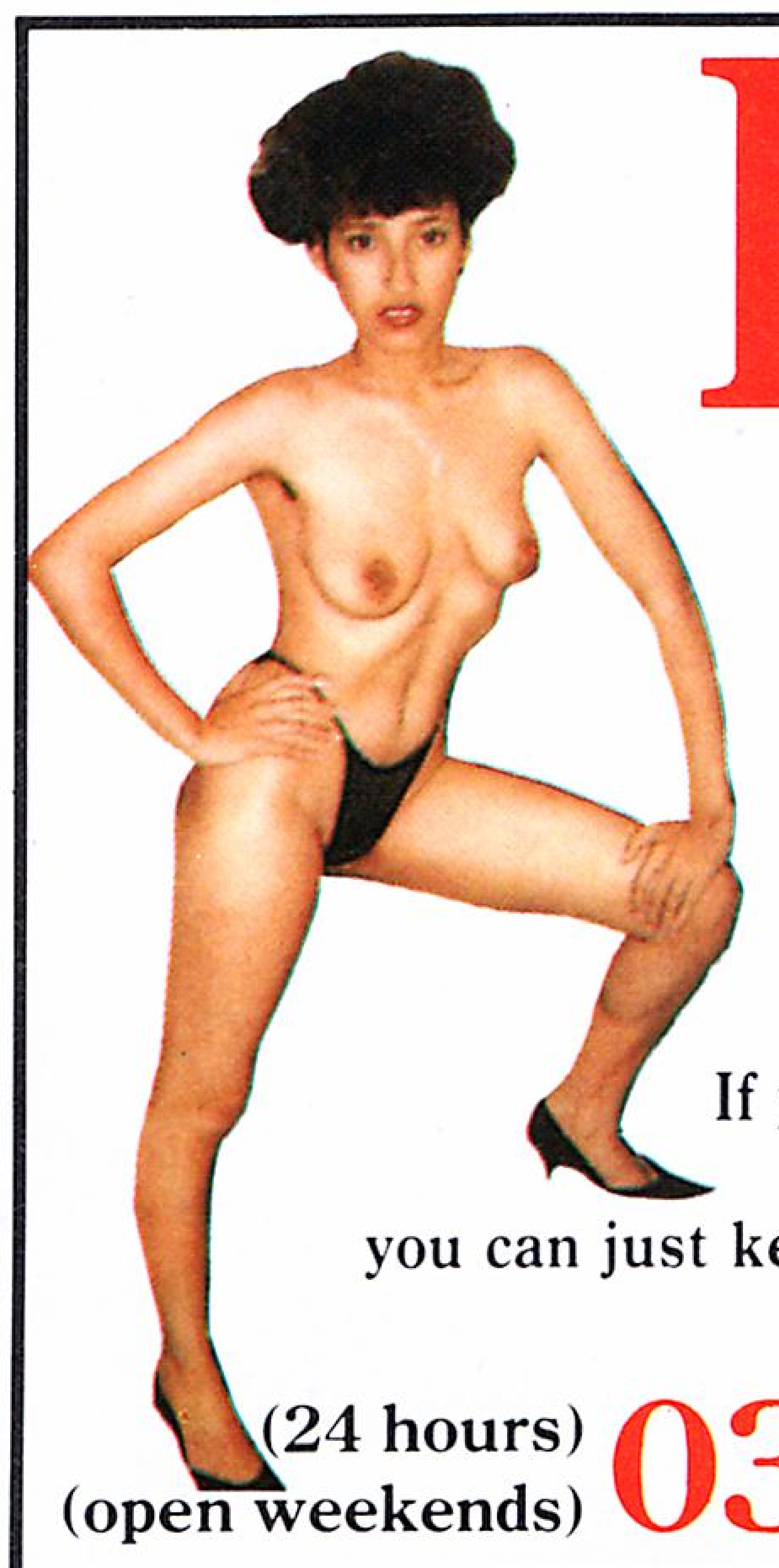

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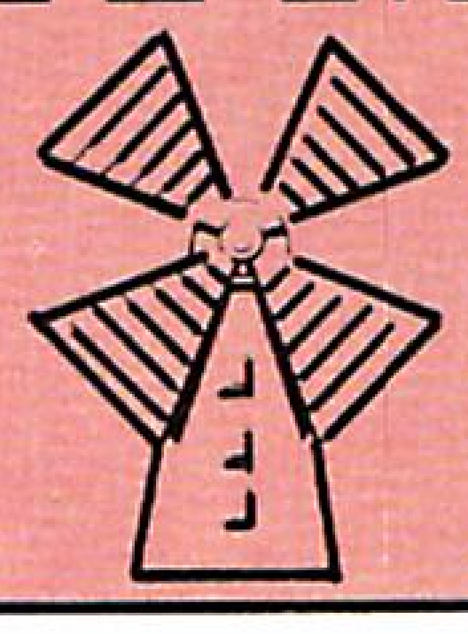

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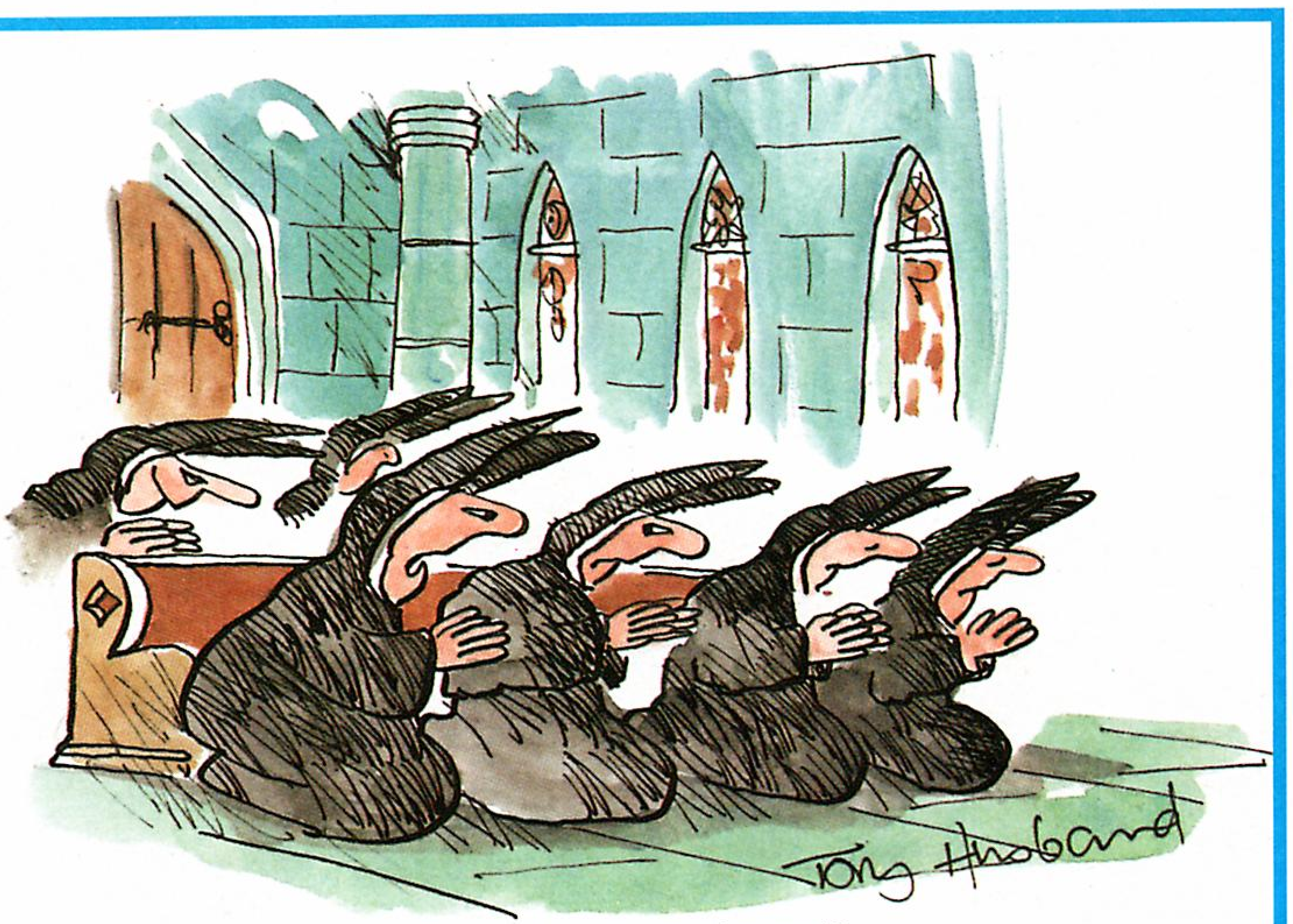
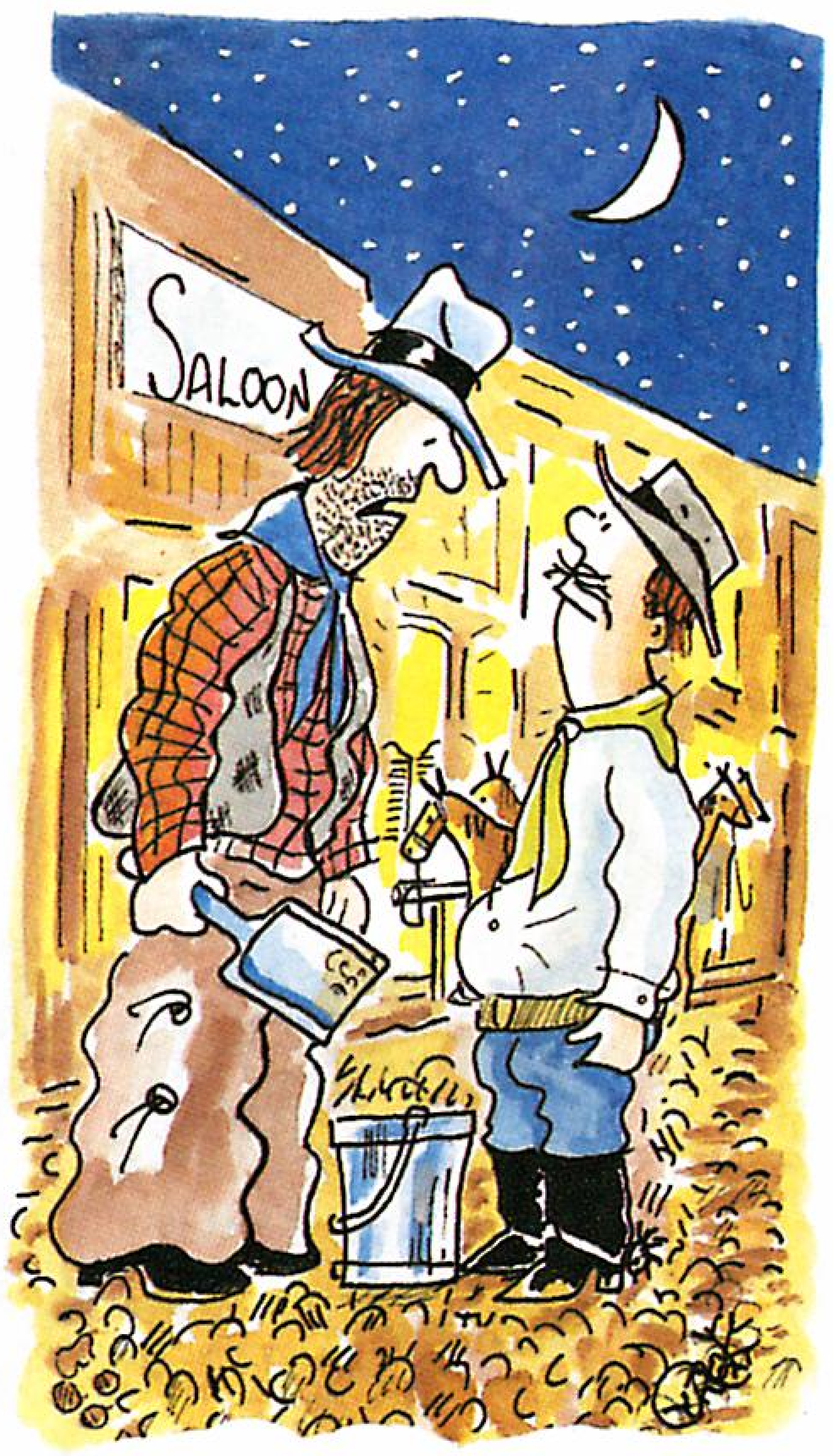
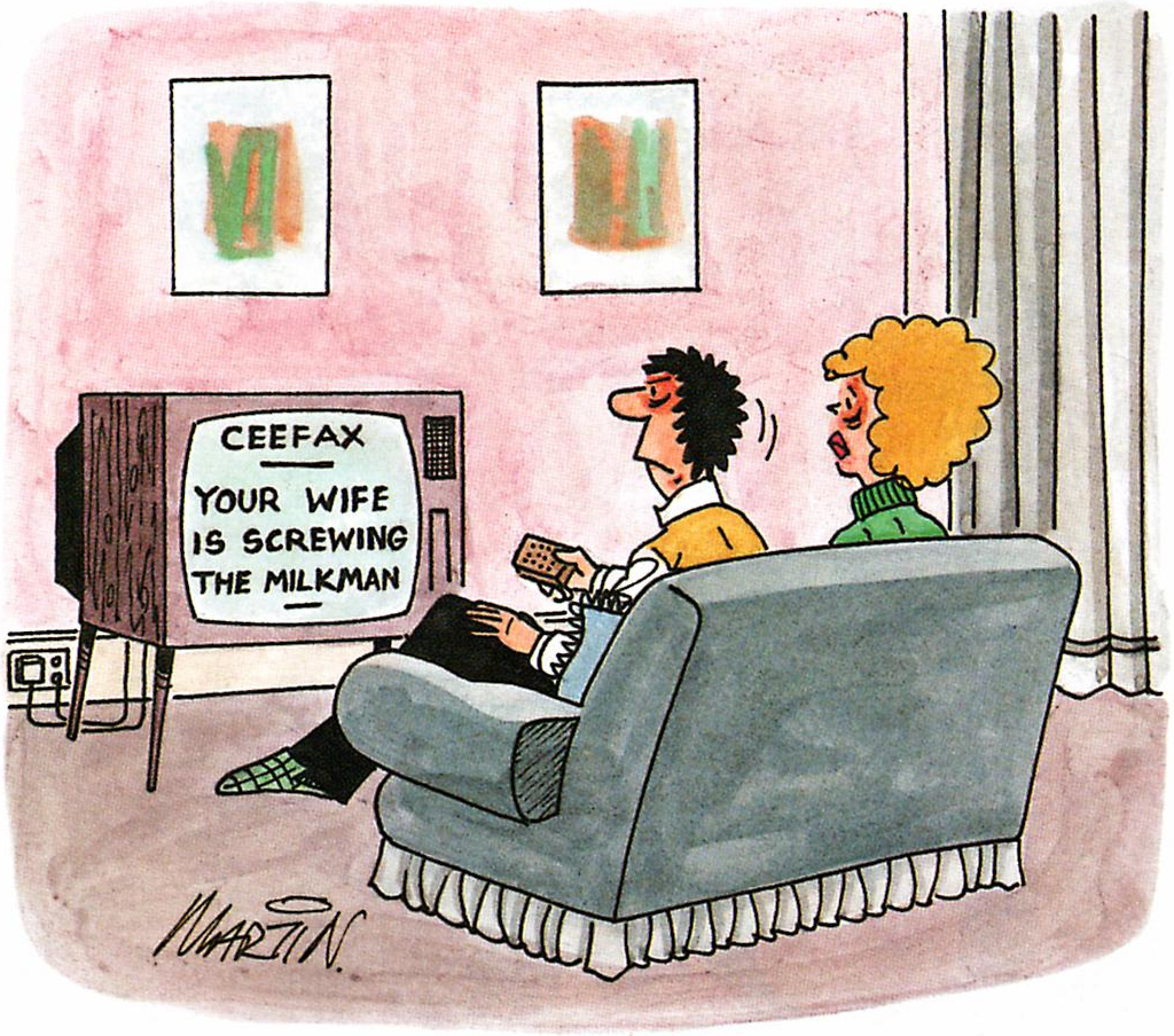

Tony Husband

Ooh! Have you farted?



You wouldn't call this a one-horse town if you had my stinkin' job, pardner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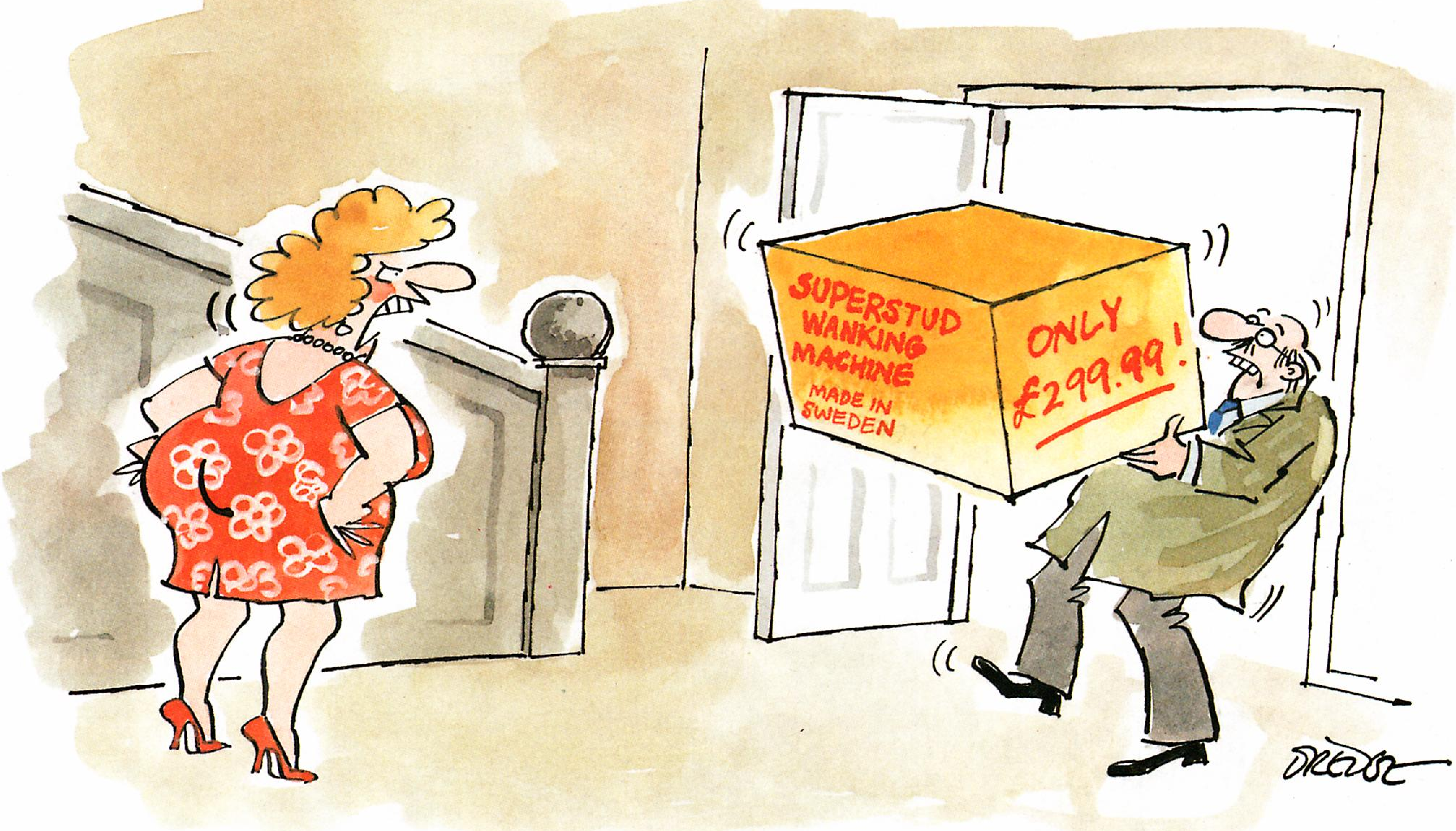
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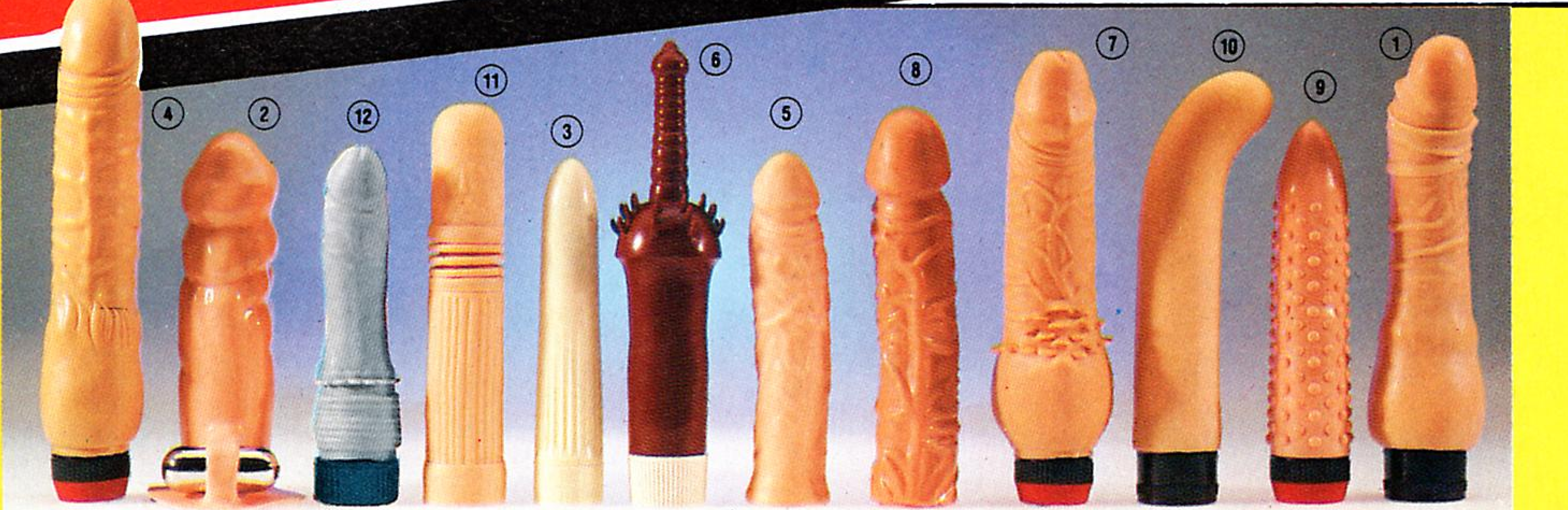

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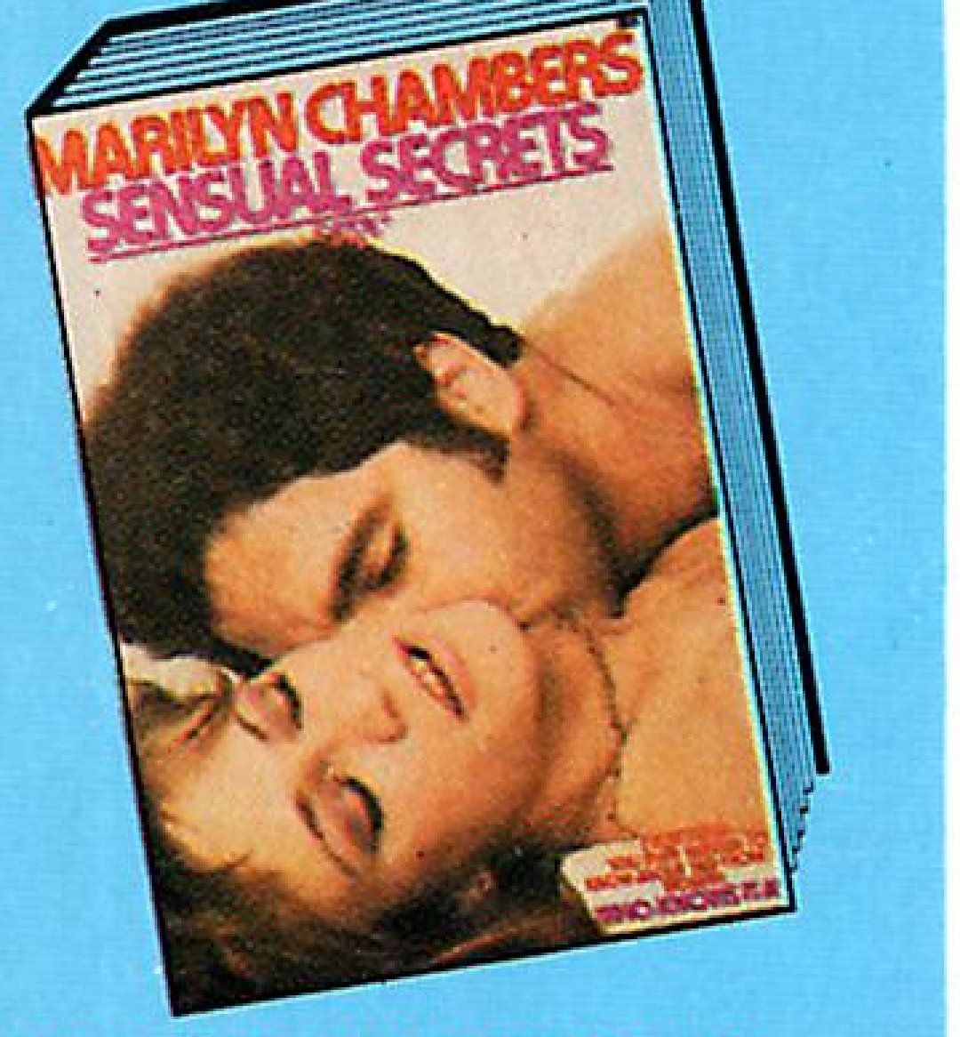

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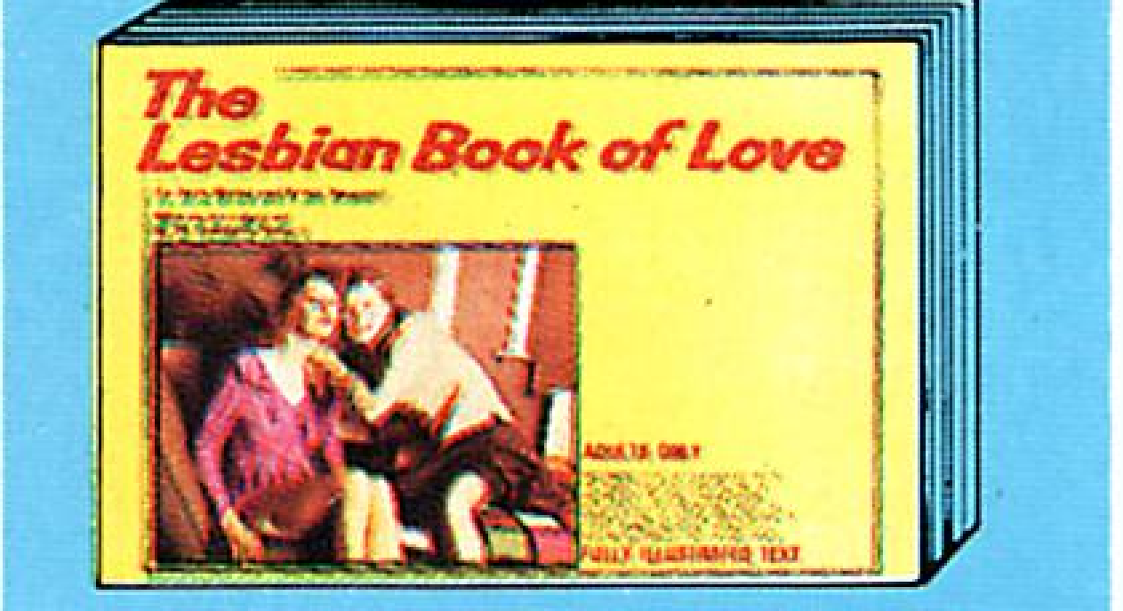

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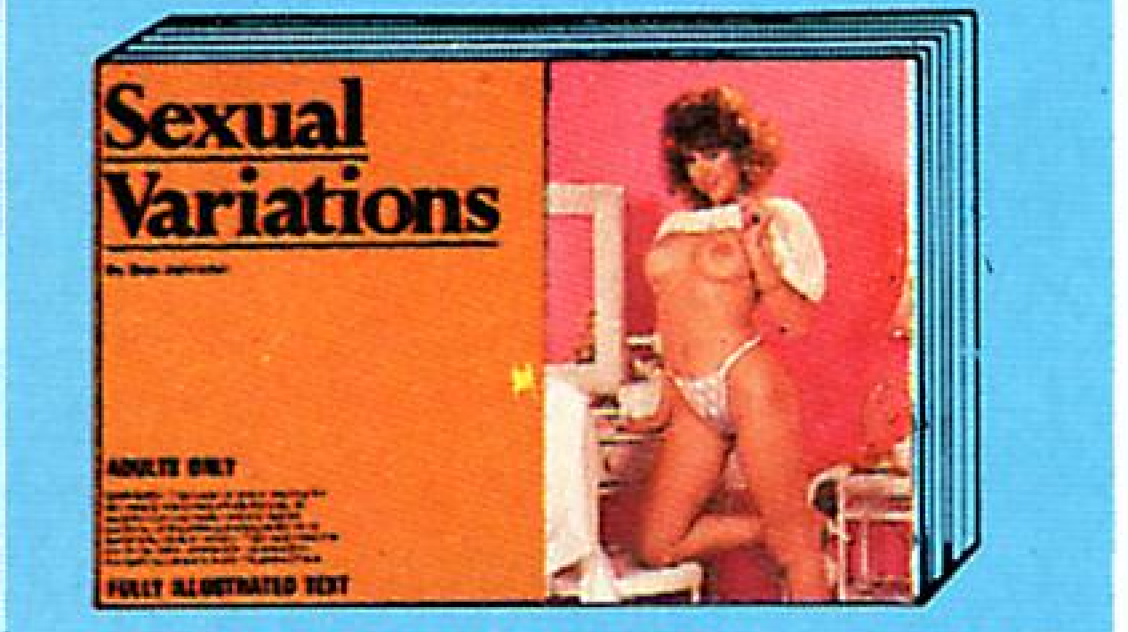

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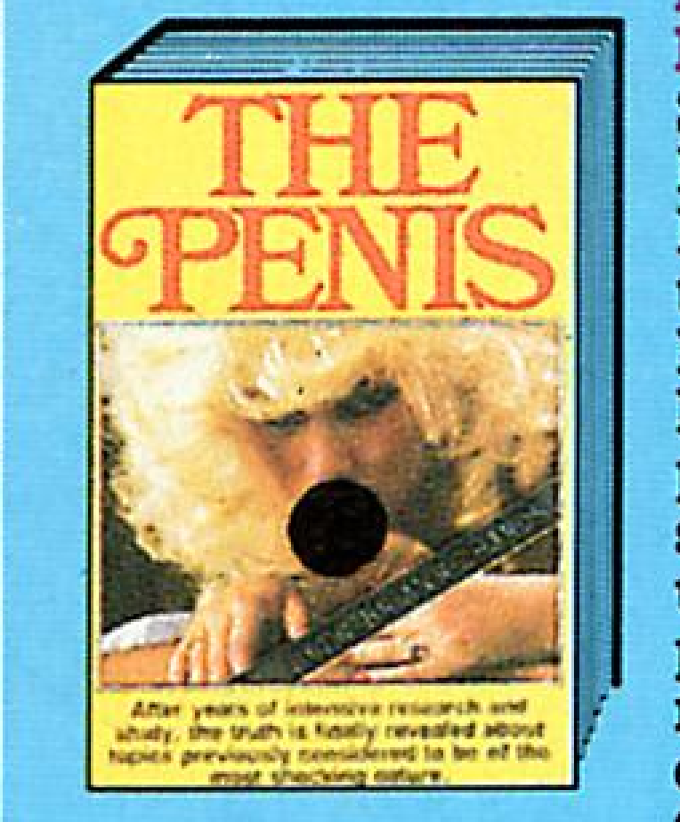

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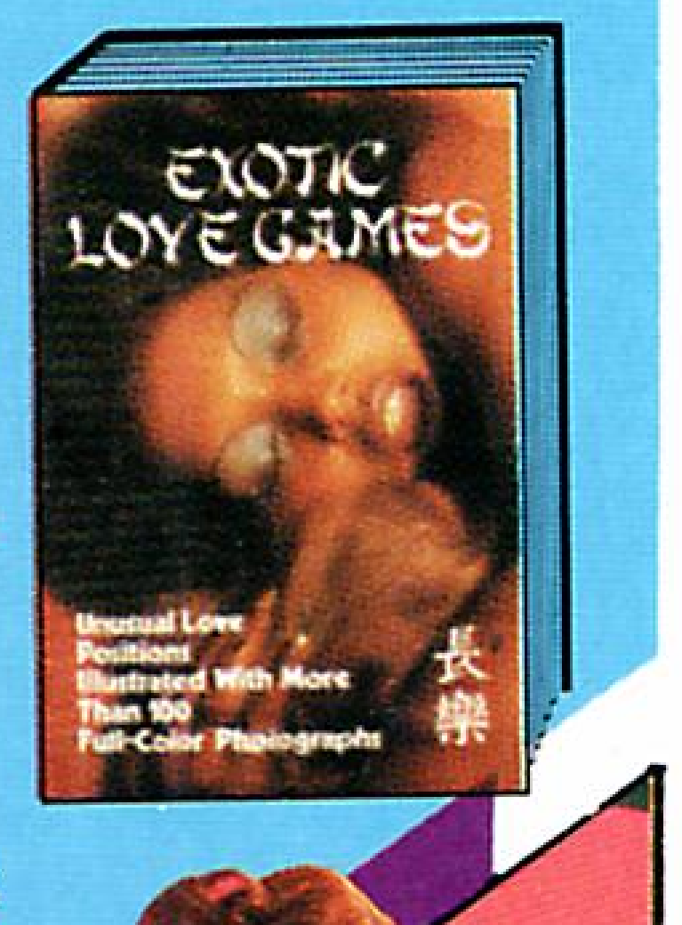

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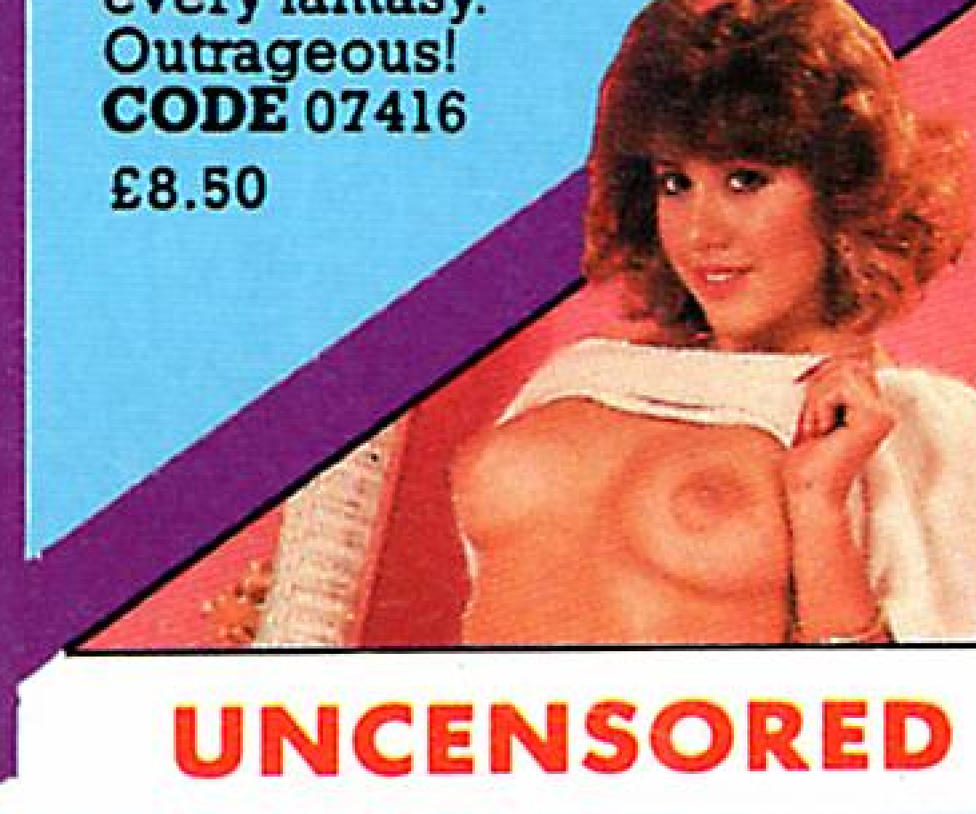

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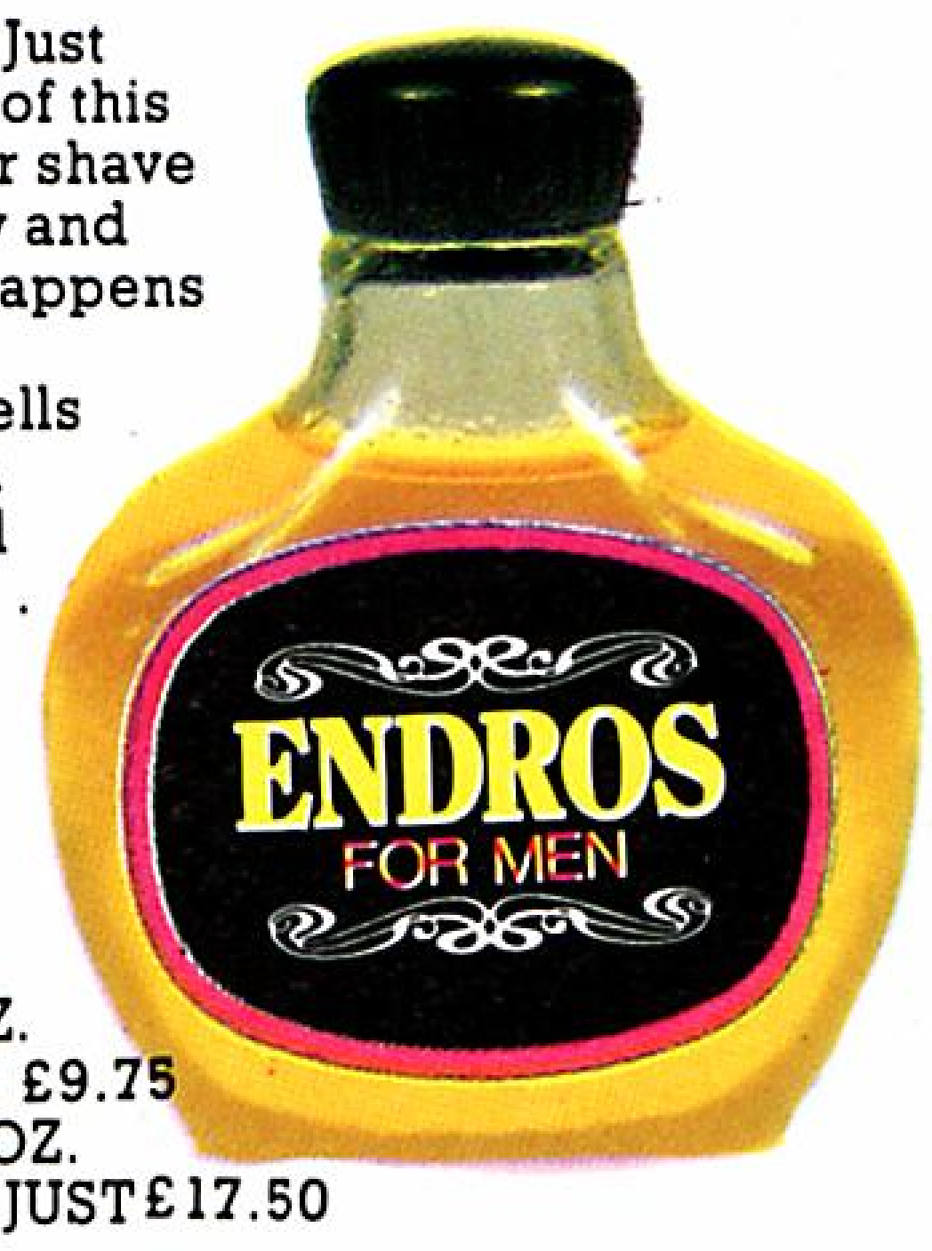

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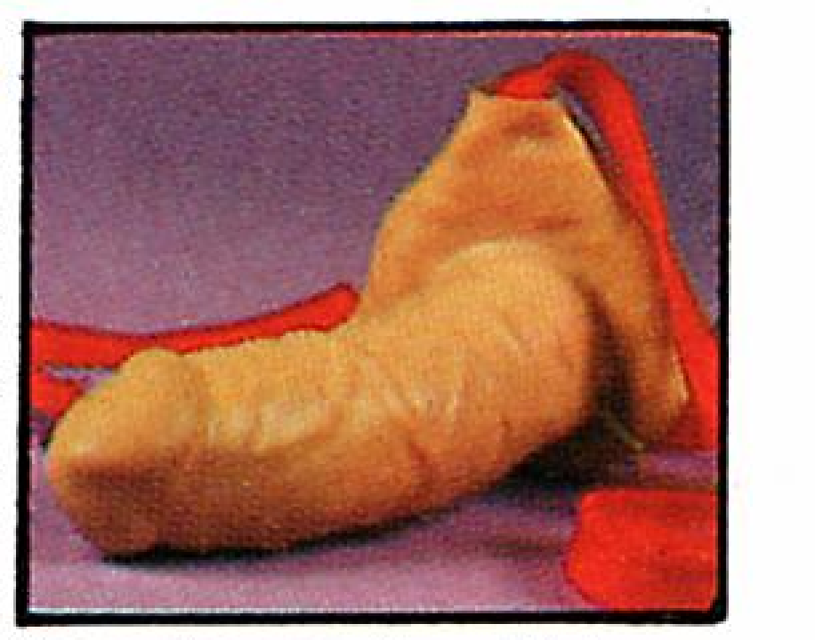

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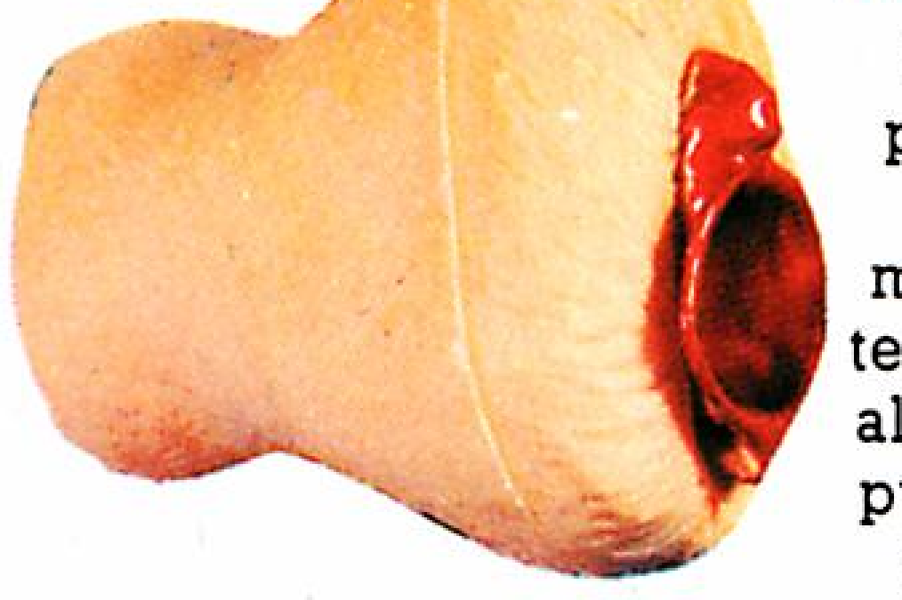

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"The first image I had when I wanted to go solo was of myself running – naked, with the exception of a red jock strap – on 42nd Street . . ."

Tym Manley talks to Spalding Gray

Spalding Gray talks about himself. That's all. He sits on stage behind a desk and strips the veils off chunks of his life, paying special attention to his deepest feelings and most humiliating failures.

The audience laugh. But this is not a comic working; Spalding is telling the truth. In fact, much of what he reveals is pretty sad, pretty disturbing and pretty not pretty at all. He's funny in the way life is funny, and laughing at life comes from very mixed emotions. Let's call it "organic comedy" and see if we can get on his next book blurb! There's a great chance of that – there are a dozen or so blurbs on his first book to be published here (**Swimming to Cambodia**, Picador, £3.50). Well, he's only performed in Britain three times, so his publishers felt the need to tell you he is *really* rated in America. Bit embarrassed by all the blurbs, is Spalding Gray.

All his best monologues are in the book, and they look much sadder in cold print than they do on stage, because we don't have the benefit of seeing the man's obvious ability to overcome sorrow, his expressions, his actor's timing. The earliest ones he didn't even know *were* funny, until the audiences started to laugh. Gray's youth was split between acting in highly-respected experimental theatre groups and a need for some kind of therapy. He tried to enrol for psychotherapy but the analysts wouldn't have him. So: "I decided to lay it on the audience." And that's where the truthful exposure of Spalding Gray began.

Later monologues contain more conscious humour, more telescoping of time to create comic effect; a reflection of a later commitment to entertain his audience.

The overall effect, despite his well-heeled New England background, is very much like an old Jewish man telling the story of a disastrous life. Artless art.

There are (at least) two paradoxes about Spalding Gray. One is that he is a slow-burn hippy. He has all the mental baggage of the '60s – anti-egotistical, anti-commercial, communal, you are me and I am you and all that. He speaks with the voice of a generation influenced by drugs, gurus and letting it all hang out. Yet he takes all passive culture up on stage, on his own, in the spotlight and uses it to talk about himself for hours together. That's odd.

Huge Hype

Even odder is that a man so naturally low-key should be in the centre of this huge hype that Picador has arranged for him. He was here for almost three weeks. He performed twice. The rest of the time he was being interviewed until he didn't know what he was saying, to whom, or even why.

Listen, the week I interviewed him he was on the radio Monday, in my paper Tuesday, and on Wednesday – when I turned up with the hole in my trousers and the button off my shirt – the BBC were filming him. They wanted to film this interview. So we sat there, me with the hole and the missing button and the hair that could do with a wash, being filmed for damn near an hour. All for a two-second clip to show that Spalding Gray would even talk to men with holes in their trousers.

Time was when artists performed, gathered a following and rose to the surface. Not any more. Now they are blown to the top by a blitz of exposure. It all seems a bit of a con. But then if you have an artist who is as entertaining and lovable as Woody Allen, why shouldn't you tell everyone about him? And, it seems to me, that's the sort of potential Spalding Gray has.

Apart from two shows, you're here for three weeks just to be interviewed. Do you like it?

Well, I enjoy it to the extent that it forces me to some bottom lines, like where I'm bullshitting and where I'm in bad faith about a topic I say I want to deal with but don't. But I think I've probably just about exhausted all the topics now.

> "I wouldn't want to do a monologue without sadness to balance it – I'm not a stand-up comic"

It must seem quite comic from your side, seeing all us journalists juggling our clever questions. What are interviewers like?

They vary, but the one who stands out came from the *Guardian*. He was really enthralled by my self-obsession and worried about it. His trousers were sort of pulled up so you could see his socks, and he wore brown shoes. He was a cliché of an English reporter, but without the pipe. He was fascinated by my American openness. He said: "You're quite shameless, aren't you? You're like the Ancient Mariner. I don't think I *would* like to meet you in a bar." I said why not. And he said that as a journalist he was overwhelmed anyway, and he didn't want any more input in his life.

How do British audiences like your shameless openness?

Well, if my last show at the Dunmar Warehouse is an indication – good. If the show I did at the ICA 18 months ago is – bad.

How does this media circus you're involved in affect you? It's a sort of hype, really.

Of course. Well, I'm going along with it. I've not been interviewed so much I feel like turning it around on the journalists or anything. I'm not Bob Dylan. I'm not a prick – yet. Although I saw an interview I did in Dublin and I can see I'm getting *close* to it. That lady used the ugliest picture she could find and she cut my balls off!

Maybe it's easier to be open in book form. You didn't really write this book, though, did you?

No. All the monologues in the book evolved on stage, in front of an audience. In the book they appear as worked-over transcripts of live performances. I did try to write them down differently for the book, but I couldn't find my voice as a writer. And then I thought, hell, I already *have* the voice. Since then I have found a voice, and I'm writing a book as well as articles for *Rolling Stone* and other magazines. I've become more literary. Although I don't think any of that's as readable as this book. It just goes zap zap zap – very easy to read.

The monologue form developed out of work you were doing with your theatre group?

Yes, but the decision to go solo came when I realized I'd come to the end of my collaborative work and I didn't know what to do next. I was doing a course on the philosophy of emotions at the time, mostly above my head, but I'd go for walks with the lecturer and tell her about the despair I felt about my work and the world. And she said: "If you really think the world is falling to pieces, remember that the last artists in Rome were the chroniclers." And that set off firebells in me. I thought I'd chronicle my life orally.

Where did you perform to start with? Art houses?

In the Performing Garage where I did most of my work, and on tour in small venues with folding chairs, you know? Now the venues have grown but I try not to go over 300.

Playing to "arty" audiences?

At first. Not any more. Since I did the Lincoln Centre my audience ranges from East Village people to Orthodox Jews, from Paul Simon to Jackie Onassis. I NEVER thought I'd perform to the old Royal family! Jackie O – it's like performing for the Queen!

In your monologues you appear to be telling the bald truth about yourself. Are you?

I'm telling the truth as much as I know the truth; the facts as I remember them, with some telescoping of time and some cutting up of time to make it more dramatic.

When you deal with your deeper emotions, your fears as a child, for example – are you re-living those fears or are you re-interpreting those feelings as an adult?

Oh, I don't believe there is such a thing as true memory. It's a memory of a memory of a memory always. That's why I can approach those feelings at all. Because I don't take it personally. That Spalding Gray is gone.

I asked, because on the **Start the Week** ***programme you were insisting that everyone should tell the whole truth about their feelings. I wondered how anyone can really do that.***

When I say "truth", I mean one should ... I mean *I* like to be outspoken and very direct. I appreciate people who work with style who are revealing in style. Like Oscar Wilde.

But Oscar Wilde never told the bald truth in his life.

His truth was in his style. When I say truth I mean one's level of being and the way one expresses it.

So if you tell lies with style that's OK?

Yes, because if you tell lies with style, the lie is *obvious*.

Ah, so you're an artist. I wondered, reading that you originally used these monologues as therapy, whether you were still using the audience as therapists.

There's a crossover. What I want to say about that is that I'm an amateur Buddhist. I don't believe there is any me apart from the name and what's happening right now. I believe we're acting all the time. I see myself pre-fabricating, making up a personality all the time.

That's different from actors who have the illusion that there is a self that is consistent and puts on a character when acting. Personally, I'm aware of acting all the time. I see life as living theatre, although I also pull back from that if I can and try to be my "professional self".

Overwhelmed

The crossover between acting and therapy is interesting. I've always been interested in therapy, but I have trusted art more. My obsession with telling the facts as I remember them is because I am personally so overwhelmed – at this moment in time and recently – by what we call reality that to think of writing science fiction, say, or to fictionalize a story, seems crazy. Because everything that's coming at me feels like a fiction.

So, feeling that, I race out to someone I feel is more stable, or who can give me a mirror image to confirm my reality – and that became the audience. It could have been a therapist, but I chose to lay it on the audience at some point.

But did you ever want to entertain the audience? Was that the starting point?

It wasn't the starting point, but it is now the conscious point. Ideally I want more than just to entertain. I want all the three chancres of heart, head and gut to be activated and for the energy to be running through there so the audience are laughing, feeling sexy, feeling heart stuff, feeling head stuff and it's all turning my Chekhovian/Tibetan wheel of life.

What do you mean by that?

Chekhovian, because Chekhov was a comic. His characters are all dwelling on the self – if only I could get to the city I'd be happy – and they all take themselves seriously, but Chekhov is laughing at them. Tibetan, because I like to spin my audience between dark and light, to take them through a dark tunnel – like my therapist being gunned down at Auschwitz – and then bring them out into the light. That's a conscious construction now, but it wasn't when I started.

You didn't know your first one was funny?

I didn't know. My audience taught me it was funny. They saved me as much as I saved them! I went very heavily into that monologue *Sex and Death to Age 14*. I thought it was a heavy confession of this poor boy growing up . . . and they started laughing.

It still seems heavy to me. Why

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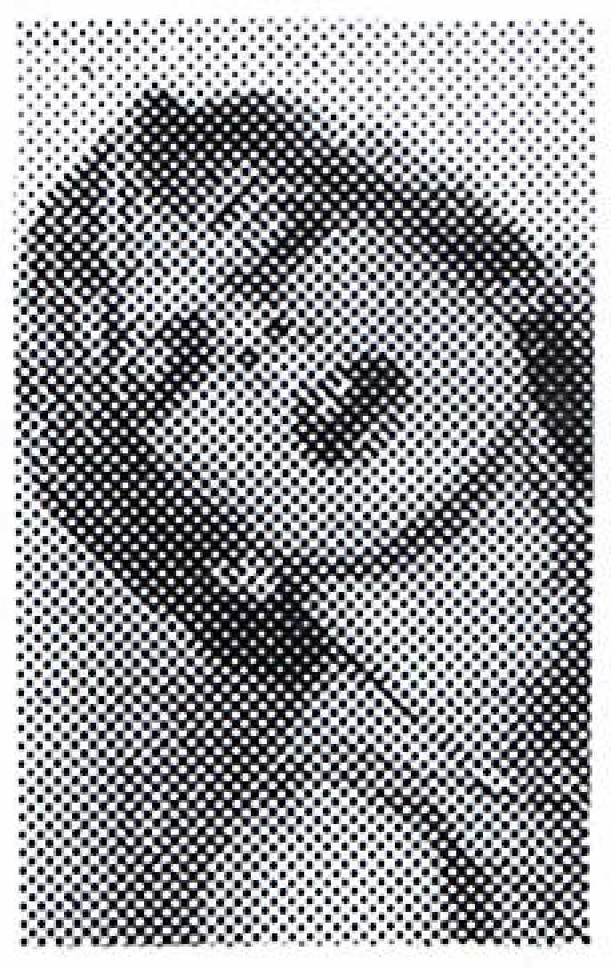

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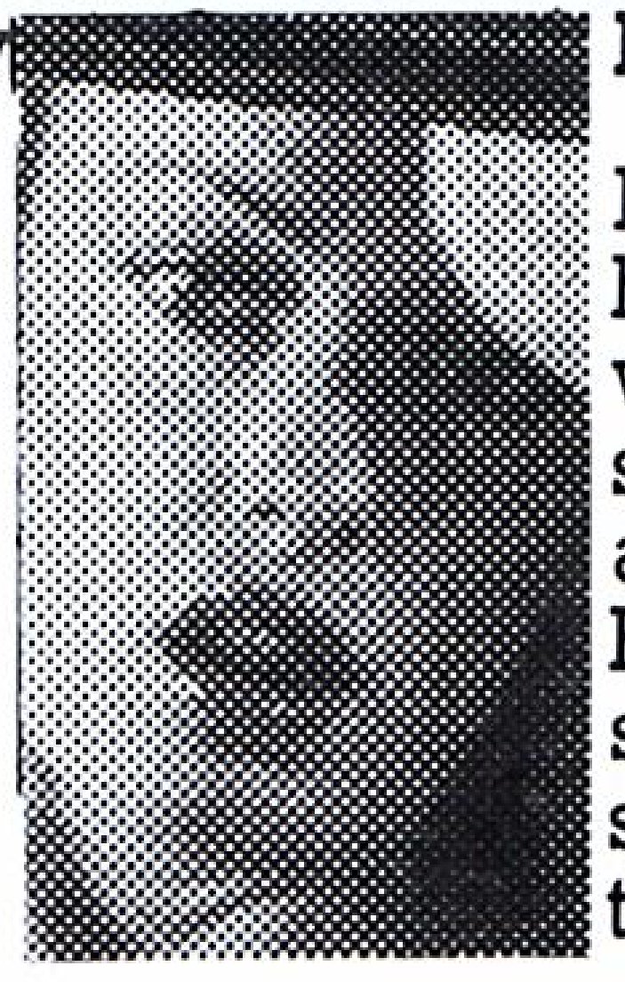

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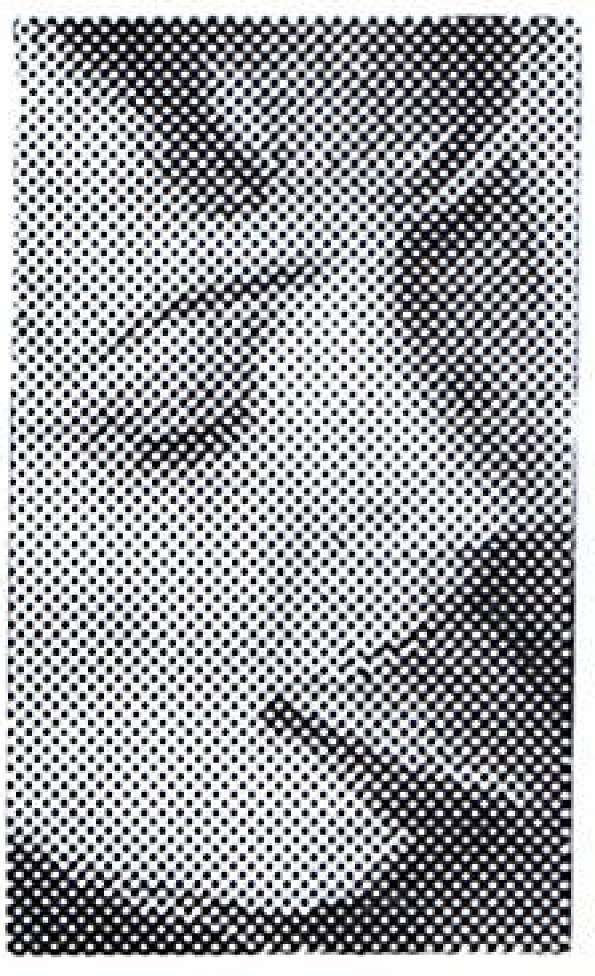

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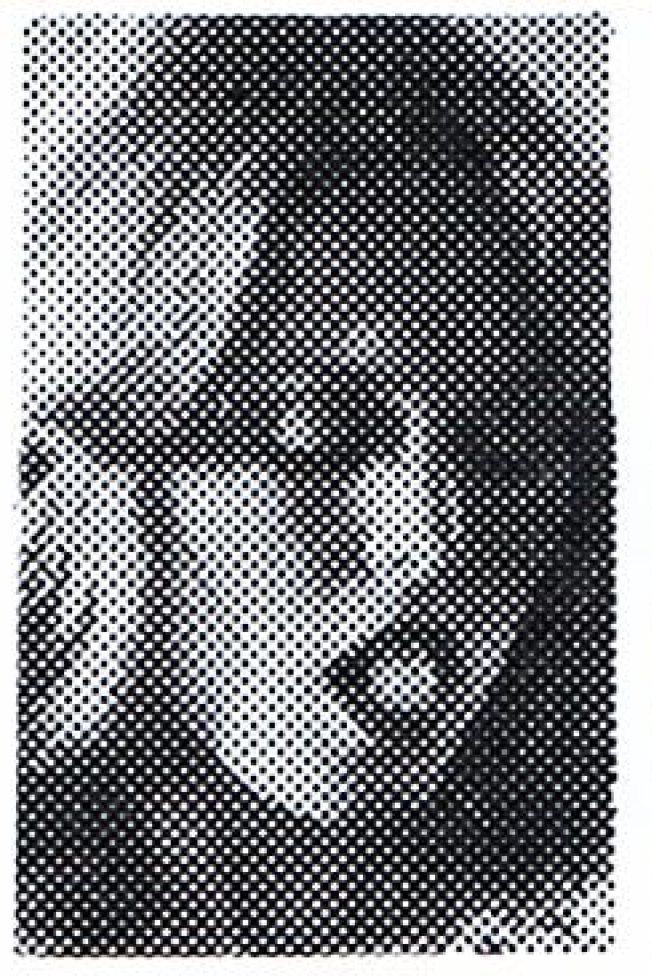

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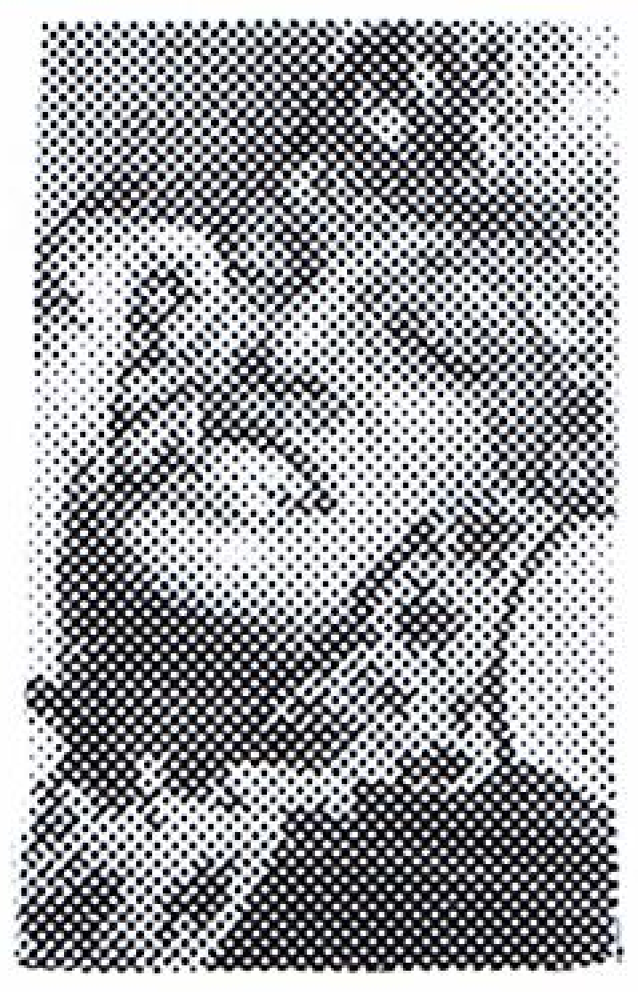

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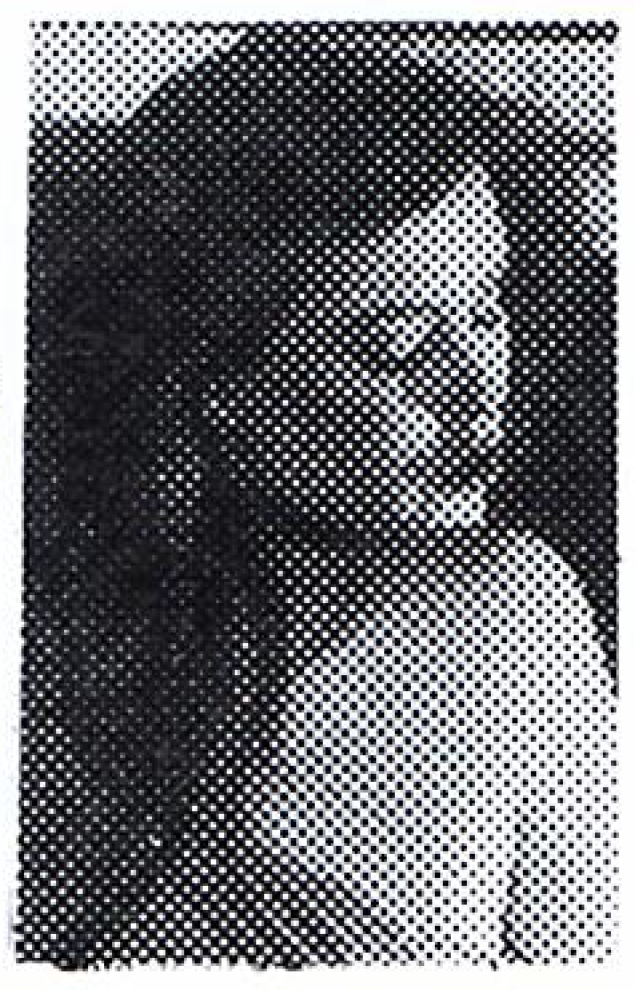

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Spalding Gray, the 'slow-burn hippy': "My free love explosion didn't come until I was 35!"

do you think people are entertained by one man confessing his emotions, his fears, what he's picked up off the street?

Well, because I'm a fool for the middle class. I've taken on that role. I admit to being a fool and I admit my foibles publicly. This is not something people do. Life's too heavy. Most men my age are married, have kids. They can't *afford* to make jokes about buying a house that's sinking, they have to *do* something about it.

It doesn't work everywhere. In Texas that story goes across like a bomb, because they hate failure. But most people can laugh at the foibles, I confess. It's an admission of failure – in that respect I feel an affinity to Woody Allen.

Life Story

So you're the man who takes off his clothes and runs down the street – people look at him and think: "Hey, I'm naked, too."

It's funny you should say that, because the first image I had when I wanted to go solo was of myself running – naked, with the exception of a red jock strap – on 42nd Street. I knew I wasn't going to do that. But I wanted to be a stripper; not using my body, but my psyche. To expose my psyche and go on doing that – that was the biggest gift I could give – the peeling of the onion publicly, you see?

What does it do for you?

Oh, I make a good living out of it, for one. And two – when I'm performing, it takes me out of time. And it's the one thing I *have* to give to an audience – laughter. I don't have a lot of it myself and I think it's a rare gift.

How did you feel that first time, when they laughed at your serious confession?

It perplexed me. It threw me off. I made a tape of it and then saw what I was doing. I was using actor's timing. I wasn't just a person telling my life story. I'd had years of training, years of playing roles. What I understood then was that I could begin to act those stories. I could begin to be myself and to play Spalding Gray.

How do people laugh? Belly laughs? Embarrassed laughter? Because there is some very sad stuff in there.

Maybe they seem sadder in print. But there are sad and pointed things in my work. The audience go down with that and come up again. I wouldn't want to do a monologue without sadness to balance it – I'm not a stand-up comic.

Is part of your success the fact that you are a child of the '60s, that you're able to admit for that generation what they were really feeling underneath all that?

No. I missed out on most of that. I left school in '65 and I never took a lot of drugs because I was in a theatrical commune and it was discouraged. So I didn't eat much acid, and free love was discouraged, too. I was monogamous for years. My free love explosion didn't come until I was 35!

You did visit Rashneesh in India, though.

I did it with the theatre group. I'd *never* have gone on my own. I was in touch with the period as an observer, and living through the emotions of it with the theatre company in a protected mode. I could never have gone alone to find a guru – I was terrified to travel alone. I'd have this problem where I would disappear. I had a very weak ego.

So now when people say: "Don't you think what you do is very egotistical?" I say yes. I mean, when you have a strong, well-defined ego, fine set about losing it. I didn't; I had to be protected by the group ego of the theatre group.

But I do have a lot of hippy sensibility, and maybe that does attract the audience.

I'm a little late on everything and I think that's what makes me funny. I usually stay away from stuff that's popular. I was very stuffy like that, less so now. I took LSD late in life – I was suspicious of it because it was a popular drug. I had my free love in 1976! Monogamous until 1976, then I flipped out over this 21-year-old dancer and, until recently, I never stopped.

Of course, there was more to the '60s than drugs and sex. Certainly the communal thing affected me – the "I am you" thing. I could have gone into commercial theatre but I went underground and that was a '60s choice. I went underground in 1970 and I'm surfacing now, on my own terms.

War Machine

I can see why people ask you if you're not being egotistical. Because you use the anti-ego '60s influences in an old-fashioned performing tradition. The two things clash.

That's right, and it's an interesting paradox. It's the egotist's view of Buddhism, you know: "I HAVE NO I!" It's that double "I" and therefore "I"ronic!

You've surfaced now. Are you still anti-commercial?

As long as I can be honest and operate on my own terms and still be true to the work I'm doing, I'm ready to go and appear on the Johnny Carson show!

What are you going to do now? Since your part in* The Killing Fields*, you're a film actor, too.

Yes. And then I did *True Stories*. And *Swimming to Cambodia* is being released as a film and I'll have to do publicity for that.

I'm trying to get out of old work and into new; investigate the American war machine and Russia. If I had a choice I'd like to continue my own work over making a film. But if a good project came together I'd do it – if the people are great to work with, films are like a holiday because I get away from myself.

You're not afraid that, having got to the top, you'll be swept away from what you want to do?

Yes. What I want is *horizontal* fame. But that's not allowed in America. You can never be *slightly* popular. They verticulize you.

And how do you say no?

I'm not very good at it. ♣

Catwalk

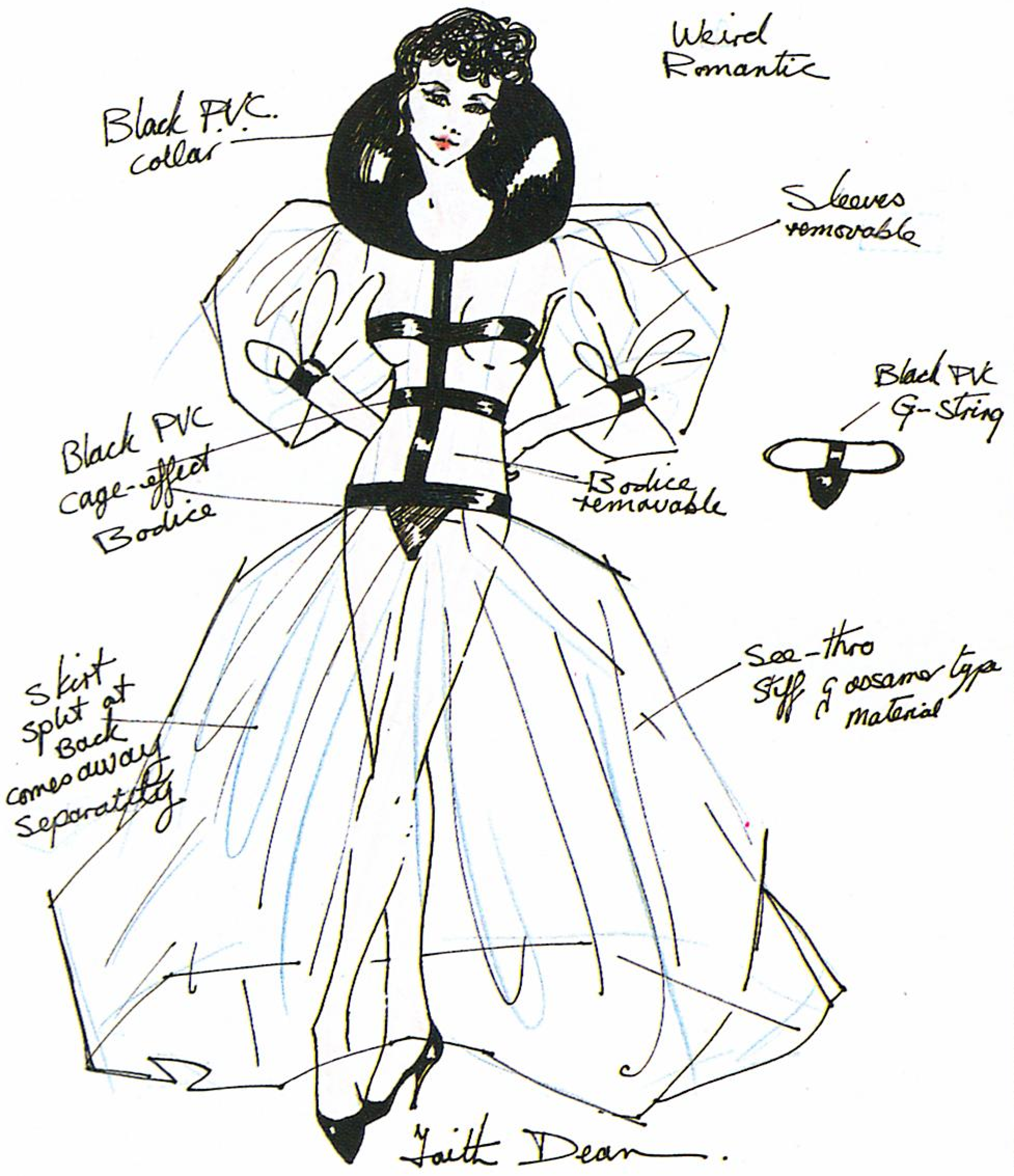
I've always been fascinated by history, especially the Elizabethan era. The opulent luxury of their lifestyles (of Royalty and nobility, that is) were the inspiration for this creation. Rather more revealing than in times past, the pearly translucence of the skirt and bodice barely conceal the warm flesh beneath, affording very tantalizing glimpses.

The Elizabethan influence is further reflected in the use of the shiny-black PVC bodice and collar, bringing a restraining effect upon the delicate flowing fabric beneath.

The setting of the pictures against the dramatic skyline and castle ruins perfectly complemented Christine's rampant sexiness and gave the final effect an overall ethereal feel.

I'm sure if Chris – who appeared in an original *Club Catwalk* two years ago – had lived in those times, she most certainly would have been a court favourite.

And even those of you who only like your spirits out of a bottle surely wouldn't be dismayed to find this lovely apparition gliding along your ramparts . . . ! *Faith Dean*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See-thro Stiff gossamer type material
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Faith Dean.

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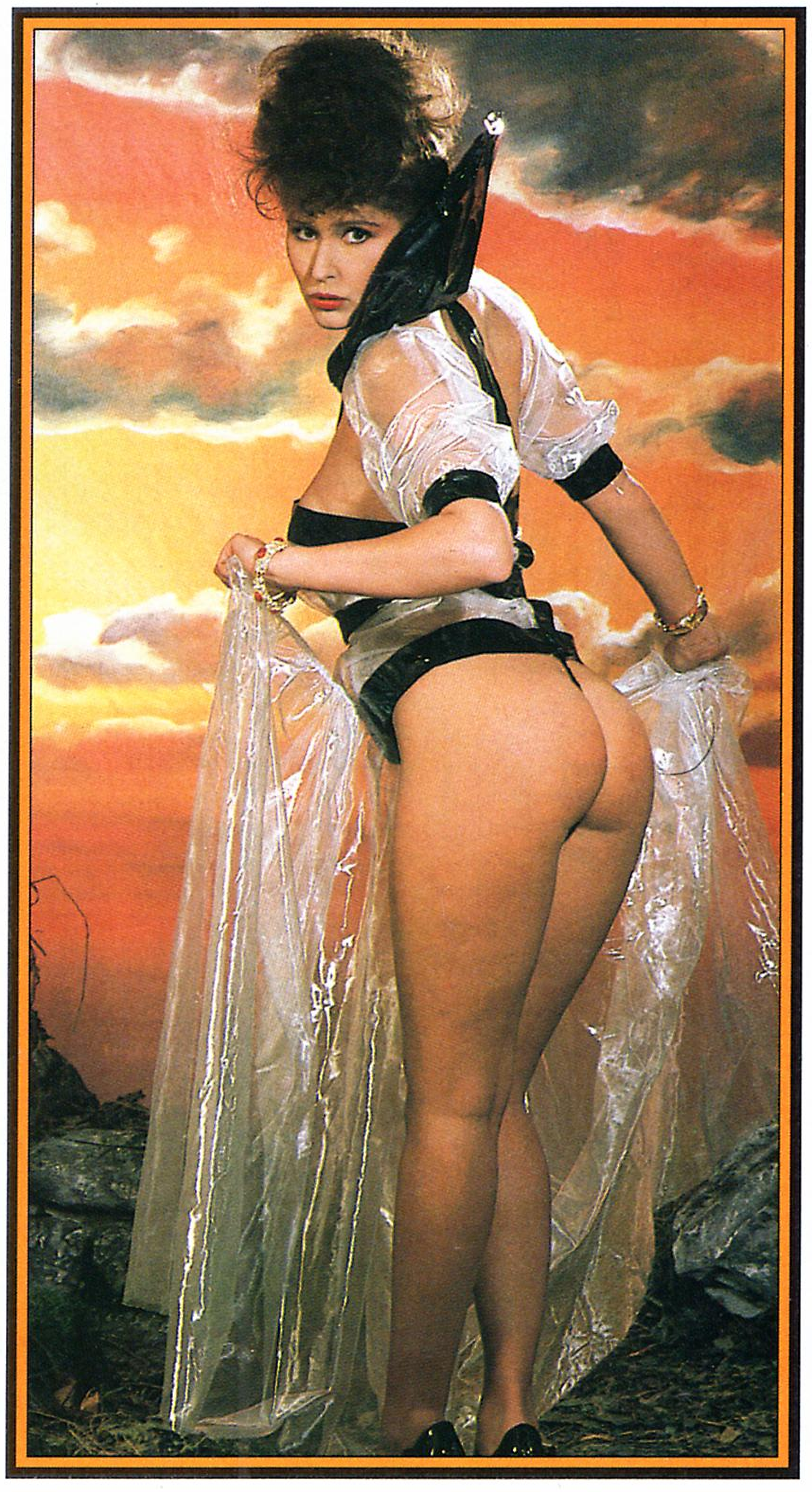
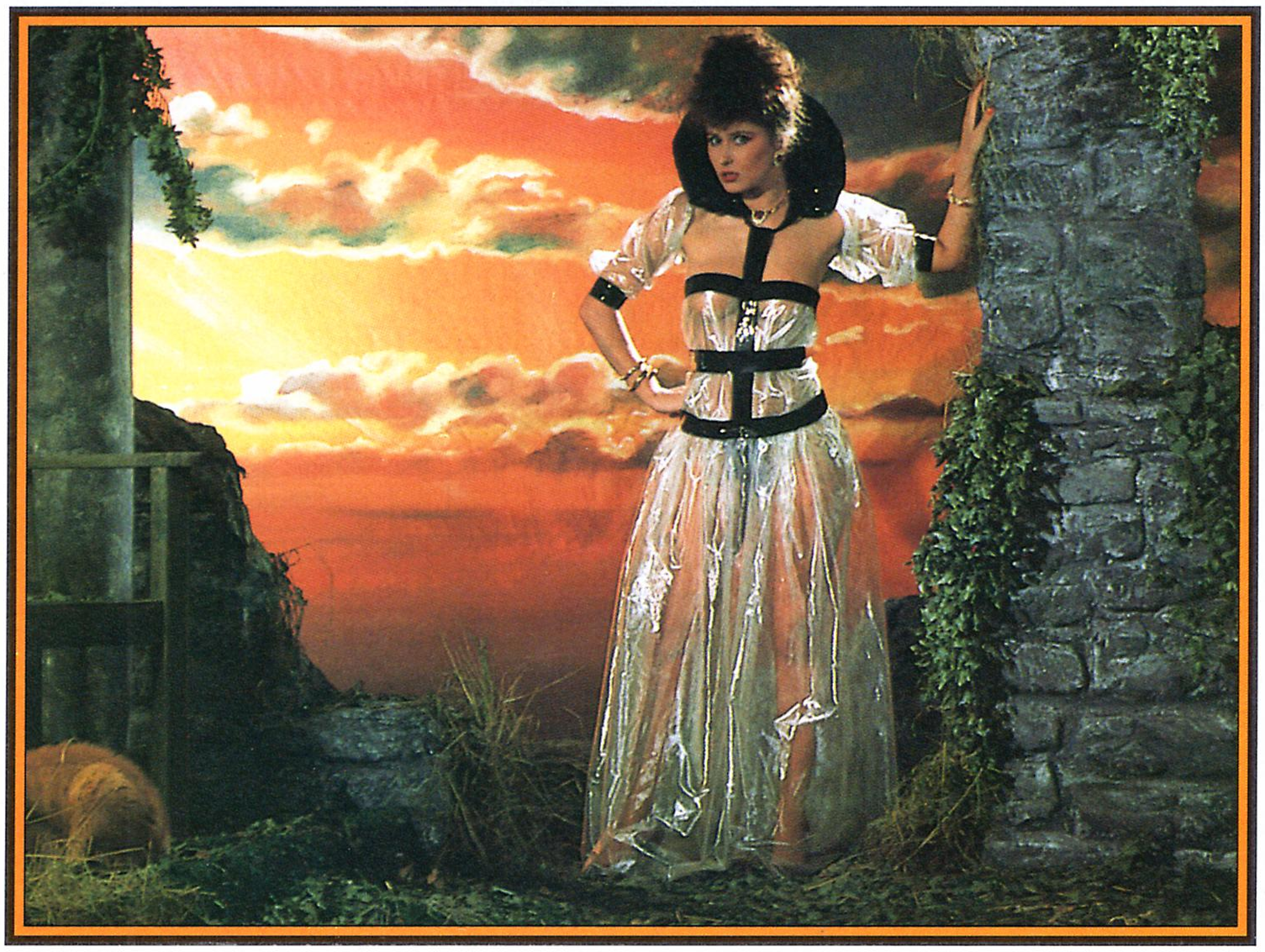




BED, BOOK AN

***Question:* What do Joe Orton and JIMMY DOYLE have in common? *Answer:* No, it's not that they're both dead. In actual fact, they're both fairly outrageous characters, as you'll find out. If you're still not convinced, ask MAISIE, who's only slightly less eccentric than our bed-bound ace reviewer . . .**

Too many intermissions in the average sex life are likely to cause eruptions of the skin, not to mention the rather poor state of mental health that results. It is with this thought that I return you (in some haste) to the scene of the crime, escorted by an accessory to it, Maisie – the strange, fascinating lady I was in bed with last month who fell into a deep Electric Blue coma, thus neatly turning a weekend of lust and constructive criticism towards the sort of climax which vampires probably experience at the moment when some human drives a stake through their heart. I called Maisie to square things with us – same deal, sharper material, beverages, and throwing in the Promised Land as a vague outline. So how about it?

"Sure, Jimmy," she cooed, with pie-sweet artlessness, "don't we always have fun together?"

This is what I like about women, besides their preoccupation with trivia and suspense. They rehearse for so long that the real thing, when it arrives, seems slightly unnatural to them, like a birthday cake on the floor after hours of baking it. I never know what the fuck it is they're trying to say to me. There used to be a TV game show catchphrase: "Take the money or open the box." Hell, I'll opt for the box every time, even if it's only the lid I end up playing with.

By the time Maisie made it to my bedroom, I was already chasing up the very latest literary sensation, final publication of **The Orton Diaries**, edited quite crisply by John Lahr, who'd formerly borrowed a few choice extracts from them to flesh out **Prick Up Your Ears**, his earlier biography of that very cool and promiscuous playwright. It's of no consequence if you've never seen an Orton production, because the same lunatic precision applies to his life. Orton made sex look as casual as buttons on a shirt, and entertained high hopes of dying in his prime, which he did – and with maximum violence, too.

Prick Up Your Ears is advisable to read prior to **The Diaries** (that is, if you crave background and interpretation). You might need it also since farce, for Orton, was no mere theatrical mechanism. On the contrary, it was simply the sequel to evolution. Thus he always went to such great lengths to deface library books (for which he received a jail sentence), designed Y-shaped coffins for nymphomaniacs, used false teeth as castanets and posed for photographs in swimming trunks stuffed with tissue paper to assist the bulge effect. "When you're dead," he consoled a frustrated colleague, "you'll regret not having fun with your genital organs."

Victorian Values

As for **The Diaries**, they were discovered next to his bludgeoned body on August 9, 1967. They confirm Orton's predilection for brief encounters and clockwork erections, chiefly in public toilets and the Middle East. Sex was, in his opinion, the fastest route to outrage (a reaction he meant to arouse), and by far the easiest way of relieving tension. This perhaps explains both the total absence of fear and neurosis in his diary style, and why he was eventually killed by Kenneth Halliwell, that unimportant, suicidal, self-hating failure he lived with. Samuel Pepys may have put all his little rendezvous in code, but Orton didn't care who knew. Maisie and he would have been pals. She almost tore a pearl necklace from her throat laughing at the spunk-on-the-leopardskin-rug gag. You should hear that giggle of hers, like coins turning over in your pocket.

Meantime, copyright has expired on the works of Rudyard Kipling, so Penguin have snapped up the option on **Puck Of Pook's Hill**, **Debits And Credits**, **Traffics And Discoveries**, **Plain Tales From The Hills**, **Life's Handicap**, **A Diversity Of Creatures**, all out of print for far too long, plus a couple of classics – **The Just So Stories** and, in one volume, **The Jungle Books**. They've also re-released his own autobiographical fragment, **Something Of Myself**, and Charles Carrington's meticulous study of him, entitled **Rudyard Kipling**. By all means remember Kipling as the haunted subaltern of Britain's lost Empire, the road to Mandalay, of East and West though never the twain meet, Fuzzy-Wuzzy and the White Man's Burden, but that's not all. He knew how the camel got its hump, for instance, and that facts are very seldom the same thing as the truth.

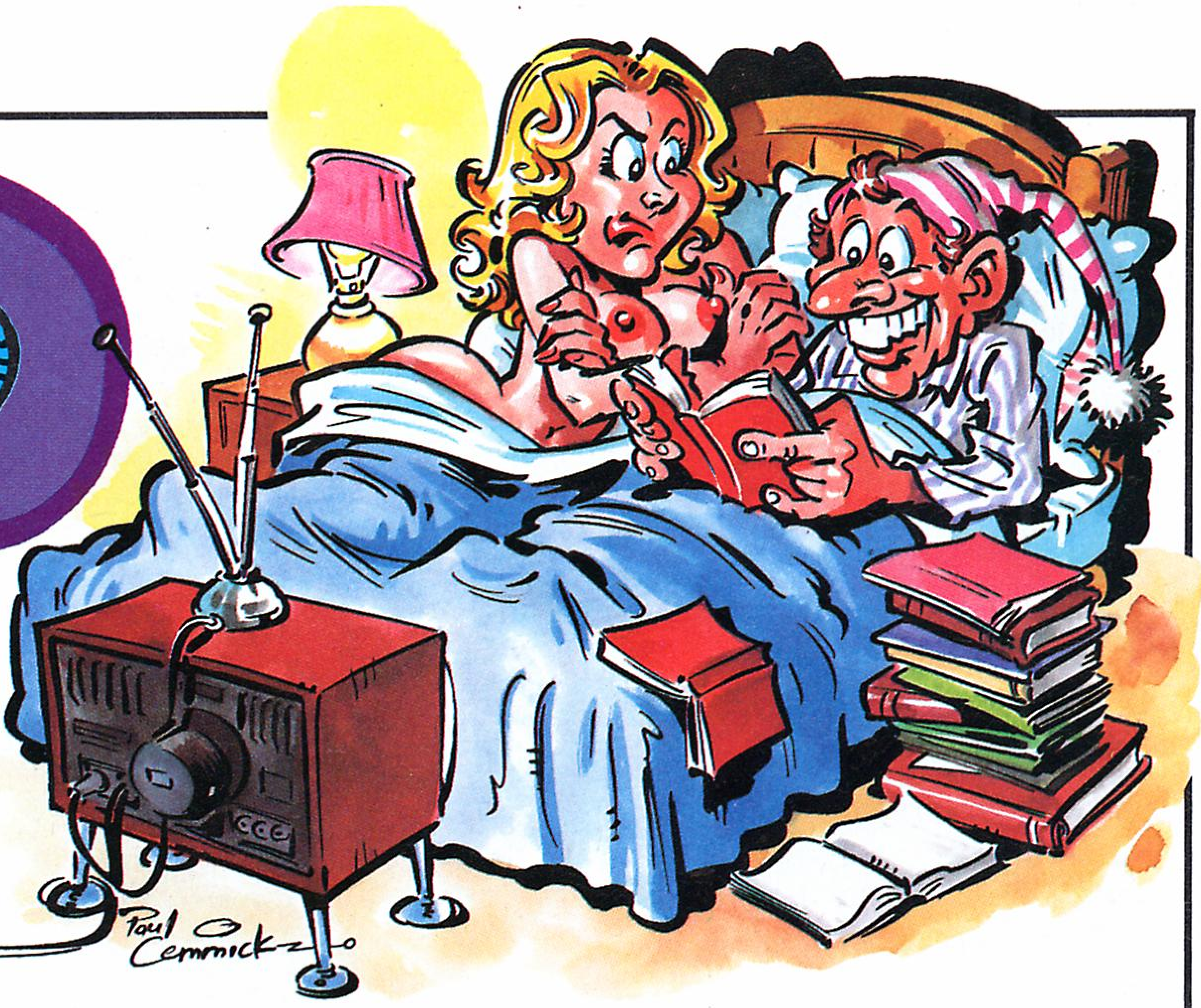
"How did the camel get its hump?" asked Maisie, curious as ever.

"Because it never did a stroke of work," I said, glad to see that she had two of them, and in the right place, too.

Kipling had the gossip writer's knack of acquiring good anecdotes and forging them into sparse moral tales, some humorous, others entirely desolate. Often he required a scrap of information no larger than a smoke-ring on which to build a story, either brief or of epic length. Even a lifelong tendency towards fever did not distract him from the decent Victorian values which he set such a store by, the outcome of tradition and history. He shrank also from intimate details, thus possessing the tease habit of stopping a reader dead in his tracks. Women were like a language he could not master, and marriage an "under-

A little scarlet female advice from clothed brothel madam to raw nude recruit in The Pleasure

ViDEO



standing" without understanding. On one depraved spinster, proposed to during a dust storm, Kipling had this to say: "I am not going to repeat what she said, because she was utterly unstrung." I glanced at Maisie here for a clue to her thoughts, but she went Oriental on me. I might have been reading out Martian postcards.

You can expect similar yet minor miracles from Paul Bowles in **Midnight Mass** and, if you can spare the time, **The Spider's House**. About 40 years ago, Bowles settled in Tangier with Jane, his wife. There, he's been trotting out short stories of quality ever since, a mixture of local legend and the sort of insight a man might procure for himself in a strange environment once he decided to smash his wristwatch and live out of time. Unlike Kipling, who had to leave India, Bowles has remained where he is, infiltrating a culture that goes much deeper than skin. His characters are religious beggars, orphans who swap souls with a snake or girls who feel cursed when their face is exposed to the gaze of a man. With a little wine inside you and these tales, you could easily fall off into a real dream and not know the difference.

Sorority Flirts

A lot of forgotten writers are busy being recalled to duty, and Ring Lardner, sports columnist for the **Chicago Tribune** during the 1920s, is one of them. **The Best Short Stories Of Ring Lardner** are out and moderately priced. He and Scott Fitzgerald were good drinking buddies. Everyone seems to have their own reason for becoming a lush, and Lardner was apparently disconcerted by the limits of his prose. "Filing copy," he called it. After a while, he wasn't in the least perturbed to see his ideals floating to the top of a warm beer chaser, and as you'd anticipate from such a dapper, hard-drinking but stylish loser, his attacks on human behaviour are oblique, sly and noticeably dark. The small voices of middle America are at work here – barbers, sorority flirts, bad poets, nursing bores, chauffeurs, bridge-players, baseball team mates, all with drones, drawls, twangs and other speech defects – and through them, Lardner gathers all the ammunition he needs for irony of the eyebrows. If you found his people charming, rather than idiotic or cruel, it was all the same to him.

Bringing up the rear, Maisie and me had Madison Smartt Bell's modern Armageddon chuckle, **Waiting For The End Of The World**, from the "main streets" fiction belt, or one of those novels which resembles a man peddling placebos on the notion that they're good chemicals and will get you high. Larkin, an epileptic drifter and a humble servant of the apocalypse, swans around with other derelicts, terrorists and girls who used to have erotic thoughts about him before he got to be so weird. Once you duck out of the urban wasteland prose and into the plot about nuking Manhattan, it starts to be worth the effort. Maisie was getting twitchy, I noticed, so purely in the interests of blood circulation, I sent her downstairs for wine and smoked salmon, while I saw Madison out alone. She wasn't sorry at all.

For pre-recorded revels on the small screen, and mildy soused in the bargain, Maisie selected **Echo Park** to kick off, or plenty of parochial madness in a seedy Los Angeles district from the point of view of three small-town dreamers, a bodybuilder, a songwriter who delivers pizzas (played by Tom Hulce, Mozart in *Amadeus*) and an actress who waits tables, then goes to work for a man who makes her believe that stripping telegrams gets you auditions for a Broadway musical.

"It's like Fellini without the subtitles," Maisie observed, while giving me the full sheets-at-crotch-level treatment. I nodded my agreement by licking a sliver of salmon off her right cheekbone, a friendly gesture which hardened both her nipples.

Basically, the pizza man is crazy about the leading lady, who fucks the muscle man because he "sweats pretty". It's that kind of triangle, made even more crazy by how many costumes the girl climbs out of on her road to stardom. It's a lyrical film that you'll like, with all those human values trying to squeeze their way out from under a sleaze suburb.

Then we had **Lady Jane**, she who sneaked into English history textbooks on account of being that Queen who reigned for the shortest span. Nine days it was, then her head rolled. The date was 1553, and Protestants and Catholics were at each other's throats, as usual. Jane was very intelligent, but that didn't save her. Actually, for all its rich costumes and religious bigotry, **Lady Jane** is just a love story between two misfit adolescents, struggling under the most grotesque conditions. There's a nightmare wedding night as public entertainment, followed by the groom falling on to the four-poster and snoring heavily.

"Pig," said Maisie, under her breath.

"What do you think'll happen next?" I asked her, mindful that the past is one of Maisie's strong points.

"They'll start to like each other directly because, as I understand it, they haven't got a lot of time left on the planet."

She was right. It's wistful, ardent and filled with good intentions; a tear-jerker that won't exactly soak all your linen.

There's a group of people who will tell you **A Breed Apart** is a film about bald eagles. I'm inclined to disbelieve it, in spite of some National Geographic footage. Donald Pleasance is the egg collector, Powers Boothe is the egg bounty hunter, Rutger Hauer is the egg preserver and Kathleen Turner is the girl who's waiting for a bird call from her dream man. In other words, it's an omelette, as if David Attenborough had been cast as Rambo. Maisie thought it crawled a bit, but liked the plot. I thought it was a two-toed sloth, and didn't.

Sex Thriller

Ken Russell's **Crimes Of Passion**, on the other hand, was perfect late-night fodder, a red and blue neon sex thriller with Kathleen Turner again, this time as China Blue, a cheap hooker by night who's "fit as a fiddle and ready for cock", and Anthony Perkins, a sweat-stained pervert preacher who tries to bring her something greater than a hard-on. When they meet, Turner tells him she never forgets a face, "especially one I've sat on". There are further complications when fresh-face Bobby Grady, an all-American boy scout, is hired to follow her. His own marriage is so stale, he doesn't know whether to embrace his wife or embalm her.

Anyone who has seen a Russell movie will recognize his truly demented signature on this one. Perkins puts in a memorable Psycho-creepy performance, trading in that butcher knife for a multi-edged steel vibrator. Turner is a revelation, as her tricks turn sour in a twilight world where either you get love without sex, or sex without love. Book it for the weekend, like we did.

Finally, a curious adult movie, **The Pleasure**, whisked us both back to Venice during the 1930s with tinny parlour piano music to accompany every shadowy sex episode, and an urbane older man who is erotically tormented by the eerie resemblance between his dead lover and her daughter, who'd do anything to excite him the way her mother did.

"Does she excite you?" Maisie asked me.

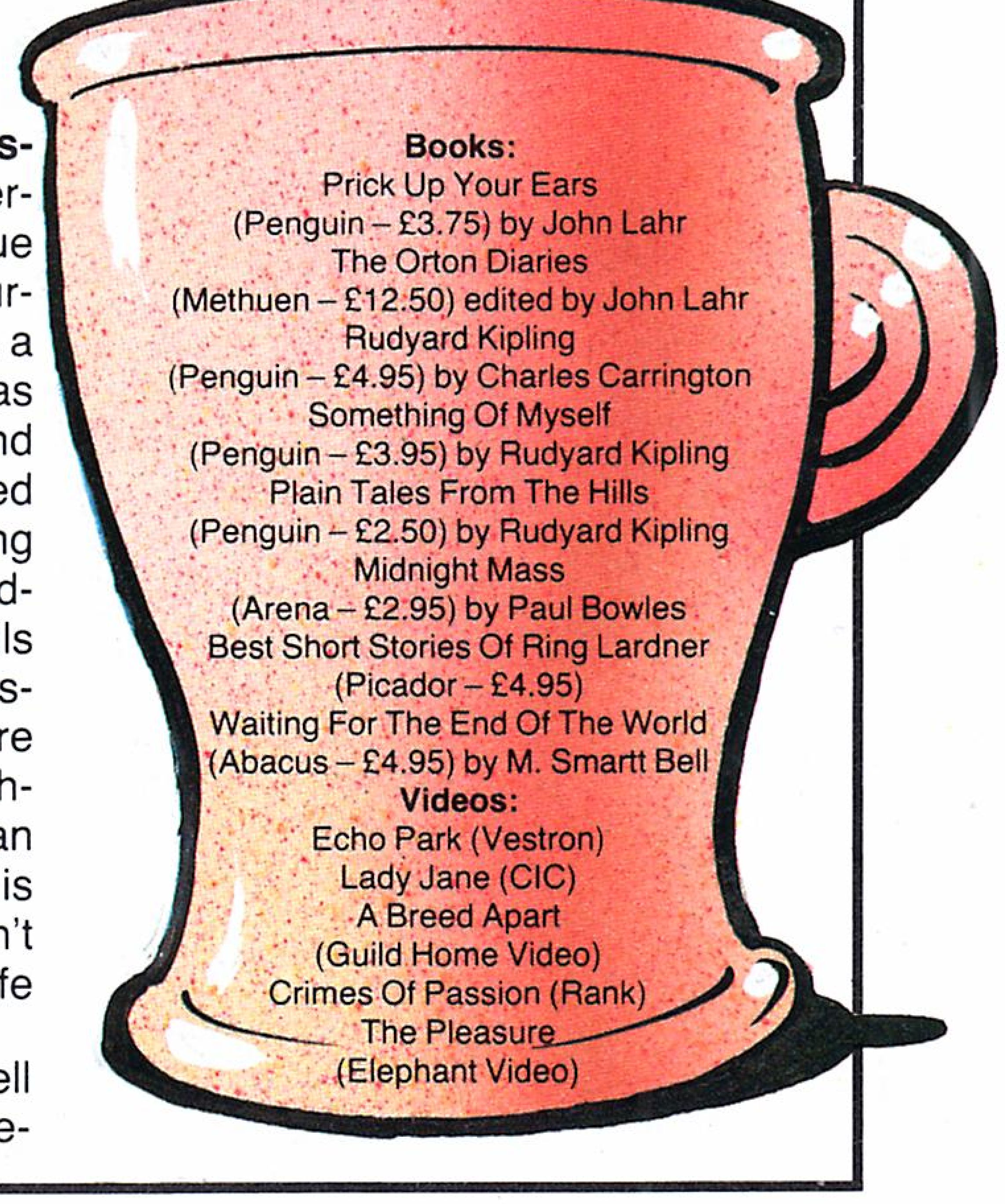
"I suppose so."

Maisie lifted the sheet, and broke into a wide smile. "*That's* excitement? It looks more like a sleeping pill."

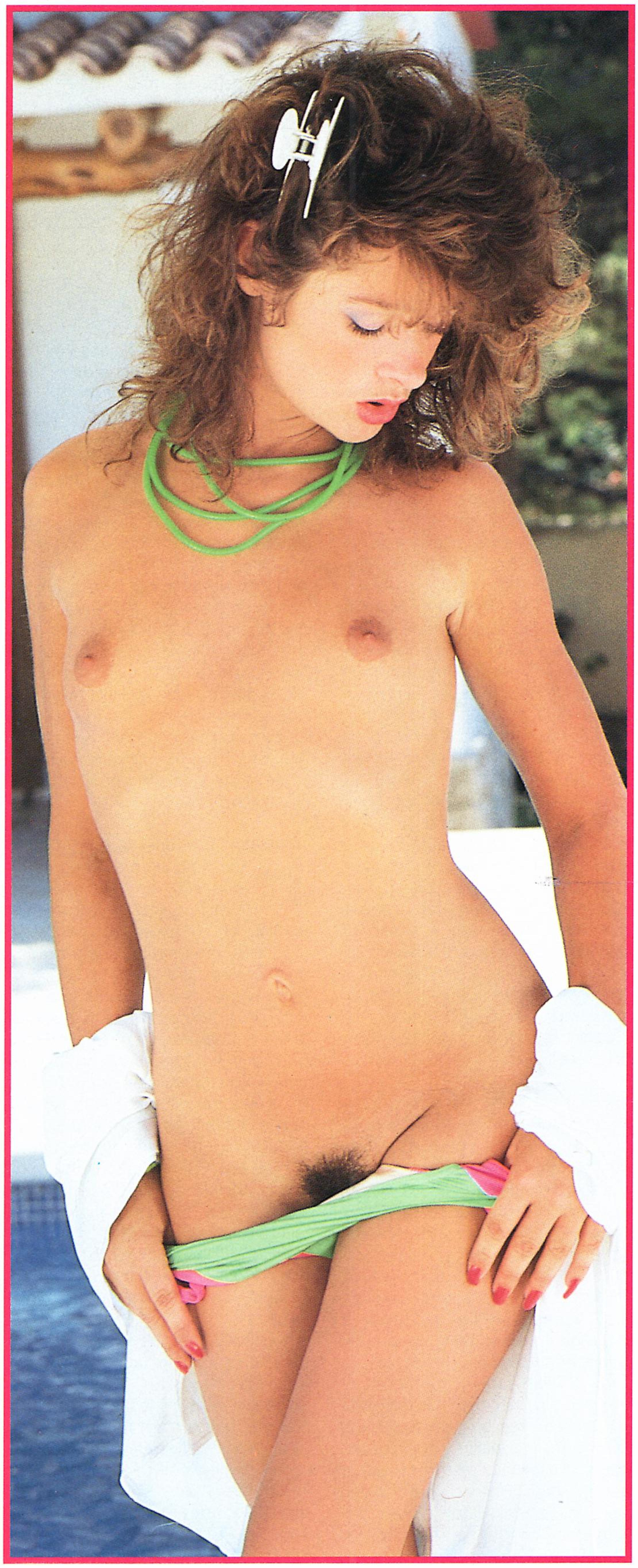
"I could do better."

"Show me."

As I've told you, between film and life, I sometimes get confused. Occasionally, though, I have moments of clarity. This was one of those times. Maisie fell on me. I met her halfway. Now *that's* witchcraft.



Books:
Prick Up Your Ears
(Penguin – £3.75) by John Lahr
The Orton Diaries
(Methuen – £12.50) edited by John Lahr
Rudyard Kipling
(Penguin – £4.95) by Charles Carrington
Something Of Myself
(Penguin – £3.95) by Rudyard Kipling
Plain Tales From The Hills
(Penguin – £2.50) by Rudyard Kipling
Midnight Mass
(Arena – £2.95) by Paul Bowles
Best Short Stories Of Ring Lardner
(Picador – £4.95)
Waiting For The End Of The World
(Abacus – £4.95) by M. Smartt Bell
Videos:
Echo Park (Vestron)
Lady Jane (CIC)
A Breed Apart
(Guild Home Video)
Crimes Of Passion (Rank)
The Pleasure
(Elephant Video)



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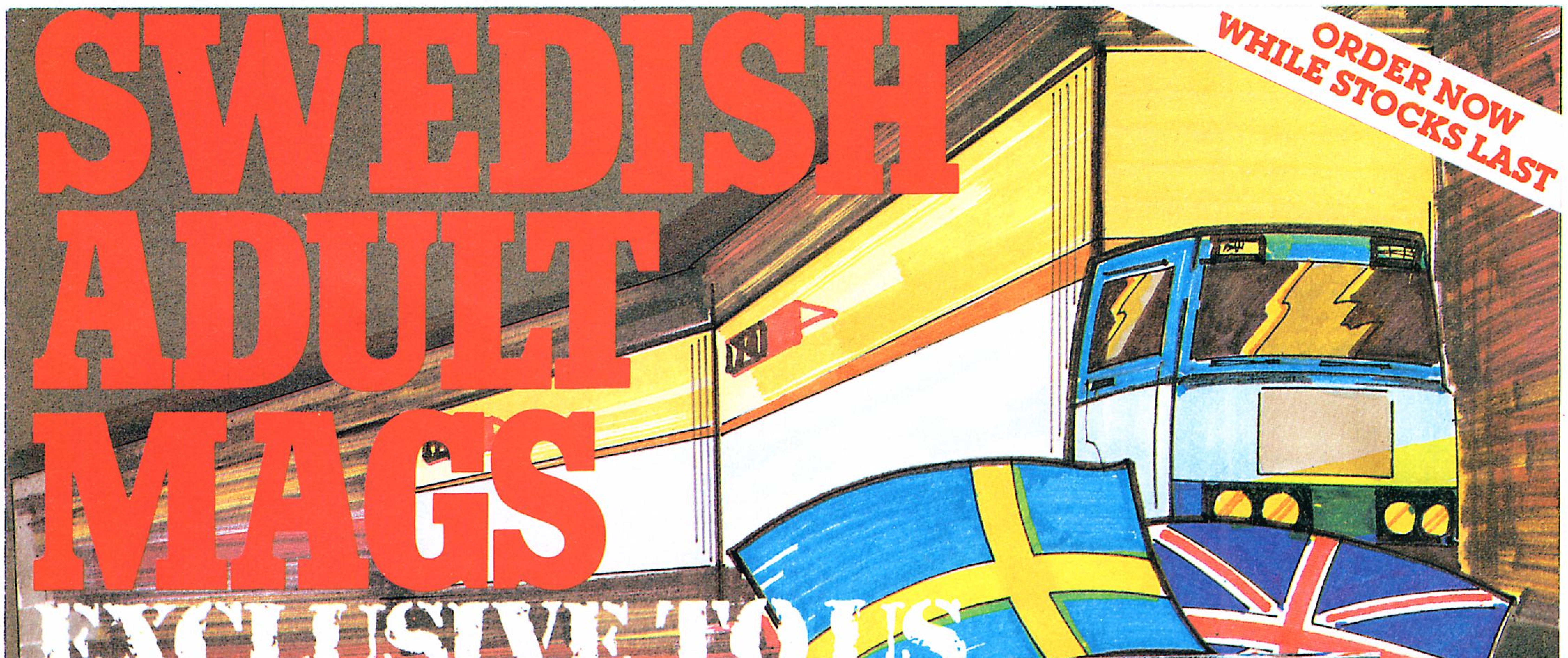

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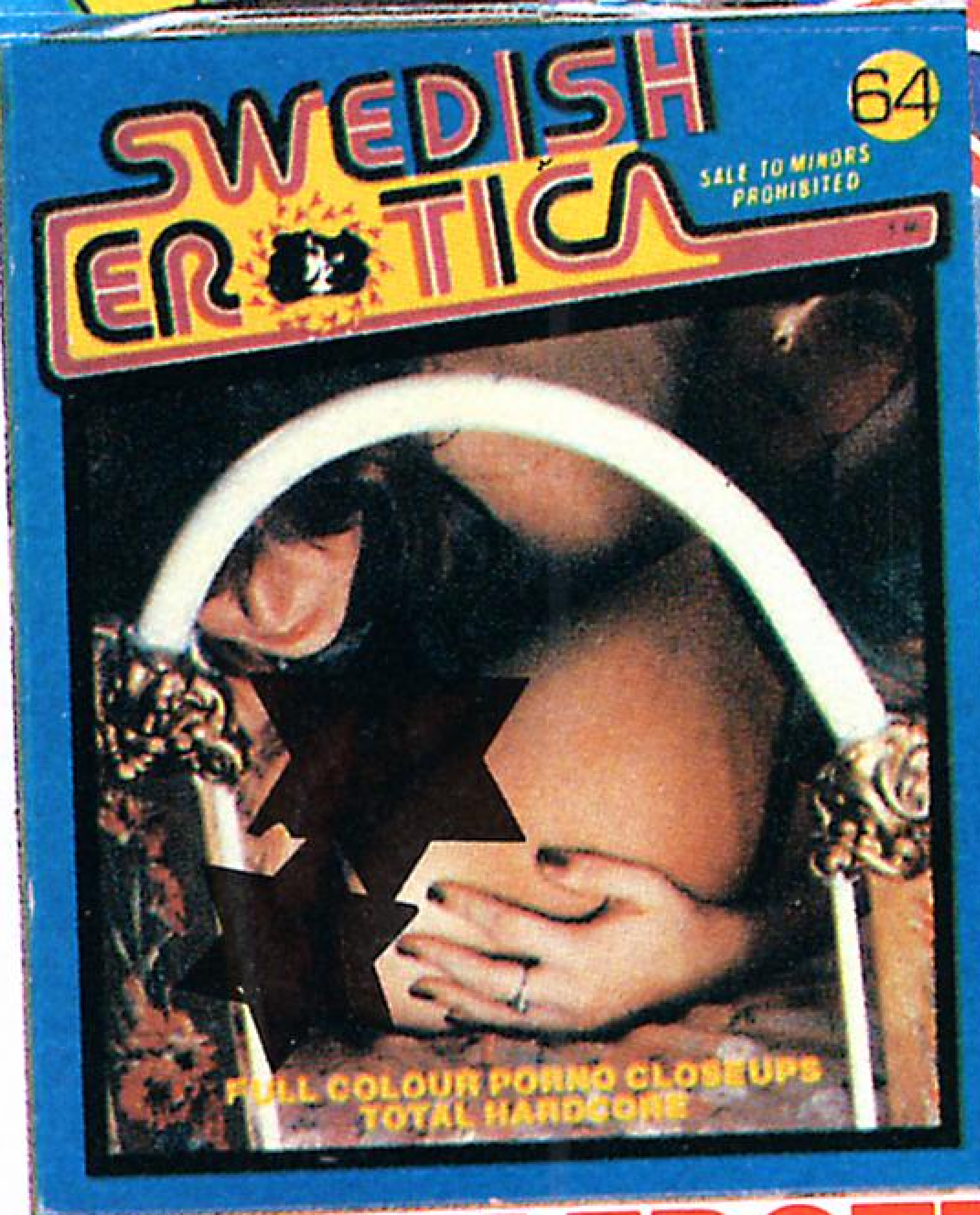
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WOMEN'S Writes

Club's women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

Janice knows full well not to talk to strangers. But no one said anything about doing anything else with them . . .

A week ago last Tuesday I had a day off work. As it was a nice morning I took the dog for a walk over the golf links, about a mile from where we live. Once in the rough parkland edging the links, I let him run free and sat down for a while, meaning to read a paperback I'd brought with me.

The sun was shining and I lounged on the grass. I suddenly looked up and saw a man staring at me. My first reaction was one of fear, and I whistled for Monty, my dog. To my surprise, two dogs answered my call – Monty, and a small mongrel which obviously belonged to the man.

That broke the ice and we started talking. He told me he came up to this spot every morning. He came and sat down beside me and I noticed how good-looking and sexy he was. There was something slightly Continental about his dark looks and unshaven face, which reminded me of a film star. He had a very direct stare and didn't hide the fact he was eyeing my body, clad as I was in a velour tracksuit.

"Are you married?" he asked, glancing at my ring finger. I nodded, and felt like I was betraying Tom, my husband. Yet that was stupid, because I'd neither said nor done anything remotely disloyal. Even so, I was most definitely physically attracted to this man, even though he was at least a dozen years younger than me.

"You have a lovely figure," he said. That not only brought a fiery blush to my cheeks, but it sent the blood racing round my body. Oh, God, this was terrible. I was really aroused and I could hardly breathe. If only he would stop staring at me . . .

Our dogs were playing happily together on the grass. I stood up, feeling really agitated, and called Monty.

"Do you have to go?" the man asked, and I told him yes. Then he asked me if I could meet him there the next morning.

I shook my head and told him I'd be working. But all the rest of that day, and all night, I thought about him. I started having sexual fantasies about how his body would look with no clothes on. I pictured him with a big cock, a nice, bunchy bottom and a lovely, furry chest and stomach. That made my mouth water and sent my fingers stirring between my legs – which promptly caused Tom to get an erection and make love to me. But it wasn't Tom I was thinking about as we screwed.

Caressed

By the next morning, I knew I had to get this man out of my system somehow, so I rang work with an excuse about a dental appointment which I'd forgotten, and by 10.15 I was up at the golf links. He made no attempt to hide his delight at seeing me. I felt like a teenager with a new date; silly, shy, desperate to be liked – and, I must admit it, to be caressed and made love to.

With no further ado, he took me in his arms and pressed me against him, and I felt him instantly hard against my belly. It *was* big – it felt even bigger than I'd imagined. He drew me into the privacy of an overhanging tree and his hands felt for my breasts beneath my tracksuit top – I'd deliberately left off both my bra and my wedding ring. I also had no panties on, but he hadn't discovered that yet.

He hissed between his teeth when his fingers found my hard nipples. Lifting up my top, he sucked a nipple into his mouth and the sheer pleasure this gave me caused an anguished throbbing between my legs, and a gush of lubricating wetness which I could tell was drenching my trousers. I was shaking with desire, and I didn't give a shit that he was a stranger any more. I simply grabbed one of his hands and shoved it between my legs so he could feel the wet patch on my trousers. He quickly dived inside them and let out a moan when he encountered my hot, wet, knickerless state.

There was nothing delicate about his movements. He handled my clitoris in a hard, rough manner which excited me like mad – Tom's always been too gentle and considerate. This man knew what he wanted, and went for it. Two fingers prised their way into my sex hole and he began to finger-frig me, at the same time sucking my tits. He unzipped his fly and hauled out a huge, engorged prick which I took hold of and squeezed, treating him as roughly as he was treating me.

"Squeeze my prick and balls," he muttered, and I obeyed. He was so aroused, quite a lot of spunk had already oozed out of his knob and was running juicily down the sides of his cock, wetting my hand and making it all sticky. I was dying to feel him inside me, aching and pulsating to be rammed into. I'd never wanted to be fucked so badly in my life.

Suddenly, he let go of my tits and my cunt and pushed me back against the trunk of the tree. Pulling my stretchy trousers down, he gripped his prick in his right hand, spread my cunt lips apart with the other, and drove right in and up me, slapping his balls against me.

"I could tell you were a woman who likes a good fuck and I was right," he muttered in my ear, and I got an incredible turn-on from listening to him talk dirty to me. "I'm going to give you the best fuck you've ever had, I'm going to shoot my load right up your hot cunt."

"Oh God, do it, *do* it!" I begged him. There was so much sexual moisture pouring out of me, I could feel it running down my legs. I could think of nothing but my hungry hole.

"I'm going to give you my spunk – *now*!" he groaned.

When he came, I could, for the first time in my life, feel the hot spurtings inside me. It felt like gallons. It kept coming and coming while I shuddered and rippled inside to my own orgasm.

I had to walk home with a Kleenex jammed between my legs to stem the musky tide of jism that was still flowing out of me. I could smell it on myself even the next day, though I had several washes (I didn't want Tom to suspect).

I don't know if I dare ever take the dog for a walk there again. I often want to, so much, but it would be disloyal to Tom. One day, I know I'm going to give in, though. Either that, or wank myself to death just by thinking about it.

Janice, W. Yorkshire

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMAT

WOMEN'S Writes

Nurse Jo takes advantage of her position to have a very personal consultation with "her" doctor . . .

The trouble with springtime is it makes me really horny. And if I have an attractive partner at my side, and nowhere private to go, it can be pure torture.

This is the position I found myself in the other week. I'm a 22-year-old nurse – and not only do I live in a very strict hostel, but I share a room with another girl, which makes it even worse. Then I had to go and fall for a married doctor!

A doctor and a nurse having an affair sounds a real cliché, I know, but I can assure you a lot of it really does go on. I'd met Jim on the wards, and that certain look had passed between us. I'd gone back to my room, collapsed on the bed and wanked myself to sleep thinking about him. Then we started meeting for the occasional drink.

Sexual Jolt

It was on the third of these occasions that Jim muttered into my ear: "I'm dying to fuck you, Jo. You know that, don't you?"

His words, the fact that he had said "fuck", gave me a sexual jolt like I'd never felt before. A charge went to my nipples. I felt them springing to attention, my areolae swelling around them, and I had to crush my thighs together around my clitoris – which was suddenly pulsing with need.

"Would you like it, too?" Jim asked.

"Oh God, of course I would," I told him, feeling myself blush. He made me feel totally helpless and submissive. I just wanted him to carry me off, lay me down somewhere – anywhere – and make love to me.

"Can we go back to your room?" he asked, and I had to tell. him we couldn't, because Marie, my room-mate, would be coming back from her shift any time now.

"Haven't *you* got anywhere we can go?" I asked him.

That's when he told me he was married. I felt disappointed, but my sexual desire for him didn't die down. If anything, I was even more desperate for him in case I never got another chance.

We decided to go for a drive in his car, to see if we could find any spot quiet and private enough for us to make love. Both of us knew it wasn't ideal, but he couldn't hide the erection that was threatening to burst through his trousers, and I was gasping for it: my legs were hardly able to carry me and my panties were sticking to my crotch.

We drove to the park, but there were too many other cars and people around. Both of us were dying of frustration. We set off again, and I couldn't resist reaching over and putting my hand on his bulge as he drove. He groaned and squirmed and said he'd crash the car, but my sexual mechanism had been set in motion and I didn't care. I couldn't stop.

I unzipped his fly, though he kept telling me not to, and got his seven-incher out. It grew even harder as I gripped it and I began to tease it with my hand, paying particular attention to the ridge round the glans. I didn't actually want to make him come, I just wanted to keep the sexual tension going, keeping myself throbbing and him hard. What I wanted was to be fucked instantly, without a word; just taken and given what I was dying for.

Then we discovered it was raining! "Oh God," Jim groaned. "What bloody luck!" No chance of us screwing outdoors now. It would have to be in the car.

We finally found a dark little street and parked outside a row of garages. We climbed into the back of the car, but it was hopeless. Jim's more than six feet tall, and no matter what contortions we tried, there was no way he could get inside me comfortably. I was nearly crying with frustration.

Then Jim spotted a dark shop doorway across the street. "Come on," he said, hauling me out of the car in a crumpled state, with my stockings wrinkled, my knickers at half-mast and my skirt up round my waist. "I've got to have you and I don't care who goes past."

I was desperately embarrassed and nervous as he backed me up against the shop door, but once my knickers were down past my knees and he had a hand between my legs, stroking and pushing at my sopping wet fanny, I grew as foolhardy as him. I writhed and squirmed as he pushed his fingers through my wet, tangled pubes and found his way inside me. He began to finger-fuck me while I played with his cock – not too hard, as I didn't want to spoil my own pleasure.

He found my clitoris. It's only a small one but it gets very hard, like a little pebble. I was so steamed up that, as soon as he touched it, I found myself coming and had to bite my lip not to cry out.

I was busy circling my hips, grinding my clit against his hand, when he could restrain himself no longer. So, bending slightly at the knees, he put his cock in the right position to drive it right up me.

It went in up to the hilt. I jerked my hips forward and coiled one leg around his, bending back to allow him maximum penetration. I heard footsteps, but I was too far gone to be nervous any more. All I wanted was more of Jim's cock up me, faster and faster strokes, while I clenched my vaginal muscles and held him inside me, gripping him fiendishly while he drove me towards another orgasm.

Mighty Thrusts

I reached down and squeezed his balls. They were rock-hard and, as I stroked them, Jim groaned and warned me he was going to come soon. That was the release I needed. This time I did cry out, moaning deep in my throat as he gave three or four mighty thrusts. His hot semen spurted inside me and I orgasmed around him, my hips shuddering and bucking.

He leaned against me, pinioning me against the door with his weight, until we had

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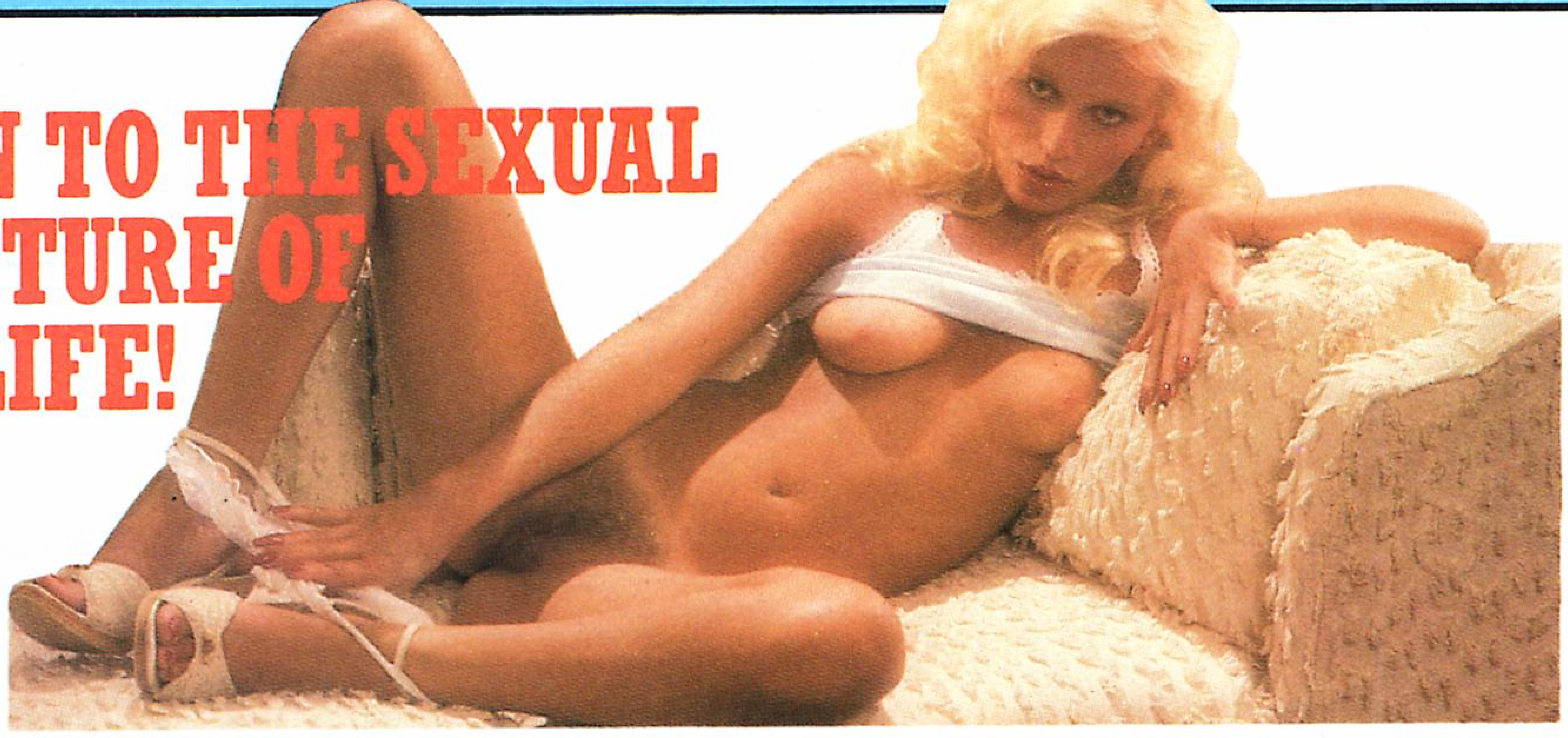

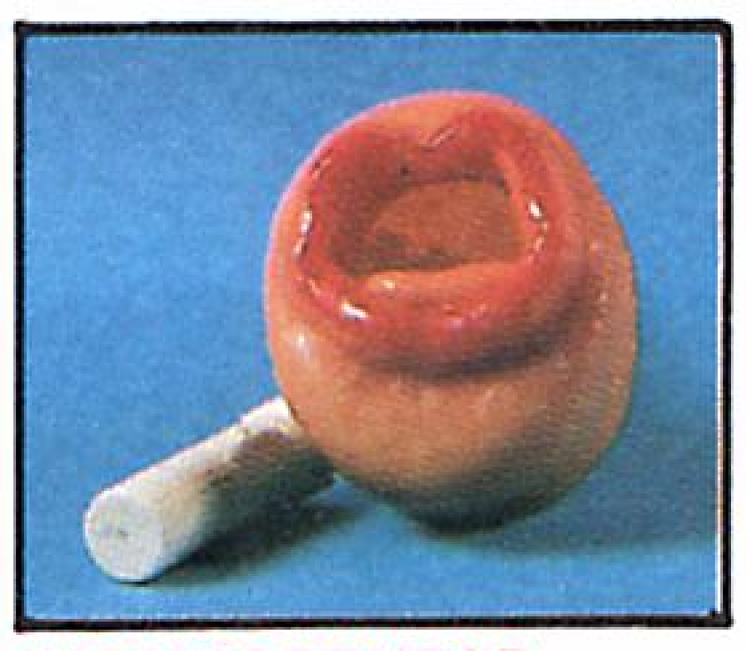

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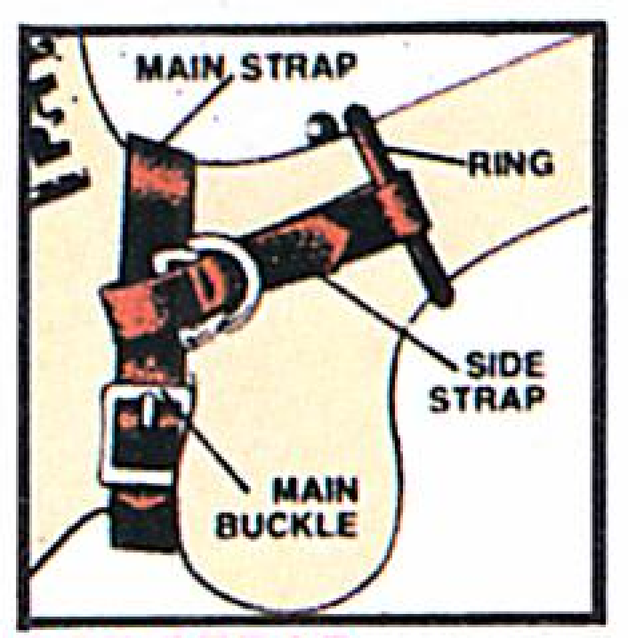

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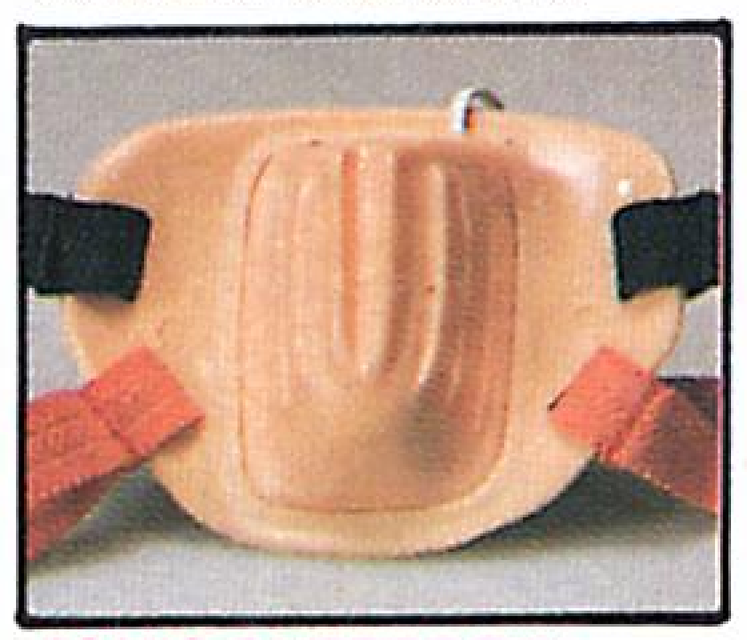

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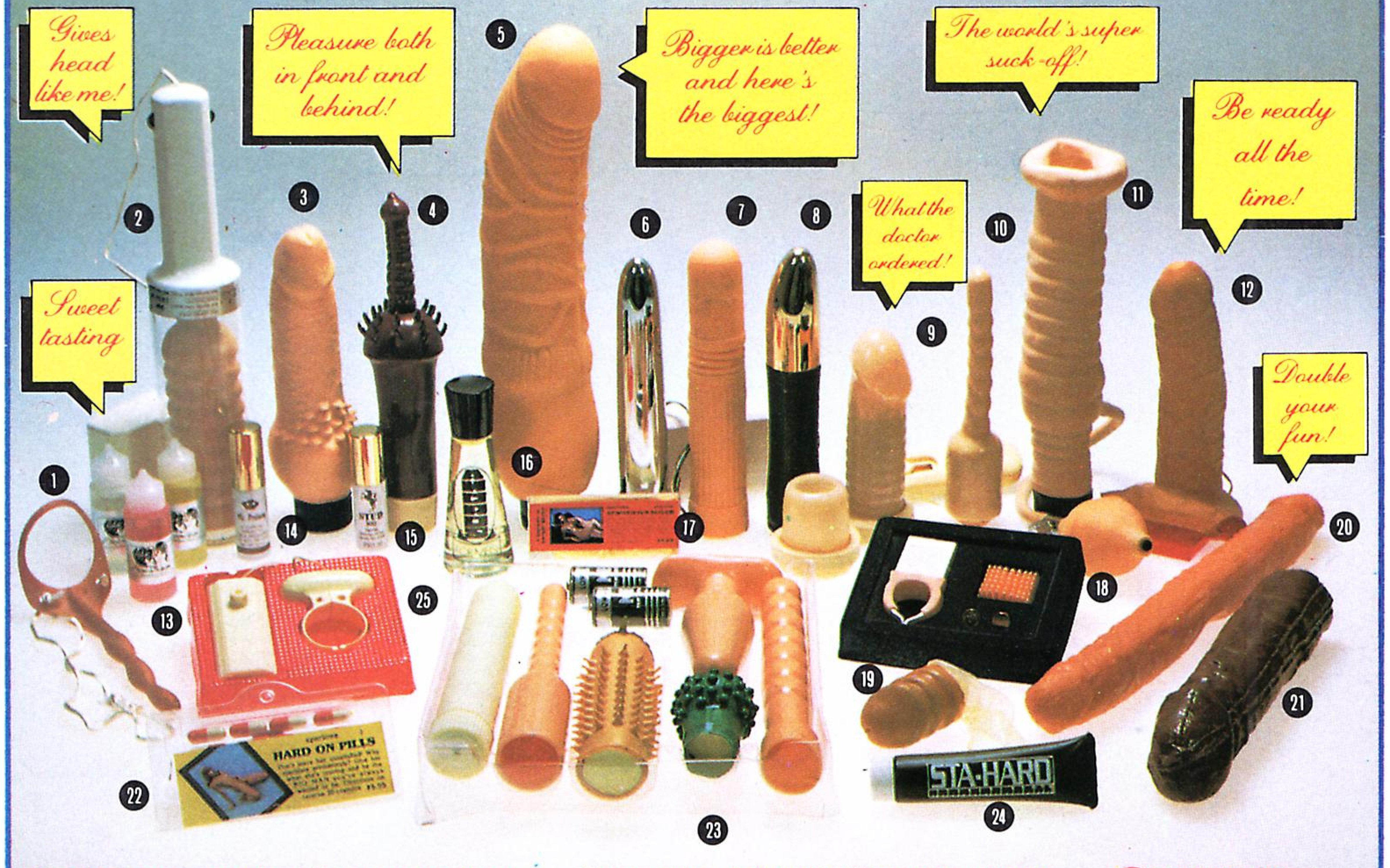

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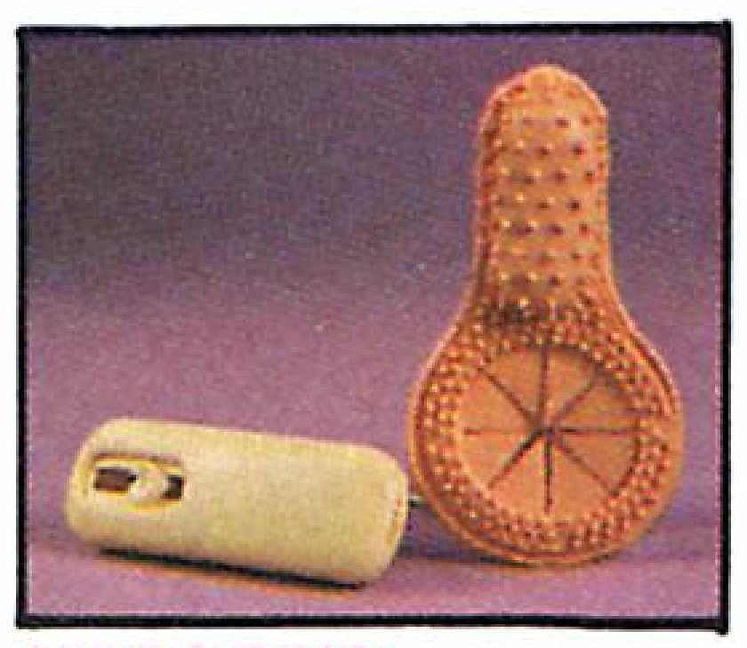

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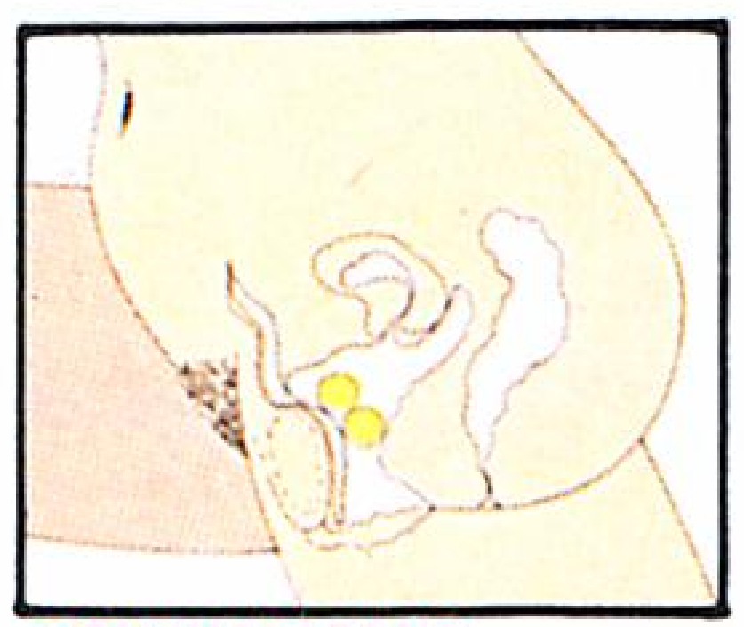

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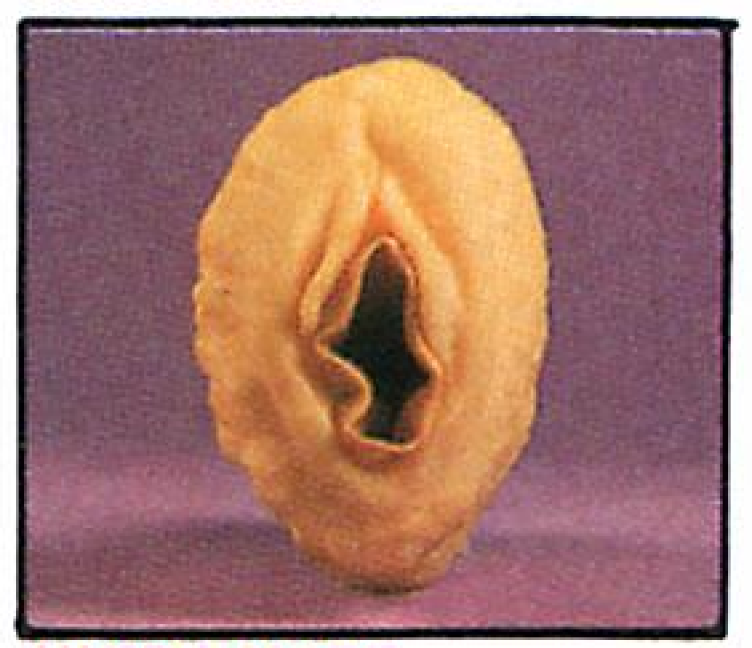

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WOMEN'S Writes

both stopped shaking. Jim and I staggered back to the car in the rain. I'm dying to fuck him again, but I'm going to wait until my room-mate is away visiting her parents. *Jo, London WC2*

In her new marriage, it's Karen who wears the trousers. But just look who's wearing the sexy undies . . .

I was married last December. I must admit that, much as I loved my husband, I felt a bit worried about committing myself to just one man for the rest of my life. Ian is the faithful type, and would freak out if he ever found out I had even *thought* about being unfaithful. I had only slept with two men before him, so I wasn't exactly experienced, and it did worry me that maybe I was missing out – denying myself great sexual experiences which, once I was married to Ian, would for ever pass me by.

However, on our wedding night, Ian began to show a side of himself I'd never dreamed existed. I was lying naked, face-down on the bed in our hotel, resting after a shower, when I heard Ian walking lightly up behind me. I looked lazily behind me and gave a start, because he was standing there clad in the underclothes I had thrown off before my shower – the white stockings I had worn for our wedding, the white suspender belt, my frilly blue panties. He'd also fastened my bra around him and put tissues inside the cups to fill out, and he was holding my white satin slip in his hands, as if debating whether to put that on, too.

My eyes were like saucers and at first I had a temptation to giggle. But I stifled it, because there was something extraordinarily sexy and kinky about the situation. I was more fascinated than appalled at my new husband's behaviour, as it showed he had more imagination than I had credited him with.

"How do I look?" he asked.

I saw the hardening bulge inside his – *my* – panties, and felt an answering rush of excitement swelling my nipples and plumping out my labia. The nylon of the panties was stretched tight, straining over his long, thick erection. And the contrast between his hairy legs and my delicate, feminine underwear was erotic rather then ridiculous. It gave me a charge because it was so new and so unusual.

He strode over to the full-length mirror and posed, admiring himself. "Maybe I should have worn the wedding dress," he joked.

Role Reversal

"You'd have made a good blushing bride," I teased. "All you lack is the blusher . . ." With that, I grabbed my handbag, dived for my make-up and forced him to sit down while I gave him a swift daubing of eyeshadow, lipstick and rouge.

It felt so wicked and unusual to be doing this, my whole body was tingling. I wasn't quite sure where to take things to next. I could have simply dragged my panties off him and leapt on to that rigid rod of his, but it *was* our wedding night and I felt something special was called for; something which would turn a situation which was bordering on a joke into a full-scale fuck.

I drew Ian over to the mirror again. "Oh God! What have you done? I'm not a poofter, you know!" he exclaimed, but I could tell his change of image really turned him on.

"I know you're not," I retorted. "But if you're going to play the bride, you'll need a bridegroom"

I asked him to put my slip on. While he was doing that, I slipped quickly into the underpants he'd taken off earlier, put his socks on, his shirt, his tie, then belted my much slimmer waist into his trousers.

Oddly enough, the feel of this masculine garb really did something for me. I'd completed a total role reversal and now I felt the one who was powerful and in control, and Ian would have to do my bidding.

"Right. You are my bride, and this is our wedding night," I told him. "You're a virgin and I'm going to break you in, teach you all about sex, and I'm going to fuck you all night long."

I ran my hands over Ian's body, unclipped the bra and pinched his chest flesh together into two mounds which resembled breasts. I bent my head and flicked each nipple in turn with my tongue and was amazed at the response in Ian, the way he sucked in his breath and groaned. I hadn't known how sensitive his nipples were before.

I gently sucked in each nipple in turn between my teeth and nibbled it, feeling it grow hard like a mini-erection. At the same time, my free hand was playing with my own nipples inside my shirt.

Moving downwards, I swept my hand over the white satin slip, marvelling at the cool hardness of his erection inside the material, squeezing it, then pushing the material up to feel for my "bride's" stocking-tops. I found that area of naked thigh flesh and stroked his inner thighs very, very softly, then carried on upwards, inserting my fingers under the elastic of the panties, finding his balls and raking them very gently with my long fingernails.

"I'm going to fuck you soon," I told him, getting a definite throb between my legs as I said the words.

"Oh, please . . ." he sighed, lying back, closing his eyes.

I pushed the slip to waist level and pulled down the panties. His long, hard erection sprang out at me. I'd never seen it so rigid, and it looked about an inch longer than usual.

Unzipping the trousers I was wearing, I put my hand inside and clutched at my aching pussy. As soon as I did so, I encountered a soaking wet patch and realized I'd really messed up his underpants, which were coated with my sex secretions.

The sight of that long, thrusting pole was too much for me. Pulling down the trousers and kicking off the underpants, but still wearing the shirt and tie, I leapt astride him, forcing myself down hard on his penis.

I clamped my thighs together and placed my legs inside his spread-out ones, levering myself up and down with my arms and feet. The position was incredible, as I had maximum clit pressure against his prick. I was so juicy that, as I slipped my cunt up and down on him, I could hear wet, sucking sounds made by my labia on his cock.

Quivering Wrecks

"Oh, God, take it!" he moaned, jerking up towards me. I gripped his buttocks hard, holding him up inside me while I ground down on him and gave five or six quick jabs which released him of his semen. I felt it spurt up into me, hot and gushing, and then I found myself coming again, writhing all over him, seizing his nipples, and squeezing them.

It had been our best fucking session ever. Both of us were quivering wrecks for ages afterwards. "We'll have to do this again," Ian said. "Let's keep it for special occasions."

Now I've really got something to look forward to, a secret side of our sex lives which we can add to and build up. Ian has bought a Polaroid camera to record our cross-dressing occasions and both of us get one hell of a kick out of it all.

Karen, Hereford ♣

club

Chance would be a fine thing!

Photographs by Ian Potter

Belinda knows a bargain when she sees it – which is why she's both loved and feared by the street-cred traders of old Camden Town. Loved for her cheery disposition, her blonde hair and the way her feminine figure positively undulates from stall to stall in search of a bargain; feared because of her formidable bargaining theatricals which often lead hardened traders to hand over their treasures for mere pennies.

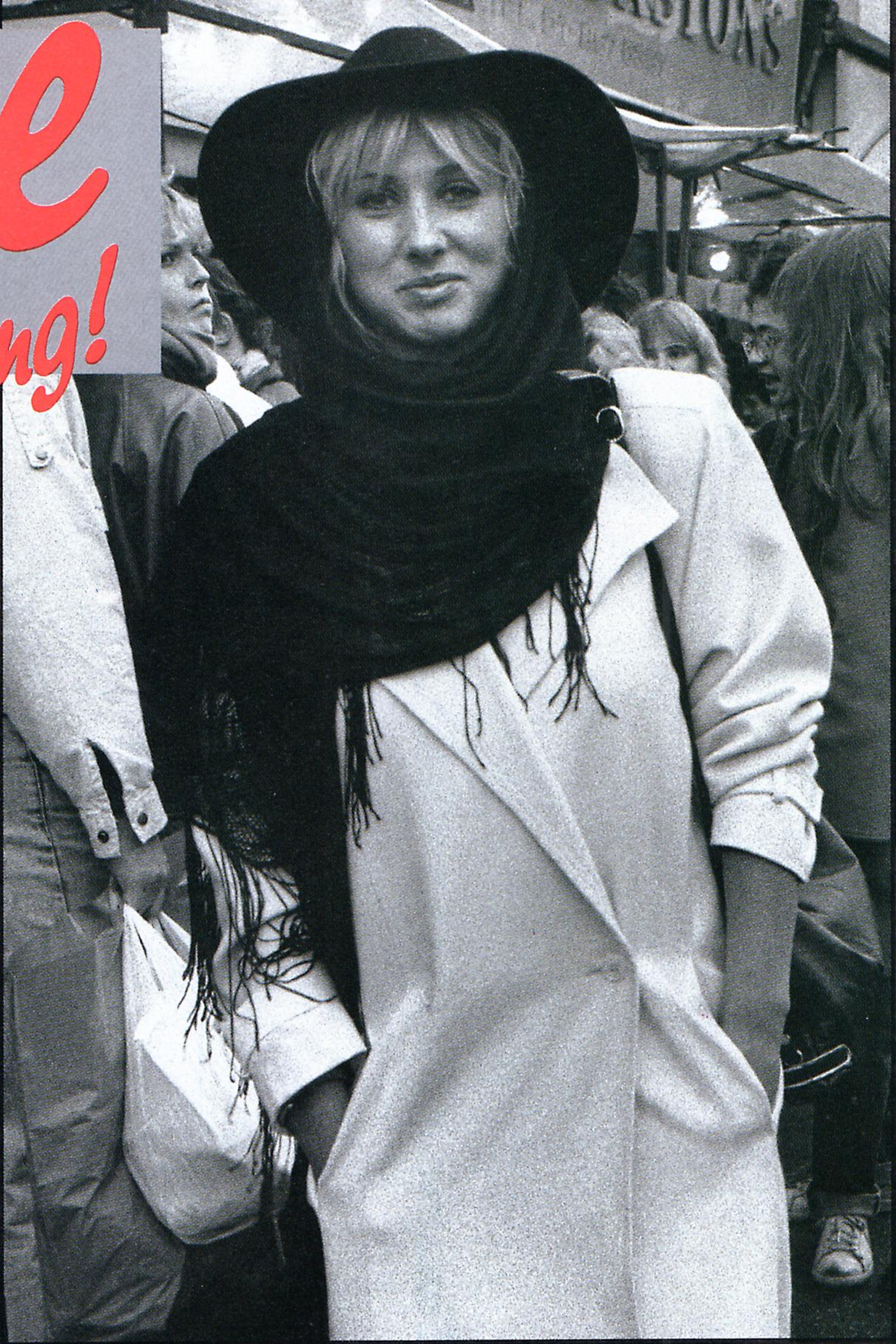
She insisted on a trip around the market on the day our photographer turned up to capture her bodily talents on film. "It's such a nice fresh day," she insisted. "A nice stroll will get me all glowing and healthy – and if I'm taking off *all* my clothes then I want to look good."

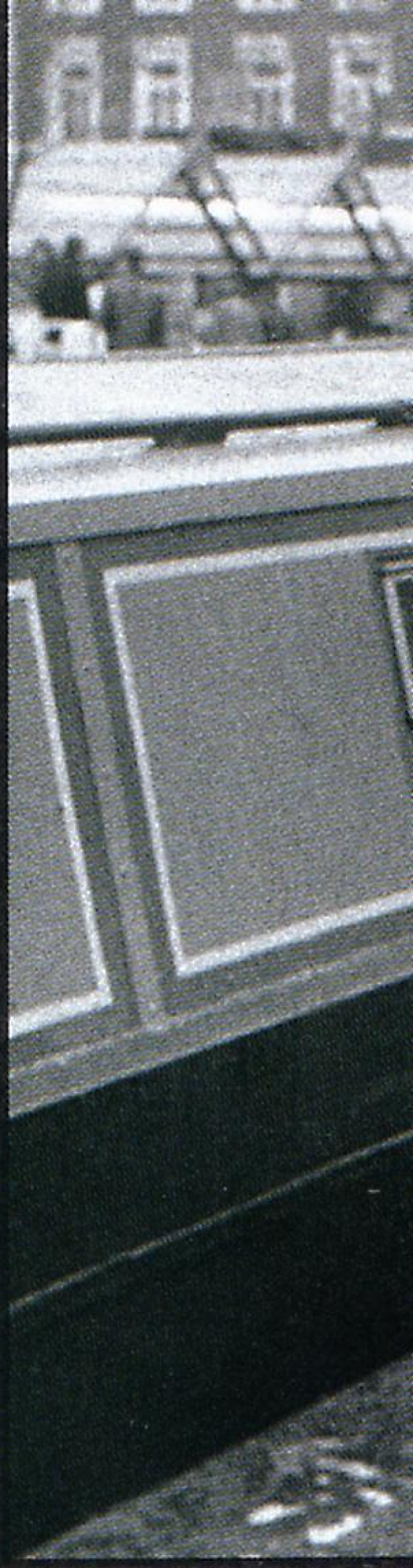
Away from town Belinda loves to ride – horses, that is. Her favourite equine companion is a chestnut mare called Psyche – as the more erudite of our readers will know, that's the name of a Greek goddess and not a while-u-wait shrink centre.

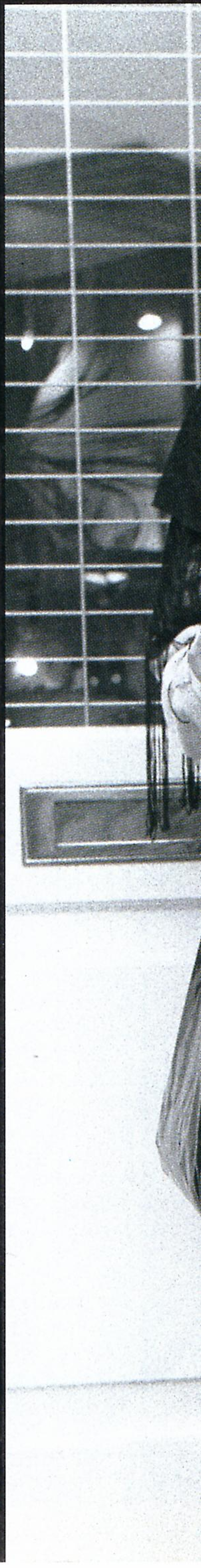
"Yes, I love haggling," she admitted as our photographer trailed around the market with her. "I don't like being handed anything on a plate – I like to fight for my satisfaction."

And to prove the point, when our lensman expressed an interest in a second-hand LP by a long-forgotten band called Cupid's Inspiration, she secured it for him at the knock-down price of 35p – despite the stallholder's protest that it wasn't just a knackered plastic platter but a piece of collectable archive pop.

Finally, back from the market with Belinda all aglow, our photographer set to work to capture her charms, magically turning mundane rolls of film into a stunning set of pics. And, looking at the results, we know that Belinda will never have the need to haggle with Club readers to get their attention, will she? ♣







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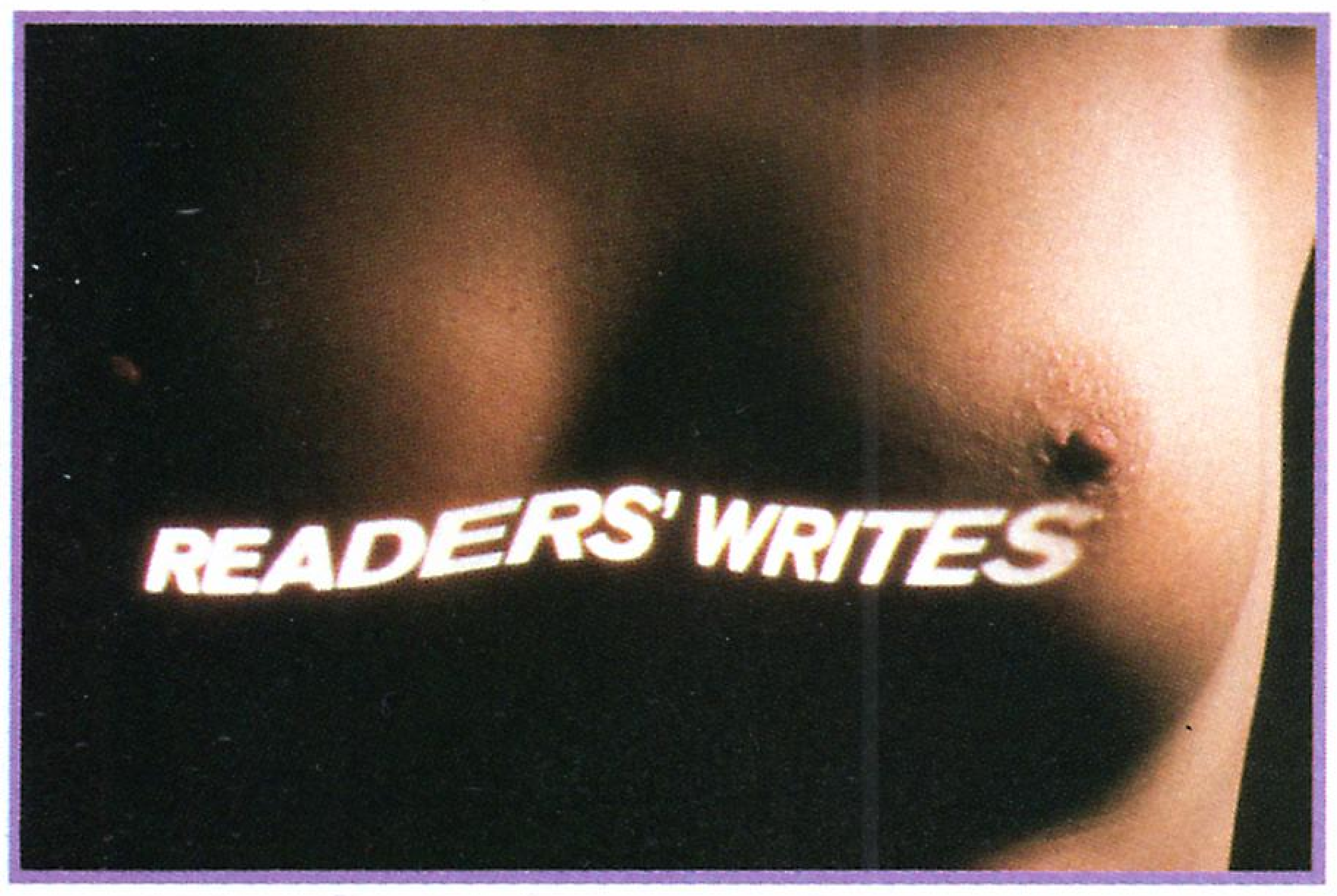


READERS' WRITES

continued from page 7

No 13. She was the spitting image of a lovely girl I met while on a working holiday in the north of Scotland. I only knew Tracy for four days and never actually got around to fucking her; but seeing the pictures in Club has made me realize all the more what I missed out on.

Miranda has been the cause of countless number of wanks, made all the more climactic by my imagining she's actually Tracy. Sometimes, after a particularly knee-weakening wank, I could kick myself for not having made a move on Tracy while I had the chance.

However, I'm still writing to her, and I'm hoping to go and stay the weekend with her before much longer. If it's anything to do with me, there'll be no slip-ups this time. Look out, Tracy.

Brian, Edinburgh

Oceans Away

It's not often that one comes across your magazine in this part of the world – a pity, but a fact.

I did, however, recently collect a copy of Vol 15 No 8, and was absolutely delighted with the *Club Event* feature with girls in plastic macs. I think it's not often appreciated how many men are turned on by girls in plastic. I certainly am, and I've found quite a number of girlfriends who have enjoyed plastic games.

In your feature, there was one girl in particular who I thought deserved more exposure (if you know what I mean). She's the girl on the right of page 61 and on the right of the picture at the bottom of page 62, looking most fetching in pink mac, panties and stockings. This girl is well above average – gorgeous, in fact. Why don't you do a set of just her and her plastic mac?

If you thought it a good idea to do a photo set in the Caribbean, I would even waive my usual charter fees ($3000 per week) just for the privilege of having that lady around. Although my 60-foot yacht can accommodate ten, I wasn't really reckoning on having that many around!

Thanks for producing a good publication; I hope it's not too long before I get the chance to buy another issue.

Tim, St Maarten,
Dutch West Indies

You are hereby appointed Readers' Representative for the Dutch West Indies, on account of you're the only one we know of – Ed.

Worst Yet

I must be getting old or something, but I think Vol 15 No 12 must be the most boring, uninspiring, lack-lustre, pitiful issue of Club I've ever bought. I never even got a semblance of a rising in my loins, even though I looked through my copy several times.

To me it seemed that, rather than not miss putting out an issue, you dug up all the leftovers of previous sets you could find and just filled up the pages.

Not even an effort was made for *Club Event*; it was a *non*-event! No mud wrestlers, no wet T-shirts – just a bunch of girls slung together seemingly as an afterthought, and doing practically nothing.

There's nothing exceptional about any of the other girls throughout the issue. It's just page after page of repetition, with not even a decent-sized nipple or shaven haven to gaze upon.

So get your fingers out, chaps; let's have a bit more variety and effort next time, please, or I'll start looking for something with a bit more inspiration.

Les, Kent

We'd like to present the case for the defence, but it seems as though you've made up your mind about that particular issue! We hope you like this month's offering, which we've sent to you hot off the presses. Do please let us know if we've made you any happier – Ed.

Oceans Away: *Plastic perfection for a distant reader*

Popped the Cherry

The last time I wrote to you – as a virgin – I was enquiring how to measure the size of a penis. I was delighted to see my letter published in Vol 15 No 12.

At the end of the letter, the Editor asked me to write back when I was no longer a virgin . . . and that's the reason for writing again. Yes, I've cracked it!

Today I was wandering around Soho, popping into shops and looking at the magazines and sexy underwear. I passed a sign on a side street which said: "Models – striptease and fun". After a quick look over my shoulder, I hurriedly climbed the stairs. There were lots of signs saying things like "Young model", "Stockings and suspenders", "School uniform", etc. I nervously knocked on the door, at which a young woman opened it and motioned me in.

She was dressed in a black leotard with black stilettos. And, boy, was she fit! Her legs were long and sexy, and I could see her nipples pressing against the tight leotard. She showed me into the bedroom, telling me the price as she did so. I paid her there and then, although I couldn't afford to pay out for the extras she offered me. She left the room and told me to get undressed.

I took my clothes off and waited. I looked around me. The room was dimly-lit with a red bulb. There were posters of Samantha Fox and other sexy pin-up girls on the walls. After a few minutes the girl came in and started to undress. Introducing her name as Nicky, she told me to lie on the bed, which I did.

My cock started to throb as she took it in her hands and placed a sheath on it. Then she told me to start. As she lay on the bed, I placed my hand on her breast for the first time – it was lovely and soft. When I climbed on top of her, she spread her legs, took hold of my penis and guided me to her vagina. I pushed deeper and deeper until my whole length was in her.

I rubbed her tits, which were big enough to fill the span of my hand. She wrapped her legs and arms around me and I carried on pumping her. Then, all of a sudden, I came. The bubble of the sheath filled up with my hot spunk. Nicky asked me how it had felt for the first time, and I replied – truthfully – it was great.

I asked her if I could suck her down below. Unfortunately, though, that counted as an extra, and I'd already given her all the money I had. We both dressed together, and I left.

The next time I go – and there will be a next time – I'll be asking for the extras so I can stay a bit longer. I'm sure it'll be even more enjoyable than the last time, and that was worth every penny.

Hitesh, Middlesex

Erection Election?

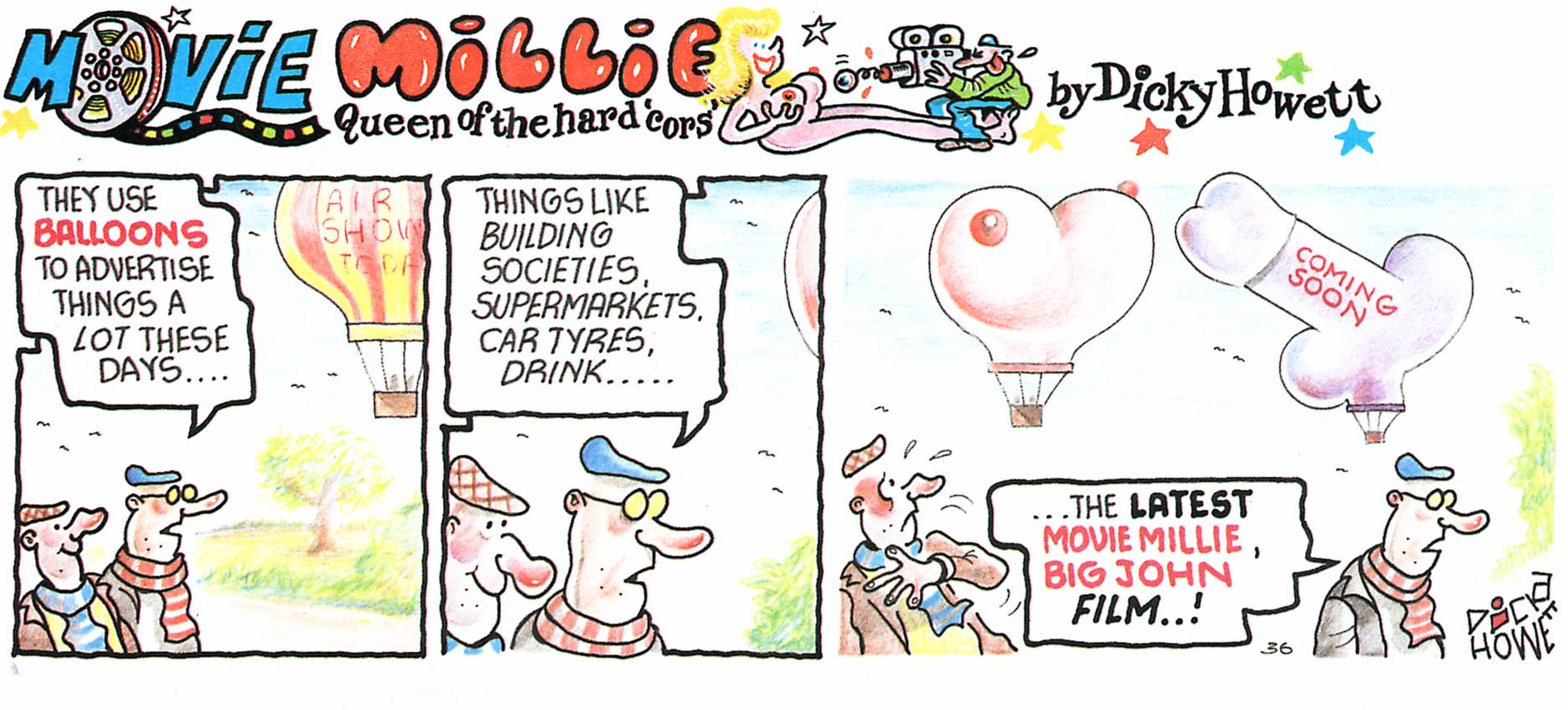
To my knowledge, Paul Raymond Publications don't voice a particular political leaning. This puzzles me, in as much as a large part of the decrease in the readership of "dirty books" and their availability have been severely hampered by the Conservatives (and they have the backing of the SDP on this matter).

I'd have thought you'd have voiced concern. With a General Election imminent, maybe you could advise – or even tell outright – your readers that if they seriously wish to *have* such magazines in future, then the last thing they should do is to vote Conservative or Alliance.

Obviously, that leaves Labour. You might not agree with all their policies, but I'd say your business will be healthier with them.

DA, Leeds

We think you might be overstating the case a bit. We'll be around – along with our competitors – whatever the colour of the next government. And don't forget it was a Labour MP, Clare Short, who proposed banning Page 3 girls last year. Besides – what with unemployment, the nuclear arms race, et al – there are plenty of important issues for our readers to consider before making up their minds at Election time – Ed.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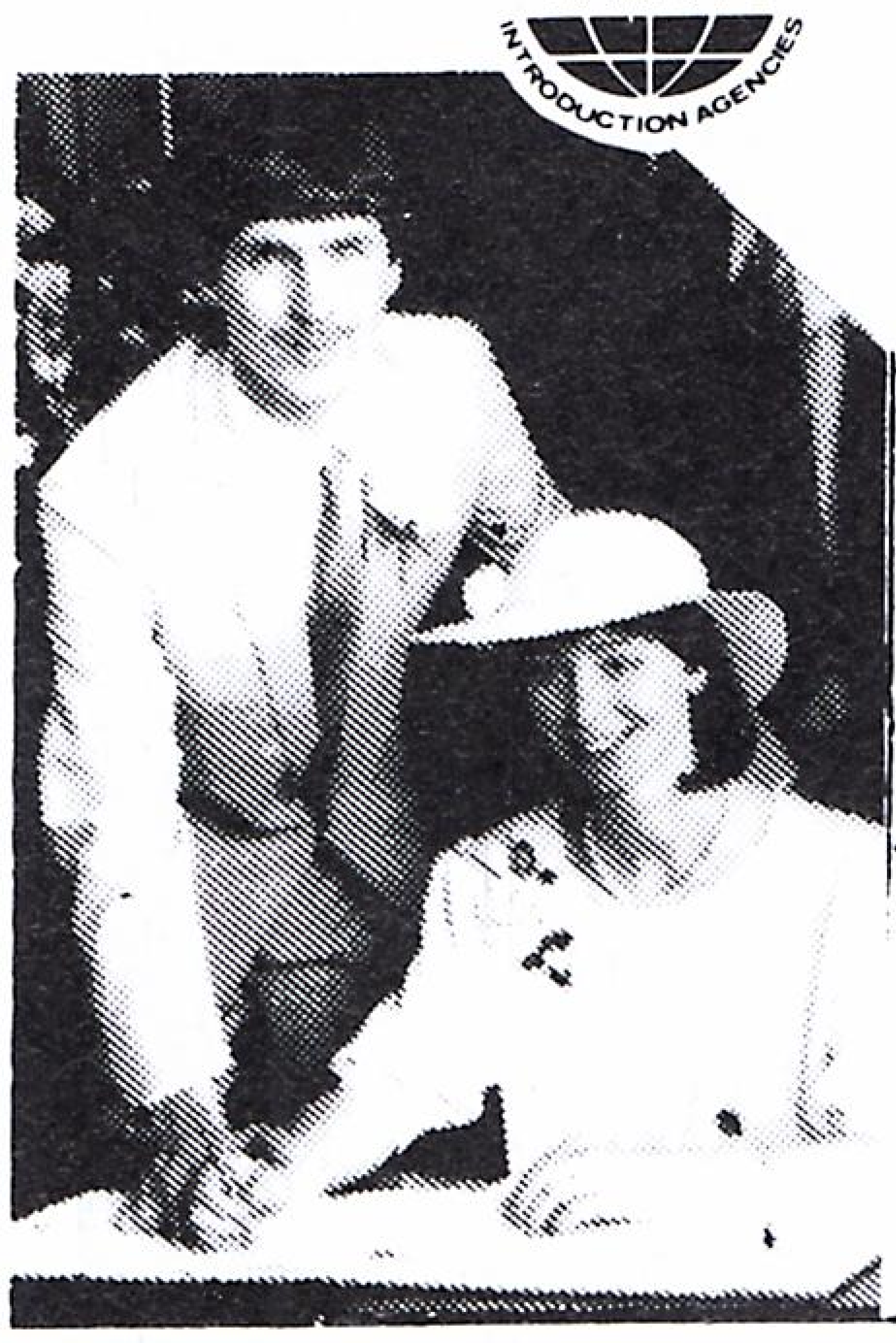

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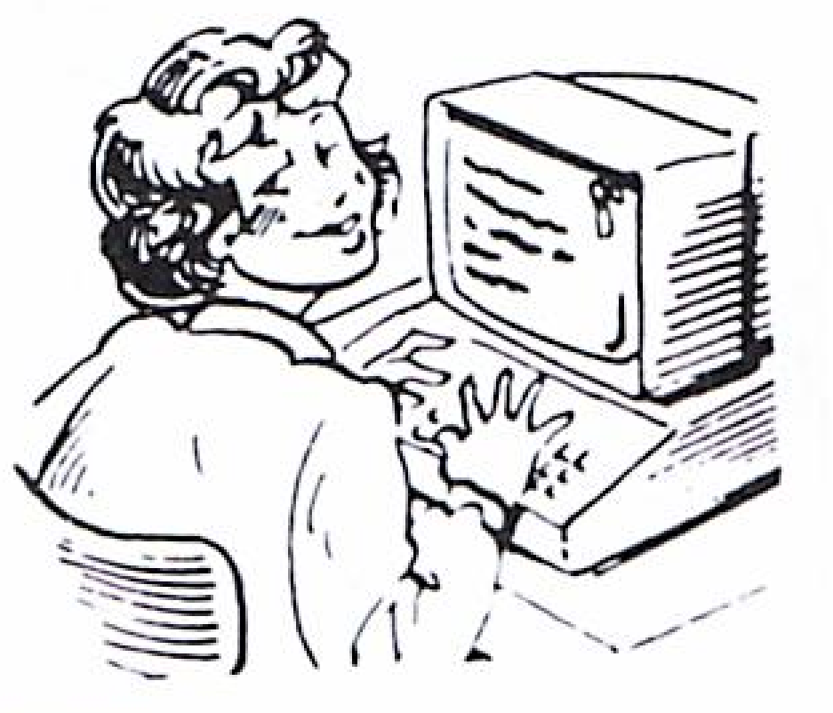

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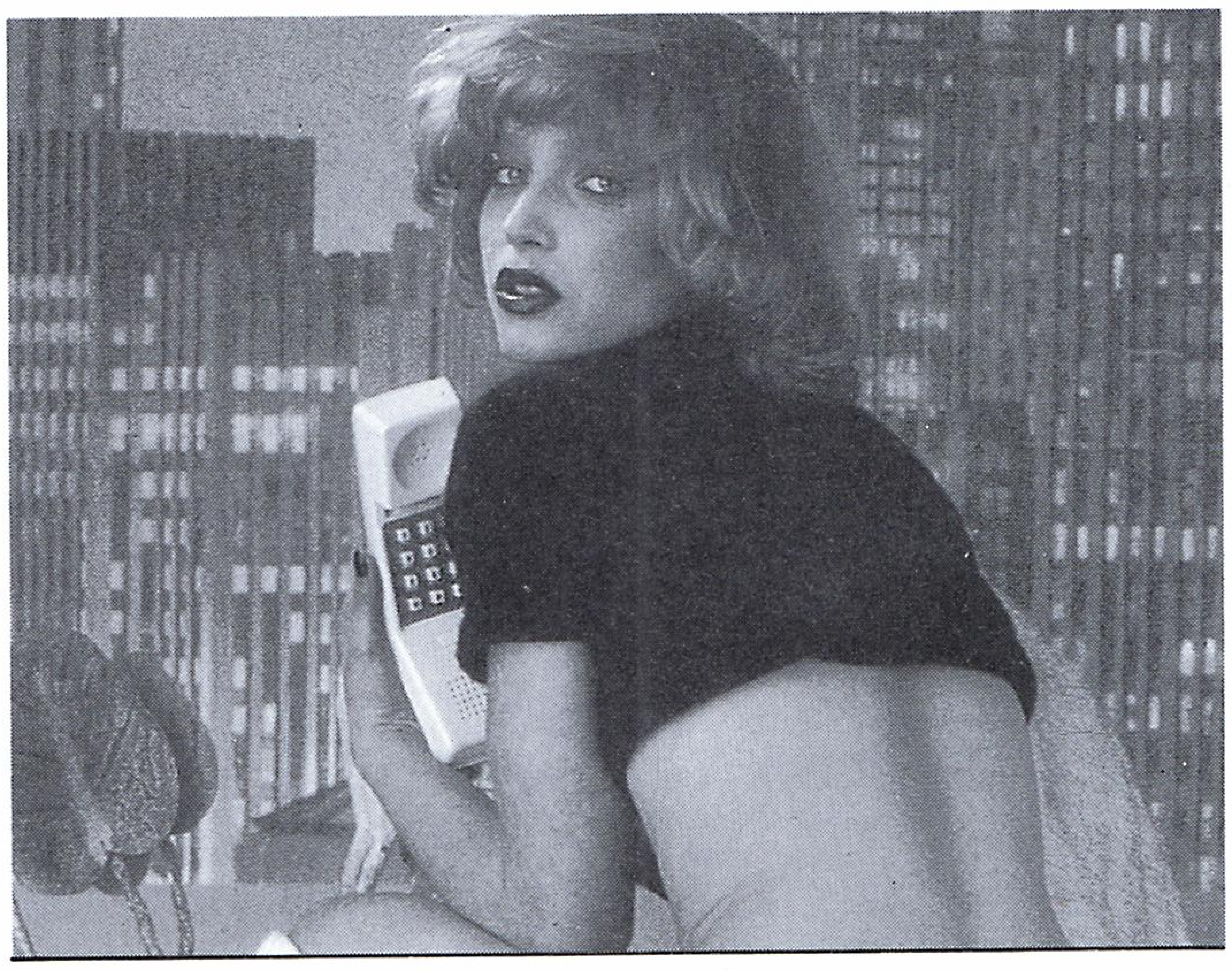

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